

THE
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- ART. I.—1. *A Charge to the Clergy of Dublin and Glandelagh, delivered in St. Patrick's Cathedral, June 1843.* By Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. *To which is appended, a Petition to the House of Lords, praying for a Church Government, together with the Report of the Debate on its Presentation, and some Additional Remarks.* 8vo. London: 1843.
2. *The Expediency of Restoring at this Time to the Church her Synodical Powers, Considered, in Remarks upon the Appendix to the late Charge of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin.* By James Thomas O'Brien, D.D., Bishop of Ossory, Leighlin, and Ferns. 8vo. London: 1843.

IT was once proposed in the Roman senate to prescribe for the slaves a peculiar dress, by which they might be distinguished from the free citizens. The motion was rejected, on the ground that "*it was dangerous to reveal their number.*" The sensitive pride of the "masters of the world" chafed at the idea of even the semblance of equality with a race which they despised; but they could not help remembering that the consciousness of strength might be a temptation to its exercise, and that this now contemptible class might find itself more formidable than it had ever dreamed of imagining. It was thought safer, therefore, quietly to put up with the indignity, and to allow freeman and slave to live on together in the old undistinguishing costume.

We are forcibly reminded of this prudent policy by the principles put forward in the controversy now pending, on the restoration of the legislative functions of the Anglican Church. The members of the High and Low Church do not stand, it is true, in the mutual relation of master and slave, but they are almost as widely apart from each other. The

multitude which wore the olden tunic in common, was scarcely more motley than that which meets now-a-days in the common garb of an English Churchman; nor is the modern garb a whit less loose and accommodating than its ancient representative. We hear disputes, as of old, about the legitimate right of wearing it; but, to all outward seeming, it sits on both parties with equal grace. It fitted Watson just as well as Laud himself, and was worn as jauntily by Hoadley and Balguy as by Bishop Montague or Dean Field. There have ever been, it is true, proud and sensitive Churchmen, whose orthodoxy shrunk from sharing the badges of legitimate birthright with a class whom they deemed spurious and base-born intruders, and called loudly for more stringent formulae, whereby to mark the true condition of citizenship. But there never have been wanting, on the other hand, prudent and considerate counsellors, who were alive to the peril of revealing the numbers of the obnoxious class, and thought it wiser to submit quietly to the degradation of the outward semblance of fellowship, than provoke the danger of collision with a class, who, if only conscious of their strength, were too powerful to be despised.

The pamphlets of the two learned prelates whose names stand above, are an evidence that it is so even at this day.

It is now many years since Archbishop Whately first (in 1833) introduced to the notice of parliament the question of legislation for the Church.* At the time it seems to have attracted but little attention; but on a subsequent occasion, in 1840, the subject created very considerable interest, and was discussed before a full bench of bishops, "with at least the tacit acquiescence of the body."† The present petition (laid before the Lords July 4th, 1843), was signed by about two hundred persons, including not only the bishop of Kildare and many of the clergy, but several magistrates and other influential laymen. Dr. Whately informs us, too, that while the pamphlet was passing through the press, two similar petitions, with between two and three hundred signatures, were forwarded to him for presentation.

It is not difficult to account for this change of opinion. Amid the stagnation of ecclesiastical feeling which prevailed in the Anglican Church during the early part of the present century, the want of a fitting system of Church government

* See "Charges and other Tracts," p. 505, *et seq.*

† Appendix to Charge, p. 35.

and a proper tribunal in questions of doctrine or discipline, was hardly perceived, simply because few troubled themselves much about either, and the few who did, saw that it was idle to think of enlisting public sympathy in the attempt. But the stormy controversies of the last ten years, have aroused all, even the most indifferent, to the existence of the want, and excited in the most careless a sense of the absolute necessity of providing a remedy. "The present state of parties in the Church," says Dr. Whately, "has roused, and is continually rousing more and more, the attention not only of persons zealous in the cause of true religion and Church-fellowship, but even of some who think of little beyond the convenience and advantage of regularity and quietness. The opinion I ventured to express several years ago, that it was in vain to expect matters to come right spontaneously, and that the evils I was adverting to, would, instead of dying away of themselves, be likely rather to go on continually augmenting; this opinion has been since so fully confirmed by sad experience, that it is now adopted by many (and will be, probably, by many more) who formerly thought differently.

"When men see, for instance, such a spectacle as that of two regius professors in the same university, both *under the ban of that university*, on the ground of *unsoundness of doctrine*, though the specific charges brought against them, and the modes of proceeding, were totally different, these, and such things as these, it cannot be expected will pass 'over us like a summer cloud, which we regard not.' It cannot but be expected that some of those who hold high offices in the Church, and are jealous for its credit, and purity, and efficiency, should at least meet and consult together, with a view to considering what steps should be taken, and whether any, to remedy existing evils and avert impending dangers. If their deliberations should even lead to no completely satisfactory result, or even to no result at all, it will at least be something to have made *efforts* in a good and an important cause, even though unsuccessful, and not to have abandoned in despair, without a trial, all attempts to repress irregularity; to 'drive away strange doctrines contrary to God's Word;' to satisfy the reasonable doubts and scruples of those of tender conscience, and to reestablish, as far as possible, charity and mutual forbearance, good order, consistency, and harmony, within the Church."—pp. 36-7.

In Ireland, at least, a good deal of the merit of this revolution is to be attributed to Dr. Whately's exertions. The

revival of the legislative functions of the Church, has long been with him a favourite project. His interference in the matter has not been confined to the presentation of petitions on the subject, he has urged it forward with all the weight of his authority, and not only in the charges and other publications, but in his private communications with his clergy, he has laboured to enlist their entire cooperation.

We have not heard whether the authorship of the petition belongs to Dr. Whately. But it is given, along with the debate which followed its presentation, in the appendix to the Charge, and we shall transcribe it entire.

"To the Lords spiritual and temporal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, in parliament assembled.

"The humble petition of the Members of the United Church of England and Ireland, whose names and addresses are hereunto subscribed,

"Sheweth,

"That your petitioners—aware that all human arrangements, however originally excellent, are liable to be affected by change of circumstances, so as to require measures to be adopted for their adjustment—feel deeply that the United Church of England and Ireland has suffered disadvantage from a similar cause, operating upon her position as connected with the civil legislature of the country.

"That the Church of England and Ireland, viewed as an important part of the Church of Christ, ought, as such, to enjoy the privilege permitted to other Churches and religious bodies, *of possessing within herself, such a power of regulation in her distinctly spiritual affairs*, as may best promote the due discharge of the sacred duties required of her ministers, and provide for the religious discipline of her own members.

"That, for the attainment of this, there is required the establishment of some deliberative ecclesiastical body, having authority to frame regulations, and to decide in questions of doubt and difficulty, respecting all such matters.

"That 'the Convocation,' supposing it adapted, not only to former times, but to all times, is fallen into desuetude; and that neither to revive that, nor to make any provision for supplying its place, is clearly at variance with the design of our reformers.

"That the two houses of parliament were not originally designed, and were never considered as adapted, to be the sole legislative authority for the Church, in *spiritual* matters; and, that if they ever had been so adapted, the recent changes in the constitution of those houses—admitting, without distinction, to seats in the legislature, those who may, or may not, be members of this Church—have given rise to a peculiar unfitness, and indeed unwillingness, on their part, to be called on to exercise this authority in behalf of this Church.

"That your petitioners consider it highly important to the safety and prosperity of her majesty's dominions, that this Church should not continue unprovided with a government; inasmuch as the doctrines and precepts which she maintains, must, when duly inculcated, always exercise the most important influence over a large proportion of her majesty's subjects, teaching them on the highest grounds, to discharge their social duties with diligence and fidelity.

"Your petitioners are sincerely attached to the existing constitution of the Church of which they are members, and are not making application for any specific changes, but for the establishment of an ecclesiastical government, which shall have authority to determine what is, and what is not, binding on the members of this Church, and to pronounce respecting any changes which individuals may have introduced, or may propose to have introduced.

"And your petitioners have been the more encouraged to make this application to your lordships, from the distinguished notice which petitions on the subject of it have obtained in your lordships' house, in recent sessions of parliament.

"Your petitioners, therefore, humbly pray that your lordships will be pleased to consider what measures should be adopted for securing the efficiency of this Church, so as the better to enable her, in the existing circumstances of the country, to carry forward the great objects of her original institution.

"And your petitioners will ever pray for the welfare and prosperity of your lordships."

In order to guard against a possible misapprehension, we must observe in the outset that, although the clause "having authority to frame regulations, and to decide on questions of doubt and difficulty respecting all such matters," may appear ambiguous, and be supposed to refer solely to disciplinary questions, yet it is clear from Dr. Whately's charge, and from the reply of Dr. O'Brien, that the main object proposed to be obtained, is a satisfactory adjustment of the *doctrinal* differences which now agitate the Church. The archbishop expressly names in his Charge (p. 20), "points both of doctrine and practice;" and in his speech on the presentation of the petition he declares that he "alludes to spiritual matters alone—matters of doctrine and discipline." (p. 30.)

Although the general tone of this petition has a strong resemblance to that presented in 1833,* yet a comparison of

* It is given in the volume of "Charges, and other Tracts," and may as well be inserted here. After the ordinary preamble, it states:—

"That your petitioners, aware that every thing human, civil or ecclesiastical, requires, from time to time, revision and correction, do not consider the United Church of England and Ireland exempt from this principle.

"That in the humble opinion of your petitioners, the ecclesiastical laws, by

the passages printed in italics in both petitions, will suggest a very striking and important difference. The petitioners of 1833, though they stated the wants of the Church in almost the same language as that employed in the present year, confined themselves, notwithstanding, to the prayer that "their lordships will be pleased to *enact such laws as may appear most calculated to promote the spiritual improvement of the Church, and to renovate and reform its government.*" The petitioners of 1843, on the contrary, demand for the Church of England and Ireland, the privilege permitted to other churches and religious bodies, *of possessing within herself, such a power of regulation in her distinctly spiritual affairs as may best promote, &c.*" Thus the one petition was content to solicit the interference of the civil legislature in order to adjust the disordered constitution of the Church: the other requires that the Church shall be *herself empowered* (by the legislature) to provide laws and regulations for her own internal improvement. Perhaps there is not, in reality, so much difference between the two courses as may appear at first sight; but we cannot help noticing the change of form as a sort of indication of the change which, in the religious ferment that now agitates the Church, has come over the opinions even of that party which is commonly believed not to have come within the influence of the agitation.

But we may be stopped in the outset with the inquiry, what have we to do with a matter which concerns only the

which the Church is now governed, require better adaptation to the altered circumstances of the country.

"That the practice of our ecclesiastical courts, in matters connected with the welfare of the Church and the interests of religion, has ceased to be conducive to the important objects for which they were originally established.

"That the Church of England and Ireland, viewed as an important integral part of the Church of Christ, ought, as such, to enjoy the privilege permitted to other Churches and religious bodies,—of being governed by such laws as best promote the performance of the sacred duties required of her ministry, and provide for the spiritual discipline of her members.

"That they consider it highly important to the safety and prosperity of his majesty's dominions, that the Church should be so governed; inasmuch as the doctrines and precepts which she maintains, when duly inculcated, must always exercise the most important influence over the consciences of his majesty's subjects, teaching them, on the highest principle, the duty of submission and obedience to the laws which the wisdom of the legislature may enact.

"Your petitioners, therefore, humbly pray that your lordships, if it be deemed advisable, *will be pleased to enact such laws as may appear most calculated to promote the spiritual improvement of the Church, and to renovate and reform its government, so as to render it more suitable and better adapted to the altered circumstances of the country.*"

internal arrangements of the Church of England, and in no way affects the relations to ourselves? We confess that we are but little interested in the issue of this petition; nor shall we even venture, in such a conflict of interests and opinions, to hazard a conjecture as to its result. It is not, therefore, to the petition itself, as much as to the controversy regarding it, we purpose to direct the reader's attention, and this controversy exhibits the constitution of the Church in a phase so remarkable, that we cannot help thinking it deserves a brief notice at our hands.

The petition itself, barely glancing at certain imperfections of the Church, does not state, in detail, either their nature or their extent. But we gather from various other sources that the "monster evil" is the present distracted and divided state of the body, and the absence of any tribunal to which these divisions may be referred. Thus Dr. Whately, in his charge, alluding to this very petition, urges upon his clergy the necessity of providing some means "for the avoiding of dissension and perplexing doubts, upon subjects on which disagreement and doubt, and vehement controversy, prevail."

"Some points there are," he tells them, "which one person would wish to be decided one way, and another in the opposite way; and yet both may tell you that a *decision* ought to be made one way or the other. Some points again there may be, which one person might think had better be left at large, and which another may think of sufficient importance to call for decision and conformity; but yet both, I suppose, would agree that it should be decided *what* things are, and what are not, left at large; that if conformity be not requisite in every point, at least it should be determined wherein it *is* required, and wherein not; so that clergymen and other members of our Church should not be left, as now, not only to differ in many points capable of determination, but to reproach each other with these differences, as departures from what essentially belongs to that Church."—*Charge of 1843*, p. 20-1.

It is not easy to reconcile the warm interest which the archbishop has taken in urging on this authoritative decision, with the principles which he is well known to entertain on the nature of Church authority and the freedom of individual inquiry. In a member of the new school—an advocate for unenquiring submission to the voice of the Church—we could at once understand it. But from Dr. Whately's writings it is abundantly evident that, were the Church reinstated tomorrow in her legislative functions, and the decision

which he considers so desirable and, indeed, necessary in the present crisis, formally and authoritatively propounded by the legislative body so established, he would not regard that decision as binding on any member of the Church, one whit further than it approved itself as scriptural to the mind of the individual;—nay, he would regard such a claim in behalf of the Church as a “most fearful presumption,” and “an unjustifiable arrogation of authority.”

“By such a procedure,” he says, “uninspired and fallible men (whether acting as individuals only, or as a body, makes no difference) arrogate to themselves an authority which belongs only to God and His inspired messengers; and the creeds, articles, catechisms, and other formularies of a Church, or the expositions, deductions, and assertions of an individual theologian, are practically put in the place of the Holy Scriptures. The tendency is so natural and so strong, that it requires constant and vigilant precaution to guard against losing sight of the proper and legitimate use of articles, confessions, and other human compositions, and applying them to a different and unauthorized purpose. To decide what persons can, or cannot be members of the same religious community on earth, uniting in public worship and other observances, is no more than it is possible, and allowable, and requisite, for uninspired man to undertake; and this is implied, and is all that is necessarily implied, in the ordinances and formularies of every Church: but to decide who are, or are not, partakers of the benefits of the Christian covenant, and to prescribe to one’s fellow mortals, as the terms of salvation, the implicit adoption of our own interpretations, is a most fearful presumption in men not producing miraculous proofs of an *immediate* divine mission.”*

Assuming these principles, we confess our inability to see the advantage to be gained by the proposed legislative interference. It would be a decision, it is true, and might fill a few pages of the new ecclesiastical statute book; but it would be a decision without a particle of value, for it would leave the matters in dispute still as open to inquiry as before. Above all, as a means of bringing existing controversies to a close, it would be entirely impractical; for no one would be bound to submit to its authority, except in so far as he was himself satisfied of its justice, on purely scriptural and rational grounds.

* Visitation Charge of 1836, pp. 76-8.

Our present concern, however, is with the question upon its own merits, and not considered with reference to the views of Dr. Whately. And never, we think, was there a more decisive evidence, first, of the thoroughly Erastian character of the Anglican Church (a character which no one but the new Anglo-Catholic school ever doubted), secondly, her complete incapacity to preserve even the outward semblance of unity, than has been supplied by this attempt to revive her legislative functions. On these two points we propose to offer a few brief observations.

I. On the former topic it can hardly be necessary to dwell. Not to speak of the petition of 1833, which directly prays for the interference of the civil legislature, in ecclesiastical affairs, even of a doctrinal nature, does not the petition of the present year expressly recognize the dependence of the Church upon the state in matters purely and exclusively spiritual? To pray that the Church may be *permitted* to "possess within herself a power of regulating her distinctly spiritual affairs;" to ask this, not as a matter of inherent right, but as "a *privilege* permitted to other Churches;" what is it but to acknowledge that this power is vested ultimately in the parliament, and that, if it be exercised by the Church, it is only as the spiritual organ, or, at most, as, *pro tanto*, the representative, of the parliament? To suppose, as the presentation of such a petition supposes, that, in a crisis like the present—a period of such peril and discomfort, so much distraction, and such fatal disunion—the state possesses a right to tie up the hands of the Church, to interpose and say, that, without her sanction, the Church shall not venture to legislate for herself, and provide for her existing necessities;—if this be not to suppose a dependence of the Church upon the state in matters purely spiritual, we know not how to explain the words.

We are well aware, that (although in the present constitution of the parliament, which is not necessarily composed of members of the Church, he considers it objectionable) Dr. Whately regards the admission of the laity to a share in the government of the Church as not only not bad in itself, but even, in certain circumstances, both "allowable and wise."* We merely call the attention of the large and influential section of churchmen, who think otherwise, to the fact. It is fully admitted, not only for the present but for the past, by all the prelates who took a part in the discussion. Dr. Whately

* See Kingdom of Christ, p. 317.

lays it down as certain, that, "as the law now stands, parliament is the only legislative government of the Church;" (p. 34) and that "for more than a century, she has had no legislative government but the civil legislature" (p. 38). The Bishop of Salisbury deplotes that she is "a body without any power of self-legislation" (p. 31), and that "there is no authorised body to consider conflicting opinions calmly" (p. 32). And Dr. O'Brien not only admits (p. 12) "the want of a power of self-government in spiritual matters, under which the Church has long laboured," but considers it (p. 7) "an anomaly in her constitution which is discreditable, and, in many respects, injurious to it." How completely does this simple statement destroy all the ingenious theories by which it is sought to maintain the liberty of the Church, and to represent her as still claiming, and at least tacitly enjoying, that spiritual independence which, in the eyes of the new school, is essential to the purity of her constitution! Let it not be said that the prelates in question expressed only their individual opinions. They spoke in the presence of the entire episcopal body. The petition which they supported was addressed to them all. It not only embodied in its language, but its presentation supposed, as a necessary preliminary principle, the entire dependence of the Church upon the parliament. Yet not a single voice was raised to gainsay the unpalatable assertion. If there were any who felt that these assumptions were unwarranted, what was easier than to declare that there needed no interference of the legislature to enable the Church to exercise her inherent rights, and that the present, at least, was a crisis in which these rights were clear and unquestionable? And if there was not found one prelate either to deny the statement made by the mover of the petition, or even to hint that the petition itself proceeded on a false supposition, is it not a clear and convincing evidence that all felt the dependent and degraded condition of the Church to be so clear, that it would be idle to call it for a moment into question?

Alas, the more closely we look into the history of the Anglican Church, the more evidence we discover of her essentially and primitively dependent condition. A child of the secular power, and fostered into strength by its influence, she has lived on only to be its creature and its slave. Under Henry, under Edward, and under Elizabeth, her history is one unbroken series of exactions upon the one hand, and of spiritless compliance on the other. One of the very first

steps towards the acknowledgement of the royal supremacy, was a formal recognition on the part of the bishops (in 1535) that the crown is the source of all jurisdiction—religious as well as secular, accompanied by a petition for the restoration of the jurisdiction which had been withdrawn on the nomination of Cromwell as the king's vicar general.* The doctrinal articles of 1537, though drawn up by convocation, professedly drew all their force from the royal sanction. The convocation confesses that, "without the power and license of his majesty they have no authority either to assemble themselves together for any pretence or purpose, or to publish anything that might be by them agreed upon or compiled;" and they humbly assure his majesty, that, if in the declaration which they submit to him he shall find any word or sentence meet to be changed, qualified, or further expounded, they shall, in that case, conform themselves thereunto, as to their most bounden duties to God and to his highness appertaineth."

Under Edward, the subjugation of the Church was still more signal and complete. The jurisdiction of the bishops was suspended anew. They were required to take out fresh commissions from the Head of the Church. All the novelties in doctrine and in discipline, the articles, and the liturgy, were introduced and accepted in his name. The bishops sank into a cipher; the Church was made a plaything or a tool; and the State, in the person of the King, or rather of the Protector, disposed of her liberties at pleasure and without control. Both as regards Calvinistic and secular influence, the condition of the Church at this period is well described by an able writer of the last year. Although only the concluding part of the following extract bears directly on the point which we are considering, we think it better to give it entire, premising only, by way of commentary, that not *several*, but *all*, the colleagues of Cranmer took out their episcopal commissions in the king's name.

"We are far from denying then, since our opponents will insist upon our asserting it, that the Reformation introduced a great mass of bad ecclesiastical opinion into the Church, both on these and on doctrinal subjects. Our reformers, as we said in our last number, were not Puritans or sectarians *themselves*, but they *let in* Puritanism and sectarianism to a most fearful extent. We doubt not that, had they dared, they would have given it more resistance than they did, but they went

* Collier, ii. 170.

with the state, and the state was anxious for the Church lands. Somerset and the aristocracy pressed on them from above; a powerful religious party, then in the very infancy of life and strength, Lollards, Hussites, Wickliffites, embryo Puritans, Brownists, and Independents, were pressing on them from below;—a party that they had the more difficulty in resisting, because they only half-disagreed with them, or rather did not know how far to agree, and how far disagree. Cranmer was more of a politician than a theologian; the very consciousness of the weakness of his own creed made him hesitate, he receded from one point of doctrine to another, and he and his associates at last submitted to the fate of all secondary and inferior minds who come into contact with superior ones; they were obliged to bow to the master-mind of Calvin, backed by the whole movement party in this country, over which he virtually presided, and with which, by the residence of Bucer and Peter Martyr, and others of his school, as well as by his own letters, he kept up a constant communication. The new doctrines, thus weakly stemmed, rushed in like a flood, and our Reformers, at parting, left the Church in the hands of a Calvinist party, who were more really our Reformers than they were themselves; only bequeathing, as a record of their own particular influence, a legacy of Erastianism. Cranmer and several of his colleagues took out their episcopal commissions in the king's name, they sanctioned the law which made all episcopal citations run in the king's name, and, in short, entirely handed over the right of ecclesiastical jurisdiction to the State. The responsibility of these steps rests especially with them; they were only Zwinglians or Calvinists in obedience to others; they were Erastian of themselves.”*

But the crowning work of subjection was reserved for the following reign. The masculine hand of Elizabeth stamped indelibly on her nursling Church the character of a state machine. We need but refer to a single step, the adoption of the Book of Common Prayer; and upon this point we cannot do better than repeat what was written in a former number, by one whose name is in itself an authority, even with an adversary. “The Parliament under Elizabeth did not follow the precedent set by the Parliament under Mary. It did not merely repeal the acts of former parliaments, but also passed laws, which had for their object the establishment of

* *British Critic*, vol. xxxii. pp. 327-8.

forms of worship, and the exercise of spiritual jurisdiction; and all this was done, not with the approbation, but in defiance, of the Church. Every bishop in the house voted against these bills; the convocation presented a confession of faith, and protested against the competency of any lay assembly to pronounce on matters of doctrine, worship, and discipline; and both the universities came to the aid of the convocation, and subscribed the same confession. Even the opposition among the lay members of the House of Lords was more formidable than on any previous occasion; and if the Act in favour of the Book of Common Prayer passed at last, it was only by a majority of three; and that small majority could not have been obtained, had not two of the bishops been imprisoned to deprive them of their votes, and five Commoners of reformed principles been previously raised to the peerage."

After this specimen of the thralldom of the Elizabethan church, we can hardly be surprised at the milder form in which its dependence is exhibited at the present day; and it is well concluded by the same illustrious authority, that "since these enactments are the basis on which the present Church of England was raised, it clearly follows that she is a Parliamentary Church, in the foundation of which no ecclesiastical authority had any concern."*

II. We pass on to another consideration suggested by the present controversy. It furnishes a practical commentary upon the Thirtieth Article, "The Church hath authority in controversies of faith." We especially recommend it to the notice of those mistaken advocates of Church authority, who imagine they can discover such authority in the Anglican Church. Assuredly, if she possess it at all, here, if ever, was an occasion for its interposition. Let its efficiency, therefore, be tested by the result.

We have seen that the great reason for desiring the restoration of the legislative functions of the Church is the necessity of providing some remedy against the scandalous and disedifying divisions which now prevail therein. In what spirit has the proposal been received?

"I need not enlarge," says the Bishop of Ossory, "upon the divisions which harass, and disgrace, and weaken our Church at the present day. No one, unhappily, can be ignorant of them, and, in fact, I presume that (as appears by the speeches of the prelates who supported the petition) one of the chief reasons for so earnestly

* See vol. viii. p. 363.

desiring the restoration of a self-governing power to the Church now, is the hope that it would be the means of healing them ; *I have said enough to show that I consider this as a very delusive hope.* My opinion, on the contrary, is, that such a measure would be likely to exasperate and prolong, if not perpetuate, those unhappy divisions, and that this is not a vague or random apprehension, but one which rests on grounds which are very intelligible. Whether, on examination, they will be found sufficient to support it or not, will, I hope, appear by what follows.

"Whatever be the constitution of the body, to which it is proposed to give such powers, it must, so far, I presume, partake of the nature of convocation, as to be an elective body. Any body that did not *represent* the Church, would be plainly unfit to *legislate* for it ; so plainly, indeed, that I do not think it necessary to consider any plan of Church government of that nature, if such a plan has been conceived. Now it can hardly be doubted that the elections by which this governing body, or a very important part of it, was to be formed, would materially affect our unhappy divisions, and be materially affected by them ; that they would widen the divisions, and the divisions embitter them ; that they would, in fact, at once carry our existing differences into every diocese, and every archdeaconry, and every rural deanery, and every parish in the kingdom ; and in a form, compared with which, the controversial contests to which they at present give occasion, are tranquillity and harmony. In fact, all the evils which attend upon parliamentary elections in heated times, short of absolute personal violence, might be dreaded in such contests. * * * * *

"The connexion of such struggles with religion would, no doubt, chasten and regulate the ardour of some, and make them watch anxiously and jealously over their own temper and conduct. But with others, and many others, it would only serve to exalt their zeal, and to justify every measure which it prompted,—so that it could not be doubted that such contests would be carried on with no less energy, and hardly, if at all, less bitterness, than secular conflicts—enkindling the same passions, and sowing the seeds of the same heart-burnings, and jealousies, and animosities.

"This would be a sad state of things while it lasted. But it might well be borne with, if it were to end with the elections ; and to end in providing the Church with a deliberative assembly, from which we might reasonably expect a calm consideration of the various points which divide us, and a fair and impartial adjudication upon them. This is the result hoped for by the petitioners. But no such expectation can, in my opinion, be reasonably entertained. Such contests might be expected to terminate, not in providing a calm deliberative body, from which the Church might receive the stability and repose which she needs, but in engaging upon a new arena the representatives of exasperated parties, and the advocates

of their conflicting opinions. These representatives, returned, not to deliberate but to contend, and carrying on their contests on a public stage, would keep throughout the land their constituents and the large proportion of the laity who would everywhere range themselves under them, in the same hostile position to each other to which the elections had brought them. And how absolutely incompatible such a position of parties is with any thing like a calm consideration or a satisfactory settlement of religious differences, I need hardly say."—*The Expediency of Restoring Synodical Powers.* pp. 16-19.

Thus the main objection to the adoption of the proposed measure is the danger of calling for a decision in times of so much excitement, and at a period when both parties in the Church have been driven into extremes by the violence of their collision. It is feared, and with much apparent justice, that, in a deliberative assembly, called together at such a time, one or other of these parties would predominate, and, forcing affairs to a crisis, would either propound new doctrinal formularies, embodying their own peculiar views, or explain the old in a sense, which, by its stringency and rigour, would practically drive their antagonists out of the Church.

To the solution of this anticipated difficulty, the archbishop addresses himself with great earnestness in the appendix;—or, rather, he has inserted in the appendix an extract from his *Essays on the Kingdom of Christ*, in which the whole matter is fully discussed. We cannot refrain from inserting it as a curious specimen of what may be called the Low-Church doctrine of authority pushed out to the very extreme of consistency.

"The other apprehension—that of a complete preponderance of some extreme party—arises, I conceive, from not taking into account the influence which in every assembly, and every society, is always exercised, except in some few cases of very extraordinary excitement, and almost of temporary disorganization, by those who are in a *minority*. It might appear at first sight—and such is usually the expectation of a child of ordinary intelligence, and of all those who are deficient in an intelligent study of history, or observation of what is passing in the world,—that whatever party might in any meeting, or in any community, obtain a *majority*, or in whatever other way, a *superiority*, would be certain to carry out their own principles to the utmost, with a total disregard of all the rest; so that in a senate, for instance, consisting, suppose of 100 members, a majority, whether of 51 to 49, or of 70 to 30, or of 95 to 5, would proceed in all respects as if the others had no existence; and that no *mutual concessions* or compromises could take place

except between parties exactly balanced. In like manner, a person wholly ignorant of mechanics might suppose that a body acted on by several unequal forces in different directions, would obey altogether the strongest, and would move in the direction of that; instead of moving, as we know it does, in a *diagonal*—in a direction approaching *nearer* to that of the strongest force; but not coinciding with it.

“And experience shows that in human affairs, as well as in mechanics, such expectations are not well founded. If no tolerably wise and good measures were ever carried except in an assembly where there was a complete predominance of men sufficiently enlightened and public-spirited to have a decided preference for those measures above all others, the world would, I conceive, be much worse governed than it really is. No doubt, the larger the proportion of judicious and patriotic individuals, the better for the community; but it seems to be the appointment of Providence that the prejudices, and passions, and interests of different men should be so various, as not only to keep one another somewhat in check, but often to bring about, or greatly help to bring about, *mixed* results, often far preferable to any thing devised or aimed at by *any* of the parties. * * *

“Of course we are not to expect the same exact uniformity of effects in human affairs as in mechanics. It is not meant that each decision of every assembly or body of men will necessarily be the precise ‘resultant’ (as it is called in natural philosophy) of the several forces operating—the various parties existing in the assembly. Some one or two votes will occasionally be passed by a majority—perhaps by no very large majority—in utter defiance of the sentiments of the rest. But in the long run, in any *course* of enactments or proceedings, some degree of influence will seldom fail to be exercised by those who are in a minority. This influence, again, will not always correspond, in kind, and in degree, with what takes place in mechanics. For instance, in the material world, the impulses which keep a body *motionless*, must be exactly *opposite*, and exactly *balanced*: but in human affairs, it will often happen that there may be a considerable majority in favour of taking some step, or making some enactment, yet a disagreement as to some details will give a preponderance to a smaller party who are against any such step. When the majority, for example, of a garrison are disposed to make an attack on the besiegers, but are not agreed as to the time and mode of it, the decision may be on the side of a minority who deem it better to remain on the defensive. Accordingly, it is a matter of common remark that a “council of war” rarely ends in a resolution to fight a battle.”—pp. 40-2.

* * * * *

We fancy there are very few, no matter how *low* their standard of Church principles, who will not be struck by the

anomaly of a Christian bishop discussing, as here, the probabilities of the course which would be taken by the deliberative council of "an integral portion of the Church of Christ," assembled at a most important crisis, to decide on questions affecting her most vital interests, without one single allusion to the hope that "Christ would be with them,"—to the promise of the "Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send to them,"—without one single reference to any species of Providential assistance or direction from on High! It is not easy to suppress a smile at the style in which the question is considered. Illustrations we have in abundance from "human assemblies," from "mechanical forces," from the "British constitution," and even from "a council of war"! But not a word of God's providence in favour of His Church; not a breath of any higher or holier influence than those which guide every profane council, involving no interest beyond the everyday concerns of this miserable world! Who will believe that such would have been the reasonings of a Catholic bishop before the holding of the Council of Nice or of Constantinople? that Basil, or Athanasius, or Augustine—(though we doubt whether their example would weigh much with his Grace)—would have argued upon principles such as those put forward by an archbishop of the nineteenth century?

Upon this, however, we shall not dwell. If the reader feel any desire to pursue the dissection of Dr. Whately's argument, we refer him to the reply of Dr. O'Brien, who, although he seems perfectly insensible to the incongruity of these principles, disposes very ingeniously of some of the archbishop's illustrations, especially his favourite one from "the British Parliament." Let us return to the main question.

Granting all that Dr. Whately desires, reviving to the full extent the self-governing powers of the Church, it does not appear, even still, that he expects to see her condition much ameliorated. "It is apprehended," he observes, "that such a Church-government as would probably be appointed would be likely to be *objectionable*;—would probably be a *bad* one. *I have no doubt of this; if by 'bad' be meant faulty.* In this sense, I am convinced that no government, civil or ecclesiastical, ever existed, or will exist, that is not '*bad*.' All governments being formed and administered by fallible men, it would be absurd to look for any that shall be exempt from errors, both in design and in execution. But the important question, and that which alone is really to the present purpose, is whether,

it is likely a government should be established that is *worse* than the absence of government?"

We cannot help saying that this jars strangely upon all our notions of a Church, no matter in what sense it is conceived. Upon the one hand, here is the Anglican Church in a position admitted to be not only "discreditable and unsafe," but "pregnant with scandal and danger,—a scandal and danger which are daily augmenting" (p. 22); full of "doubt, perplexity, and heart-burning" (p. 35); labouring under "great and notorious evils" (p. 36), evils, too, "which it is vain to think will come to right spontaneously, but are likely rather to go on continually augmenting." And yet, upon the other, on the showing of the prelate himself, no remedy is at hand, to avert the evils which threaten her very existence. She is herself entirely powerless. She either has no right to interfere, or, if she possesses such a right in the abstract, she cannot exercise it without the sanction of the legislature; nay, the very measure of self-government which is proposed, and for which the sanction of the parliament is solicited, is admitted to be "bad" and "faulty," and the only merit attempted to be claimed for it, is, that "it is not worse than the absence of all government"! Alas, for the Anglican Church if these be her patrons! If there be any who can reconcile himself to such a notion of that Church for which Christ "delivered himself up, that he might present it to himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing";—if there be any who can bring his notions of that Church to this degree of *lowness*, we must candidly own that we do not envy him his logic, and still less his religion.

But perhaps the Bishop of Ossory devises some plan to deliver the Church from her embarrassment? Alas, no. He is fully alive to the "divisions which harass, and disgrace, and weaken her,—divisions of which, unhappily, no one can be ignorant" (p. 17). But he thinks the proposed measure would "be likely to exasperate and prolong, if not perpetuate, them." And yet he proposes none in its place! He is for the *Quieta ne move*, "let well alone" policy; and contents himself with recommending that all should be left as it is till some less inauspicious time, till the troubled waters shall have subsided, and men shall have returned to their every-day habits of thinking upon subjects of such vital importance! "When the waters are low," says Dr. Whately, "we are told it is useless trouble and expense to build a bridge; when

they are high, that it is difficult and hazardous to build a bridge”!

It is abundantly clear that the difficulty already stated against Dr. Whately's plan of Church government, applies with equal force against Dr. O'Brien's plan of no government at all. While on the one hand he freely admits with Dr. W. the grievousness of the evils under which the Church is now suffering, on the other he not only confesses that she possesses no power to remedy them, but contends that it is impossible in the present crisis to devise any measure by which they may be remedied. Now, his lordship seems to have forgotten that this is not an accidental impossibility, arising out of the peculiar circumstances of the present crisis, and likely to disappear with the circumstances in which it is founded. He forgets that the very same impossibility must exist, as a matter of course, in every case in which the interposition of Church authority would be necessary or desirable. The scandals, and danger, and disgrace which he deploras, can never arise in a Church, except out of divisions more or less resembling those which now exist among the Anglicans; and the legislative or definitive power would be a dead letter, if it could not be exercised in times of trouble and excitement. In fact, it is evident that, if the Church have this power at all, it is for such times it is especially necessary, and must have been specially designed. To have bestowed authority upon her, and yet, by the imperfect or defective nature of the authority bestowed, to bind up her hands at the critical moment, and to deprive her of the power of exercising it, when alone it could be necessary or even useful, would be like the folly of giving a soldier a painted sword and a wooden musquet, which serve admirably well for all occasions of display or of amusement—for reviews and holiday meetings, but are utterly worthless when the day of battle arrives, and serve only to betray him into the power of his enemy. Was this the policy of the ancient Church? Were men deterred, of old, by the fear of “perpetuating dissensions,” from calling the Church together in times of difficulty and excitement? Were not these dissensions, on the contrary, the very motive which brought them together? Had the case been otherwise, had the cowardly policy of the present day then prevailed, where had been the councils of Nice, and Constantinople, and Ephesus, and Chalcedon? These were not holiday meetings, in which complaisant and well-bred churchmen, secure of having everything their own way, assembled to congratulate

each other in set speeches, on the peace, and tranquillity, and harmony which the Church enjoyed; and to separate, after passing a few decrees of form, and discussing a few points of minor importance. They were stern, and often stormy deliberations, in which Christian truth shrunk not from encountering error face to face, and battling for the mastery. In vain shall we seek, in the correspondence of the bishops of those times, for charitable apprehensions that the convocation of a synod might lead to the "predominance of some one of the exclusive and violent parties existing in the Church, who would establish and enforce such regulations as would drive out of its communion a large portion of its members."* In vain shall we seek among the Chrysostoms and Gregories of those glorious days some tender-hearted prelate like my lord of Ossory, melting away with alarm lest "the tolerant and comprehensive character of the Church might be lost or impaired" (p. 24); lest a decision might be given, which "would have the effect of driving the minority out of the Church, or subjecting them to unreasonable hardships within it" (p. 22). On the contrary, every rising heresy was confronted in its full strength and vigour. There was no attempt to retain the dogmatizers in the semblance of communion, by "leaving large questions open"; no shrinking from the precise declaration of the real opinions of the Church, lest those who thought otherwise might be driven out of her pale; no fear of disturbing ambiguous, or, if it be a milder word, liberal, formularies, and divesting them of that "scriptural largeness, which allows those who hold the fundamentals of the truth, notwithstanding minor differences on other points, not only to worship together in congregations, but even to minister to them" (p. 24). And if it be otherwise now, if the English Church, in a time of distraction and dissension—than which, Christianity has seldom since the beginning seen a more distracting—holds back from the honest examination of her opinions, refuses to allow her doctrinal formularies to be probed to the bottom, and shelters herself behind the vague and general wording of her creed, which not only admits in theory, but has actually received, interpretations fundamentally contradictory, is it not that she knows her own weakness, that she feels her array of numbers to be altogether owing to the uncertainty which hangs over her real principles, and is painfully conscious of the ravages which dissent and

* Whately, p. 39.

disaffection on the one side, and popery and tractarianism on the other, have made in her ranks—ravages which are still hidden, because, like the Romans of old, she is content to allow all, slaves and freemen, to wear the same livery, but which a rigid census would at once expose before the world?

It may be replied,—and it is a favourite taunt of Mr. Palmer's,—that the charge which we have been making on the Anglican Church, recoils with equal effect upon our own. She too, it may be said, can deal, when it suits her purpose, in ambiguous formularies, and leave questions open, in order to retain refractory subjects within her pale. How free, for example, the range of opinion in many points connected with grace and predestination. How open the question of the mode in which the sacraments produce their effect; and even the practical one of the necessity of an internal intention for their valid administration. Nay, do not our own schools bandy from one to another charges of unsoundness, and even of heresy? Have not the Molinists been called semi-pelagians, and the Thomists been set down as Calvinists? The Augustinians have been taxed with Jansenism, and the Congruists with one or other of these heterodoxies, according to the whim of the objector. And yet our Church has not thought it necessary to interfere. Except that it is no longer lawful to charge any of the schools with heresy, the question is as open as ever; and the Church has retained her hold upon the defenders of all the rival opinions. What is this but the temporizing and cowardly policy which we would make a crime in the Church of England, while we tolerate and applaud it in our own?

In reply, we would ask the reader to compare the questions which are free in the Catholic schools, with those which are open to discussion, and which are every day discussed in the pulpits of the Church of England. On the one side, a few obscure and speculative points, chiefly connected with grace and election, the leading doctrines of which are defined with the most rigorous precision; on the other, the whole body of Christian theology. When you except the doctrines of the Trinity and Incarnation, there remains scarcely another which does not belong to the number. If we take them on the showing of one of the interested parties, we find the list to include "Baptismal Regeneration, the Real Presence, the Eucharistic Sacrifice, Tradition, Church Authority, and the Apostolical Succession;" all of which, "it is agreed by all, were for a long time laid aside, or but indifferently main-

tained in the Church.* Now, assuredly, if there be fundamental doctrines at all, it is folly to say that these are not among the number. We well remember that in the late traditionist controversy it was distinctly declared, that the discussion involved the "preservation of the very foundations of faith";† and on the question of Church authority turns the very first principle in the formation of the faith of every individual Christian. Again, who can think lightly of the truth or falsehood of the Tractarian doctrines regarding the sacraments? How many practical consequences are involved in Baptismal Regeneration alone; and how intimately are these consequences connected with the salvation of the faithful! Above all, is it not the extreme of latitudinarianism to regard it as of no moment whether it be true or false that our Lord is really present in the Eucharist? that it is a matter of no moment whether the Christian religion has or has not a sacrifice? that the Apostolical Succession may, or may not be, rejected at pleasure?

And, to return to the point from which we have digressed, will any man who believes in these so-called Tractarian doctrines, who believes, for example, in the reality of Christ's presence, and in the Eucharistic sacrifice—will such a man believe, that, if the Church of England were the Church of God, or any portion of the Church of God, if she were not utterly forsaken by His guiding Spirit, she could ever, by possibility, have allowed, and could still continue to allow, these blessed and saving doctrines to be gainsayed with impunity, and even "to have been long laid aside," within her pale; still less, that she could have allowed the opposite doctrines to have risen into the ascendant? Would this be the conduct of a true spouse to her loving lord? Would this be the dealing of a tender mother to her trusting children? Alas, will not rather the selfish and mercenary conduct of the unnatural parent in the Gospel, who, when the child "shall ask bread, will reach him a stone," furnish a painfully suspicious, not to say a clear and striking, parallel? And when it is remembered that, for the first century of her existence, these doctrines were universally reprobated in the English Church;—that, when propounded during the Laudian epoch, they encountered in all quarters a determined and violent opposition, which only ended in the downfall of the throne and of the Church herself;—that

* *British Critic*, vol. xxxii. p. 300.

† See Powell's "*Tradition Unveiled*," p. 7.

during the whole of the last century, they are allowed to have fallen, practically, into contempt;*—and that their recent revival has revived, along with them, all the virulence and irreverence with which they were scouted by the olden Puritans;—when all this is remembered, and it is remembered in addition, that, all this time, the Church, if she has not directly sanctioned and approved it, has, at least, sate still, a patient spectator of the blasphemy and irreverence with which they have been, and are assailed;—it is difficult to account for the fatuity of those who profess to believe and cherish them, and who cling, notwithstanding, to the Church which has so clearly and so uniformly evinced a practical disregard, if not contempt, for them all.

One of two suppositions must be true.

Either the Church of England really holds the so-called Tractarian Doctrines, or she does not.

If she does not, how can those who believe them to be a part of the old and saving deposit of faith, remain securely within her pale?

If she does, has she not been guilty of a weak and unjustifiable betrayal of her trust, in suffering them to be so long forgotten, not to say, insulted and blasphemed? Is she not, at this moment, chargeable with the same unworthy betrayal, in holding back now that they are called up again from the contempt into which they had fallen, and in suffering their defenders, not only to be reviled and insulted, but even to be *visited with formal censure*, for the attempt?

We leave to those whom it concerns the selection of either alternative.

ART. II.—1. *Pastoral Letter from the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland to the People under their Charge, on the Present Circumstances of the Church.* 8vo. Edinburgh: 1843.

2. *Be not Schismatics, Be not Martyrs, by mistake. A Demonstration, that "The Principle of Non-Intrusion," so far from being "Fundamental in the Church of Scotland," is subversive of the Fundamental Principles of that and every other Presbyterian Church Establishment.* Respectfully sub-

* See British Critic, vol. xxxii. p. 300, et seq.

mitted to the Reverend the Convocation Ministers, by Sir William Hamilton, of Preston, Bart. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1843.

3. *The Drummond Schism Examined and Exposed.* By a Layman of the Church. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1842.
4. *A Second Letter to the Members of the Congregation of St. James's Chapel, Edinburgh, &c., &c.; together with Remarks on the proposed Attempt to Dissever the Chapel from the Communion of the Scottish Episcopal Church, on account of its recognizing as the Authorized Service, the Scottish Communion Office.* By Joseph Moule, Esq., F.S.S.A. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1843.
5. *The Scottish Episcopal Church and the Rev. Sir William Dunbar, Bart., S.C.L., "Presbyter of the Church of England," and his "Defenders," in reference to his Letter to the Managers, Constituent Members, and Congregation of St. Paul's Chapel, Aberdeen.* [By the Rev. John Parker Lawson.] 8vo. Edinburgh: 1843.

WHEN, in a former number, we announced as a probable, or by no means unlikely, event, that, ere we again had the honour of meeting our readers, the Kirk of Scotland would no longer have "a local habitation and a name," we certainly trod somewhat closely upon the heels of prophecy. That it still exists as an *establishment* is perfectly true, and by no means invalidates our prognosis; but whether it has ground for continuing its pretensions as a Kirk—we ask pardon, a *Church*—is altogether a very different question. The materials of disunion have at length exploded, and the "curious intelligencer" may at leisure survey the effects of the discharge.

On glancing over the article referred to, it will be observed that the violent faction which commanded a majority in the councils of the Kirk, had taken up a position of direct antagonism to the legislature; nay, that they had actually come to blows; the weaker of the two parties—as is frequently the case—being the active and implacable aggressor. We shall summarily report the concluding proceedings in this *Clay versus Potter*; appending thereto a singularly coincident "case in point," as affecting a body of a very different character,—the Scottish Episcopal, or, as her children have been pleased to designate her, the Church in Scotland.

Soon after the House of Lords had affirmed the decision of the court below, on the celebrated Auchterarder case, the ill-starred majority sustained another equally potent discom-

future in that of Stewarton, arising, like its fellows, out of the self-same illegal measures. This suit was instituted with a view to have a judicial deliverance on the *status* and rights of the *quoad sacra* ministers, and of the power of the presbyteries to erect *quoad sacra* parishes: and the Court of Session, early in January last, declared, as was foreseen by all conversant with the history of the Kirk and its encroachments, that the latter had no power to create such parochial emanations, and consequently that the ministers appointed to them possessed no existence or authority whatever in the eyes of the law. But, prior to this, and in reference to the conduct of the Court of Session and the House of Lords, the Assembly had addressed to her Majesty a claim of right and protest against the interference of the law, and a petition that measures might be taken to abolish patronage; and its commission had memorialized the government, urging a prompt response to each of these performances. To this memorial, on the 4th of January last, the home secretary, Sir James Graham (whose firmness in this business took the appellants by surprise), returned an answer, which for terseness and vigour may vie with the *Wellington Dispatches*, setting forth the foundations on which the Kirk is rested, exhibiting the conduct pursued by it, narrating the conciliatory effects made by the state to humour this restive bantling, and declaring explicitly that no attention could be paid to their preposterous demands, or any hearing given to their querimonious allegations of grievance, until, by repealing the Veto Act, they should submit themselves, like the rest of the community, to the restraint and authority of the law of the realm. This reply was "considered" at a special meeting of the Assembly's commission, on the 12th of the same month, when a verbose minute was concocted, which was ordered to be transmitted to Sir James Graham; and a general meeting of the commission was summoned on the 31st of the month, for the purpose of appealing to parliament directly on the subject.* Sir James, then, as they had invoked the wisdom of the national councils, declined further correspondence with these clerical *Gracchi*.

On the day appointed the commission met, when Dr. Cook, the leader of the moderate party, consistently following out the views of his friends, moved, "That as it has now been

* They intended to have met on the preceding day,—the anniversary of the decapitation of that sovereign whom their pious forefathers sold,—but some one, of more delicacy than the rest, suggested the alteration.

adjudged by the highest legal authority of the country, that the General Assembly, by its mere act, cannot confer on *quoad sacra* ministers a valid and legal title to sit as members of the ecclesiastical judicatories of the Established Church, such an act involving the conveyance of civil privileges which can be derived only from the legislature, the Commission, in conformity to this, refuse to enrol in the sederunt the names of any such ministers, or to hold them as entitled to deliberate and to vote on what may come under its consideration." This motion, prefaced by a speech of much sound sense and good feeling, was lost by a majority of 115 to 23; on which Dr. Cook and his supporters, after vainly tendering a protest, retired from the meeting. The Commission then resolved to petition Parliament to take their "claim, declaration, and protest" into consideration; and the well-known Dr. Candlish, one of their chief ringleaders, made his famous annunciation, that "if, after their application to the legislature, the decisions of the courts of law were not altered, neither considerations of policy nor views of duty would admit of his continuing any longer in connexion with the Establishment. This "claim, declaration, and protest," was merely a reiterated persistence in their own absurdities, seasoned with the customary invective against the judges and the laws. As Sir Hugh Evans says, "There is no fear of God in a riot."

To an uninterested spectator all this is very amusing. We have no interest in the controversy, nor do we mean to pronounce on its merits; it is a matter of perfect indifference which of the parties shall ultimately triumph; but the dispute, as long as it subsists, is an admirable illustration of the unity of the Kirk, and as such the after proceedings are still more worthy of notice.

Well, the government having determined to introduce no measure bearing upon the question of non-intrusion, but strictly to adhere to the terms of Sir James Graham's letter, acted religiously up to that resolution; still, however, declaring their readiness to deliberate upon the point, provided only the convocationists retraced their steps. Lord Campbell, desirous of preserving the Kirk, of which his father had been a minister, in vain strove to conciliate them; the Duke of Argyll and Lord Aberdeen wished to concoct a bill in their favour, but the terms were scouted and rejected; and their headstrong fanaticism, instead of being restrained, seemed to acquire fresh phrenzy from every lenitive suggested. The committee of the congregational party, who had hitherto abstained

from obtruding upon the government or the public themselves or their affairs, pursuing a wary and patient silence, were at length compelled, by the outrageous conduct of their distempered brethren, to publish a declaration solemnly protesting against their inflammatory proceedings, and expressing their sure reliance upon the sympathies and protection of their countrymen and the authorities. On the 7th of March Mr. Fox Maule moved in his place in the Commons, that the House should go into committee on the subject of the convocationists' petition; but his motion, after a grave and dispassionate discussion, was on the following evening rejected by a majority of 135.

The fate of Mr. Maule's motion settled the course to be adopted by the convocationists. They now called a meeting of their friends and adherents,—Mr. Maule in the chair,—at which the leader aforesaid (Dr. Candlish) declared that the special commission had given its deliverance that "the question was substantially closed as between the Kirk and the state, and that nothing remained but a preparation for the inevitable result of separation from the state, and separation from the Establishment," which he announced should be consummated in the "merry month of May."

"Dicite, Iö Pæan : et iö, bis dicite, Pæan !
Decidit in casses præda petita"—

The play draweth to conclusion—"there's pippins and cheese to come"! On Thursday the 18th of May last, the General Assembly met in St. Andrew's kirk, when the ceremonies commenced, *selon règle*, by the moderator of the previous Assembly delivering a discourse on the singularly apposite (and most generally acted upon) text of the Protestant version, "Let every man be persuaded in *his own* mind." He then vented a prayer, and said, that "in respect of certain proceedings affecting their rights and privileges, that had been sanctioned by the government and the legislature of the country, and more especially in respect that there had been an infringement upon the liberties of their constitution, so that they could not then constitute the court without a violation of the terms of union between the Church and state in Scotland as now authoritatively declared, he must protest against proceeding farther." For this he read a long series of "reasons," embodying a protest founded on the threadbare fallacy of vital injury inflicted upon the Kirk, and then, attended by the whole non-intruding sectaries, left the house, whence—at

first amidst some ironical cheers and a few hearty sibilations, and finally in apathetic silence,—they marched, in grim array, to a disused *gas-work* in the suburbs of “Auld Reekie,” and there constituted themselves into a “Free Presbyterian Assembly,” *non ex fumo dare lucem, sed ex luce dare fumum!* The “Residuary Assembly,” as their *quondam* friends are pleased to style it, in no way discomfited by the evanishing of these perturbed spirits, deliberately in succession repealed all the obnoxious and illegal acts of former years, reponing the Strathbogie victims, and rescinding the evil-omened veto enactment. Thus has the first great blow been given, and by its own suicidal hands, to the most monstrous and clumsy heresy that has ever troubled the Church of Christ. But while we denounce their faith, and rejoice in the crumbling of their rickety tenement, we should be sorry to feel ourselves pledged to the defence of the moderate party, and obliged to reconcile their proceedings with the principles of Protestant liberty, which, in common with their adversaries, they are bound to uphold.

On the other hand, had these “Free Protesters” been consistent in their conduct,—were they ready to extend to others that Christian freedom which they claim for themselves, and in defence whereof they have thus sacrificed the endowments of their profession, and thrown themselves as paupers on society and aliens from those with whom they had been united by the strongest ties;—however differing from them in creed, no sympathies or support would have been more cordially yielded to them than our own. But we cannot help remembering that the “Free Protesters” number in their ranks some of the very worst enemies of Catholic freedom of conscience; and it can hardly be expected that we should be excessively grieved to find that they have not merely punished and disgraced themselves, but have been the means of annoyance to the community, and have brought a scandal upon that same religion for the maintenance of which they profess so much anxiety, and which commands them to “be subject to every human creature for God’s sake.” We know that with them St. Peter is of no authority, yet as, according to their own view, “*whatever is contained in the Bible is the Word of God*,” they might at least pay some regard to *that*. We suspect, however, that though “free,” their liberty is rather a “cloak for malice.”

The utter want of a fulcrum whereon, according to their own principles, to rest the lever of their discontent, has been

recently most ably and unanswerably exposed in the pamphlet which stands second in our rubric. Had this—the production of one of the most eminent scholars in Great Britain—been published but a fortnight prior to the meeting of the Assembly, probably not a dozen of these fanatics would have quitted the Establishment. Its delay was therefore so far fortunate.

Sir William Hamilton's pamphlet is such a condensation of facts and authorities, that it virtually precludes the possibility either of our abridgment or analysis. He has proved the destructive principle of non-intrusion to Presbyterianism, from the fundamental rules of the great founders of that heresy—Calvin and Beza—from those of its mother-church, Geneva, from those of the Bernese, Setteravian, Dutch, English Presbyterian, and French Calvinist Churches that sprung from her fertile womb; and has shown how grossly ignorant of all these are the modern zealots. He pins their noses to the point, and holds them powerless, leaving them, like the *matriarch* of antiquity, fixed in an incrustation of their own shame and folly. As illustrating the history of the Deformation, we may be permitted to quote the following, though not immediately involved in the present question. Its novelty will not, however, greatly surprise those who are familiar with the psychological developement of the apostate Luther.

“There is no obligation more anxiously inculcated by the Gospel than chastity, and no virtue has been regarded as more peculiarly promoted by the Reformation. Take this precept then, and take it in the hands of the Reformed theologians. Look to the Anabaptists—but no; this instance may be objected to—and I pass on. Look, then, to the great author and the great guide of the great religious revolution itself—to Luther and Melancthon; even they, great and good as they both were, would, had they been permitted by the wisdom of the world to carry their theological speculations into practice, have introduced a state of things, which every Christian of every denomination will now confess, would not only have turned the Reformation into a curse, but have subverted all that is most sacred by moral and religious law.

“Among other points of Papal discipline, the zeal of Luther was roused against ecclesiastical celibacy and monastic vows; and whither did it carry him? Not content to reason against the institution within natural limits and on legitimate grounds, his fervour led him to deny explicitly, and in every relation, the existence of chastity as a physical impossibility; led him publicly to preach (and who ever preached with the energy of Luther?) incontinence, adultery, incest even, as not only allowable, but if practised under

the prudential regulations which he himself lays down, unobjectionable, and even praiseworthy. The epidemic spread; a fearful dissolution of manners throughout the sphere of the Reformer's influence, was for a season the natural result. The ardour of the boisterous Luther infected, among others, even the ascetic and timorous Melancthon. Polygamy awaited only the permission of the civil ruler to be promulgated as an article of the Reformation; and had this permission not been significantly refused, (whilst, at the same time, the epidemic in Wittemberg was homœopathically alleviated, at least, by the similar but more violent access in Munster), it would not have been the fault of the fathers of the Reformation if Christian liberty has remained less ample than Mahomedan licence. As it was, polygamy was never abandoned by either Luther or Melancthon as a religious speculation; both, in more than a single instance, accorded the formal sanction of their authority to its practice—by those who were above the law; and had the civil prudence of the imprudent Henry VIII not restrained him, sensual despot as he was, from carrying their spontaneous counsel into effect, a plurality of wives might now have been a privilege as religiously contended for in England as in Turkey.*

With reference to the above, and in reply to some observations which have been made upon it, Sir William states subsequently (p. 59), that he does not "found merely or principally upon passages known to Bossuet, Bayle, &c., and, through them, to persons of ordinary information;" neither does he found on "the vague expressions of Luther's letter to Barnes, that he would rather, in the case of Henry, sanction bigamy than divorce, for this is not unknown to all English historians;" but that he does "found on a *Disputatio sive consultatio, scripta anno 1531, die 23 Augusti, a Philippo Melancthone, de Digamia Regis Angliæ*;"—which advice, with the fact which it alone establishes, has remained, as far as he is aware, hitherto unnoticed, either by English historians or ecclesiastics." His sapient "observers" are not very likely, at any time, to catch Sir William Hamilton napping.

The extravagance of the Conventionists has been productive of good to others, in a worldly sense, at least. By their flight they have vacated upwards of three hundred and

* "This last anecdote is unknown to all English historians, nay, as far as I am aware, to all ecclesiastical writers. It is also, I believe, unknown, that a reverend professor of divinity in Scotland, afterwards a right reverend father in England, tendered to Charles II, in his officio-theological capacity, a formal *consilium* in favour of polygamy; exhorting 'the Defender of the Faith,' and 'Supreme Head of the Church,' to set the example to his subjects of so evangelical a reform. It will be admitted, I presume, that Charles *did one wise thing*, at least, in not complying with this ghostly advice. Burnet was the adviser."

fifty, some calculations say four hundred, benefices, thus providing the means of livelihood to many poor licentiates, who, hitherto, for want of place and patrons, have been obliged to all sorts of drudgery, manual as well as mental, in order to keep soul and body together. It has proved beneficial in another and better way; it has opened the eyes of many to the incarnate abomination of the Calvinistic doctrine. It has taught several to revert to the rule of Episcopacy; others it has led to the parent and only true Church; all it has imbued with a thorough disgust towards the pernicious perversities of puritanism.

To the Protesters themselves their imprudence is now, in many instances, sorely perceptible. Several, those especially who are married and have families (and this portion of the species is, for the most part, powerfully prolific), begin to feel all the inconveniences of the *res angusta domi*; seasoned, perhaps, with the piquancy of uxorial reproach. They are driven to the edge of their wits, and in spite of all their boasting to the contrary, their mendicant scheme has proved a complete failure. But how can that be, it may be asked, when the pious Marquis of Breadalbane (the entertainer at once of his sovereign, and the confederate and abettor of her rebellious Sawnies) and his lady, with some purse-proud Glasgovegian shopkeepers, subscribe their couple of thousands, and other devout and sober-minded people their hundreds of pounds;—when, as they avow, so great is the sympathy of the sanctified *canaille*, that mechanics deny themselves the comforts of a *shave*, and transfer their weekly penny from the pocket of the unfortunate barber to the horseleech scrip of the Free Kirk—thus bidding fair, in the course of time, to rival the Southcotians as a *gens barbata*; and when that mighty statist and philosopher, Dr. Chalmers, has promulgated that a penny per week from each household in Scotland, favourable to the cause, would yield a *hundred thousand pounds*, which would be quite sufficient to support the self-ejected ministers, — “that they would get half a million yearly, instead of the 200,000*l.* of endowment which they then received,” and triumphantly demanded “whether the Kirk would submit to slavery (!!) for 200,000*l.*, when far more liberal sums were within their reach?” And further declared, that within *two months* the identical sum of 200,000*l.* was subscribed for their behalf? Simply thus, because not more than a tenth (if indeed so much) of that sum has been paid up, and that it has been procured with the utmost difficulty;

—that the law expenses,* for which they are liable, exceed the cash received; and that now, when the enthusiasm is rapidly subsiding, and the brains of the tributaries are becoming cool, they will find few willing to toss their superfluous coin to the dogs, when so many imperative claims are daily preferred to their charity by the really and deserving necessitous. Besides, where are they, notwithstanding their "Building Fund," to obtain Kirks? Setting aside the insecurity of the "supplies," not one proprietor in five hundred will grant them a site for their wooden conventicles—for such is the material of which these edifices are to be composed—and most cutting refusals have been given to several of their applications by influential landholders and patrons of parishes, such as the Duke of Sutherland, Lochiel, Sir George Mackenzie of Coul, Sir James Mackenzie of Scatwells, Colonel Hunter Blair, and many more.† Possibly, like the "Minister of the Small Isles," mentioned with such applause in the "Free Assembly," who, having been refused a site for one of these timber tenements in any of the islands which constitute his parish, by the landowner, "has sent his family to the mainland, and has devoted himself to the work of preaching among his former parishioners—his home being a cabin in a yacht, in which he is to sail among the islands of the Hebrides,"—they may betake themselves to "spiritual navigation," or, like Thespis and his vagrants, of old, enact their Gospel interludes in vans and similar vehicles. In any way, they will find themselves completely at *sea*, like their friend of the "floating beacon" in the north. Not a few would, doubtless, gladly return to the cures which they have

* Among their "sufferings" by the law, may be registered the award by a jury of 2170*l.* against the majority of the presbytery of Dunkeld, at the instance of the Rev. Mr. Clark, presented to the parish of Lethendy, for refusing to take him upon his *trials*. He was spirited enough to take them upon theirs, and such was the result. So much for non-intrusionism!

† Take, as an amusing specimen, the following letter from Lord Panmure:—"To Messrs. David and James Low, and John Archibald, formerly elders, of the parish of Edzell.

"You foolish men, return to your good old Kirk, where there is plenty of room, and when more is necessary you will be provided with it. Return to that moderate, useful, and harmonious Church, for the establishment of which your forefathers fought and bled. Pay due and proper respect to that minister placed in the parish of Edzell by her most gracious majesty. Let peace, and comfort, and harmony, surround your firesides, and you will always find in me (as principal heritor) a friend ready to promote your welfare and happiness.—Your's faithfully,

"PANMURE.

"Brechin Castle, August 3, 1843."

This must be very gratifying to Mr. Fox Maule.

forsaken, provided it were in their power so to do; a good number have "a moment lingered at the gate," until dragged off by their more resolute brethren ("freely dissolved and dissolute," like Slender); while among some instances of unseemly vacillation between the Establishment and the Secession, that of Mr. Henry Moncrief, the proto-martyr under the Veto Act, presents an aspect of peculiar (shall we say?) shabbiness; for, after coquetting with each and repudiating both, he has only been permitted to swell the ranks of the *free* and *easies* upon doing penance (that is, being conferred with) for his improper flirtation with their discarded sister.

But is the Establishment secure, now that she has got rid of so many turbulent children? Is all faction extirpated, and are all they who supply the places of the seceders free from the poison of spiritual anarchy? Will she still sound her "*Nec tamen consumebatur*"? * It may be that for a brief season the olive shall flourish, but the canker is in her leaf, the trunk is hollow, its roots are retractive, its branches sapless and dry.

How are the "Residuary" and the "Free" Kirks to exist on the common ground of Christianity? The very courtesy which formerly existed between the Establishment and those who dissented from it, will no longer be maintained. The members of the Establishment may, probably, indeed we believe they have, no hostility to the separatists; but can anything resembling Christian feeling be reciprocal? If success should attend the progress of the latter, pride, insolence, and contempt towards the former will be the inevitable result; and if—which is the more likely—their present delusion terminates in discomfiture, then malice and hatred, the more deadly that it is unnatural, will be concentrated on those with whom they were previously united.† Agreed with all other

* The device adopted by the Kirk of Scotland is a burning bush, with this motto.

† The real *animus* of the "Free" Kirkmen may be recognised as settled in the following tirade, delivered by Dr. Candlish, in their assembly, against the members of the Establishment and others:—

"On this point I must be allowed to say, that I have often within these recent weeks had the question put to me, whether, in a case in which there was no public worship in connexion with this Church, or any other Church, we could cordially acknowledge it would be consistent with the duty of a member of this Church to attend worship in the Establishment. I have had such a question proposed to me, and I have found occasionally some difficulty in dealing with it, as I have always a great dislike to deal with questions of casuistry; but the proceedings of that other assembly, to which I do not wish generally to allude, within the last few days have completely cut the knot; and to my mind, at least, if I needed

classes of dissenters upon one main point, (for they differ *toto cælo* on all others, whatever they may pretend), resistance to establishments, their assaults will raze to the earth the walls of their old "Zion." In vain may Lord Aberdeen, or any other statesman, attempt to bolster up the system; the existing law is abundantly adequate to protect the Establishment, so long as it is permitted to exist; and future bills will only be requisite to humour the "pressure from without," by the removal of an institution now generally admitted to be useless and burdensome. There is much awaiting the Kirk of Scotland.

It would appear that a similar law regulates both mental and corporeal epidemics; and that, when either occurs, the disorder is by no means confined to the quarter, or class, where it primarily breaks forth. More recent in its development, more rapid in its crisis, than the schism in the Kirk; but equally ridiculous and unjustifiable, and,—as regards the society of religionists among whom it has arisen,—equally minatory in its future results, is the first secession from the Scottish Episcopal communion. If the *split* in the Kirk was at variance with Kirk principles, the schism in the latter body was mischievous and malicious. What it is, and its origin, we shall presently discover.

any other light to guide me in the matter than has been furnished by our Deed of Separation, it would be found in the anti-Christian act by which the Establishment has once more severed itself from the communion of all Christendom. And this makes it clear to me, at least, that no faithful member of this Free Protestant Church of Scotland can give any countenance to the worship of God in connexion with that Church. The other proceedings which have taken place there are significant enough. They have laid the Establishment prostrate at the feet of the civil power, and annulled every vestige of liberty in the Church of Christ, *if they be a Church of Christ*. They have also prostrated in the Church the whole jurisdiction and liberty which Christ has conferred on every branch of his living Church, and we can never consent to acknowledge it as any other than an establishment which has *consented to anti-Christian terms of alliance with the state, and to an anti-Christian yoke of bondage*. And their recent proceedings make refusal to hold fellowship or communion with them their act, and not ours. Sir, they have virtually cut off all Christendom from their communion. *And now we find it impossible even occasionally to have fellowship with them*;—it is not our doing, but their own wilful, deliberate act. But this renders it all the more important, on the one hand, that those interested in making arrangements in connexion with the Free Protestant Church of Scotland, should make them commensurate with all the adhering population. This proscription applies with *à fortiori* force to the Church of England. This will teach some of our clergy on which side—the Established Church or the Free Presbyterians—the spirit of the Gospel is."

The twenty-eighth of the "Code of Canons of the Scottish Episcopal Church," is as follows:

"As in all the ordinary parts of Divine service, it is necessary to fix, by authority, the precise form, from which no bishop, presbyter, or deacon, shall be at liberty to depart, by his own alterations or insertions, lest such liberty should produce consequences destructive of 'decency and order,' it is hereby enacted, that, in the performance of Morning and Evening Service, the words and rubrical directions of the English Liturgy shall be strictly adhered to: And it is further decreed, that, if any clergyman shall officiate or preach in any place publicly without using the Liturgy at all, he shall for the first offence, be admonished by his bishop, and, if he persevere in this uncanonical practice, shall be suspended, until, after due contrition, he be restored to the exercise of his clerical functions. In publicly reading prayers and administering of the Sacraments, the surplice shall be used as the proper sacerdotal vestment."

Nothing, we should imagine, could be more perspicuous in its phraseology, or more reasonable in its spirit and demands, than this canon. It merely requires that wherever a clergyman publicly officiates, he shall employ the prescribed formula of the Church whose minister he is; and, taking that service as it is, there seems to be nothing hard or unpalatable in its rule. But supposing the very reverse to be the case, a person is bound to know the rules of his Church before receiving its orders, and, having received them, is equally bound to obey them implicitly. This is a principle repudiated—in practice at least, however it may be nominally professed—by a set of individuals whose modesty and self-righteousness induce them to assume the title of *Evangelicals*; and of these the distinctive character is to travel beyond all system of rules, so far as they may conveniently—to make common cause with all classes of dissenters—and to transmute every methodical restriction into the capricious indulgence of extempore prayers and discourses, which they are pleased to construe into spiritual manifestations. Of these, "a burning and a shining light," in his own estimation, and that of a few anomalous religionists, is one Mr. David Drummond, formerly one of the incumbents of Trinity Episcopal Chapel, Edinburgh, and now gospel *improvisatore* in that city. This worthy, it seems, had, for a considerable period, been in the habit of holding a weekly *prayer-meeting*, not in the chapel to which he was attached, but in a large room or hall, somewhere about a mile off, situated in a locality as notorious as

that of Crown Court, and appropriated for the accommodation of private theatricals, Mesmeric *séances*, or Socialist *soirées*. And these edifying exhibitions, in this interesting sanctuary, were patent not merely to his own immediate followers, but to such other parties as enthusiasm or curiosity attracted thither; while the order of performance—according to Mr. Drummond's own confession—was, in general, a hymn, an extempore prayer (or rhapsody), an exposition, as it is technically phrased; and, that there should be no lack of good things, another hymn.* This delectable species of predication occasioned no small scandal to the Church, and gave grievous offence to Mr. Drummond's co-presbyters and the laity. We are informed that his fellow and senior incumbent repeatedly remonstrated with Mr. Drummond, and offered to read the Daily Service for him, provided he confined his operations to their chapel; but this Mr. Drummond peremptorily declined, preferring the purer atmosphere of his own peculiar paradise in Clyde Street Hall.

These proceedings being, in the opinion of his lordship of Edinburgh, Dr. Terrot,† altogether repugnant to the provision of the canon, he addressed a letter to Mr. Drummond, admonishing him for officiating without using the liturgy, and informing him, that while he had a right to use his chapel daily for expositions, and even offered, that if it could be shown by Mr. Drummond that this Clyde-street Hall was under circumstances more convenient, his episcopal license for its use; yet, in either case, that he could not lawfully officiate without reading and employing the Common Prayer. Instead of submitting to the authority of his diocesan, and abandoning his orational prelections, Mr. Drummond commenced an argumentative correspondence with his superior,

* Those who are curious in evangelical ditties, and desire to drink of the Clyde Street Hippocrene, may find scope for gratification in the (so called) "Church of England Hymn Book," by Messrs. Drummond and Greville. They will there be taught to chaunt *coronachs* to the tune of "All's well" !!!

† With reference to Doctor Terrot: we believe that to this gentleman's discourses we owe many converts to Catholicism. The doctor is a man of very excellent talents, but whether it is owing to his conviction of the inconsistencies of Protestantism, and his anxious efforts to reconcile them; or whether it is that his logic is procured from other rules than those which guided the intellects of the world from its creation; certain it is, from all we have learned, that the impression of uncertainty which his prelections make on the minds of his hearers, is such as to urge them to the very opposite point from that to which he strives to fix them. We mean, of course, those who frequent church more for theological instruction than for the mere fashion of the thing.

maintaining that these meetings were private and beyond the canon, and threatening that if the canon was not dispensed with in his instance, he should resign his charge! This, even had he been disposed to do so, was *ultra vires* of Dr. Terrot; wherefore, Mr. Drummond threw up his cure, and separated himself from the Scottish Episcopal Church.

But not content with renouncing that Church, the canons of which he had subscribed, and "the peace, unity, and order" of which he had sworn to maintain and promote, Mr. Drummond takes up a position of offence, avers his ignorance of these very canons, asserts that the 28th (above quoted) had been framed subsequently to his subscription, with a view to *affect him specially*, and, to crown the whole, charges the Church which he had deserted with *popery*—in maintaining the doctrines of prayer for the dead and of the real presence of our Lord in the Eucharist!! Wherefore, by reason of this notable invention, he anathematizes, repudiates, and denounces her; and embodies his accusations in a verbose pamphlet, wherein he confesses, that until his disobedience of the canons, and separation from the Church, he was wholly *ignorant of her service-book*, and was indebted for a knowledge of its abominations to "an English clergyman." As they say in the North,—“a pretty man this to make a minister of!”

Mr. Drummond having, by his renunciation of the Scottish Episcopal Church, incapacitated himself from holding a living in the Anglican Establishment, with which the former is now in full communion, (thereby forfeiting the privileges of his ordination), it became necessary to provide an aliment for him, and accommodation for those individuals who, forming his *tail*, apparently seceded with him. Of these we believe that not a single one was *bona fide* a member of the Scottish Episcopal Church, being merely parties conforming to it, either for the sake of fashion (for it is, or was, the *fashionable* mode of worship in that country), convenience, or preference to its form; and that those of the Anglican education among them, were individuals whom that Establishment would by no means be proud to acknowledge. But, whatever they were, as disciples of Mr. Drummond they required a tenement for the performance of their *moralities*; and therefore the lively imagination of some of these saints suggested that if they could eject Mr. Bagot, the incumbent of a proprietary chapel, his place of worship would form a comfortable nest for their clerical cuckoo. How could this be effected? Mr. Bagot was in high favour with his congregation, and—

very unlike his predecessor in St. James's—not even a whisper was heard against his conduct or reputation: the only ground of objection to him in the eyes of Mr. Drummond's party being, that he had not made common cause with Mr. Drummond in resisting the authority of Dr. Terrot, and betraying his trust. How, then, could Mr. Bagot be disposed of? By a very ingenious process. Of these same fertile wits who had taken so lively an interest in Mr. Drummond and “Christian liberty,” six happened to be members of Mr. Bagot's vestry; and they called upon that gentlemen to reconcile his “Protestant Catechism” with the communion service of the Scottish Episcopal Church, and to explain to them his views of that service in particular. To this board of self-constituted theologians—consisting, it appears, of an apothecary, a haberdasher, three attorneys (one, by the way, Mr. Bagot's own brother-in-law!), and a non-belligerent naval officer—Mr. Bagot, from mistaken civility, gave, not only a verbal, but a printed deliverance; and straightway these lynx-eyed and godly scouts detected the old bugbear, popery, lurking in the folds of his surplice. They accordingly made every exertion, by insult, by law, and vexation, to oust their pastor. But in vain: Mr. Bagot stood his ground; and only quitted his chapel for the curacy of Newry, after these worthies of his vestry had, with others of the seed of Judas, erected for their *confessor* a conventicle, which they—abjuring and despising Episcopacy, and being wholly independent of and free from the control of a superior—have been pleased, *more Hibernico*, to designate an “English Episcopal chapel!” The secret history of this St. James's conspiracy is admirably set forth in Mr. Moule's very acute, amusing, and satisfactory letter; one of those fugitive pieces which merit to be set apart from the ordinary *ephemera* of the press.

Scarcely had these schismatics subsided into ordinary insignificance in the diocese of Edinburgh, when, lo! in the very cradle of northern episcopacy, and under the very nose, and in defiance of the *Primus* (or chief bishop) himself, a mushroom rebellion of like bearing shot up in the person of one Sir William Dunbar, Bart., S.C.L., also a “presbyter of the Church of England,” and of Emigration Society renown. The circumstances of this fresh *theologomachy*, as we can glean them from Mr. Lawson's tractate, seem to be these: Sir William Dunbar—a Scottish baronet, whose classical acquirements may be appreciated by his not having obtained a degree—having procured Anglican orders, re-

treated to Aberdeen, where he obtained the charge of St. Paul's chapel. Having been seduced by the example of Mr. Drummond, of Edinburgh, to search for fame in the opposite track to that which any person less eager for notoriety would be disposed to search, and being desirous of the *prestige* of pseudo-sanctity, this same Nova-Scotian dignitary also stumbled upon the alleged Popery of the Scottish Communion Office. Mr. Lawson distinctly shows that this was what the officers of police denominate "a put up" case between the two worthies; and that, as the first blush of excitement, in regard to Mr. Drummond, was fast fading away, it was necessary to *get up the steam* in another direction. Accordingly, our distinguished baronet, on the occasion of an ordination at St. Andrew's chapel, Aberdeen, at which he had undertaken to preach, very coolly told Doctor Skinner—half-an-hour before service commenced—that when he consented so to do he had forgot that the Eucharist would be administered, and was only reminded thereof on referring to the ordination service; wherefore, he could not conscientiously join his co-presbyters in receiving communion! He then inquired in what manner he could absent himself from the sacrament, so as to cause least observation. Had time permitted, the baronet would not have been permitted to preach; but, as matters stood, he did so; and then sneaked off, without explanation. The doctor, upon this, warned him of the consequences of a repetition of such conduct; when, like his friend Mr. Drummond, the baronet commenced a quibbling correspondence, in which, *inter alia*, with still more effrontery than the *ci-devant* incumbent (or incumbrance) of Trinity Chapel, he declared that his subscription of the canons was merely *conditional*; thereby implying that he had joined himself to the Scottish Episcopal Church, only with a view to creating a disturbance in its ranks. After some miserable pamphleteering, the baronet abjured the Church; on which his superior formally *excommunicated* him, and the sentence was duly promulgated from the respective pulpits of the episcopal chapels in Aberdeenshire, on the 13th of last August. This is, we believe, since the Deformation, the first approach to Catholic discipline in that degraded country; and it reflects somewhat on the firmness of Doctor Terrot, that he did not in a similar manner cut off Mr. Drummond from the ministry. We believe that this proceeded from a mistaken lenity; and perhaps, ere these lines meet the eye of our readers, the commands of the episcopal

college may have stimulated the Edinburgh diocesan to a proper denunciation of the presbyter of St. Thomas's conventicle.

Whither does all this tend? However others may regard the sign, to the Catholic it merely confirms the rottenness of all heresies, and the certainty of the Church's triumph—neither remote nor qualified—over the hydra-headed sectaries so long refractory to her rule. Now, for the first time, is the Northern State Establishment beginning to feel the shock of the foe. Already is the cry for its destruction raised in the municipal councils of the Scottish metropolis; now detachments from *Catholic Regiments* are sent by government to repress the insurgent presbyterians in the moors of Ross-shire; now, in the assembly of the Free Kirk, do bare-breeched Highland lairds and ex-members of parliament swear untiring and unmitigated hostility to the residuary institution; while inflammatory declamations and seditious pamphlets, suggestive of violence to the person and possessions of the greatest Scottish peer, occupy the sleepless vigilance of the Home Secretary. Then, on the other hand, we see vulgar evangelism and hypocritical sanctity fleeing—like evil spirits from the dawn—before the progress of Catholic principles: however imperfect in the episcopal community in the same corner of the kingdom, yet in their own small way impeding and disquieting the Church which they have betrayed. Look also at the effects of these turmoils upon their respective Missionary and Bible Associations. In India, to a man, have the envoys of the Kirk renounced its authority, and plighted their adherence to the Free Protesters; while from the Church of England Society, every Scottish bishop and presbyter has withdrawn his sanction. In vain, on a recent occasion, did the London board of the latter society desire to send its representative emissaries to an Edinburgh gathering. Not a single clergyman from any diocese in England dare make his appearance, or hold intercourse with the *tabooed* pietists—the Drummonds and Dunbars; and the business of the meeting of the *Church of England Missionary Society* was commenced by a prayer from a *Free Kirk man*, and supported by the harangues of a set of *presbyterian Independents*!

“Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits
(As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast),
The imminent decay of wrested pomp!”

ART. III.—*Speech of William Smith O'Brien, Esq., M.P., delivered in the House of Commons on the 4th of July 1843, on "The Causes of Discontent in Ireland."* Dublin.

IT is a kind of standing remark on the approach of each session of parliament, to say, "This will be one of the most important sessions that has ever yet occurred." In a few cases, at long intervals, the remark has been justified by the nature and general influence of the events of the session; while in the majority of instances the importance has been but to one or two particular interests; but to the community at large nothing of consequence shall have occurred.

It will scarcely, however, be set down as the force of custom, or the promptings of mere particular interests, that induce the public in both countries to predicate of the approaching session in the manner we allude to. The man would be dull indeed—duller than the fat Lethæan weed itself—that did not share the common impression, that events of imperial consequence,—of the weightiest and most general importance,—impend over the next gathering of the legislature.

Ireland, Sir Robert Peel's old admitted "difficulty," is the difficulty of the empire just now. How is she to be treated? Are we to have dragoons charging, battalions firing, cannons roaring, steamers bombarding, and all the pomp, pride, circumstance, and massacre of war,—between well-drilled, well-appointed, well-provided armies, and an unarmed and confused and defenceless mob,—or are we to have legislation for the griefs and miseries of Ireland? Are blood and desolation to be the order of the day in that country, or contentment and the initiation of prosperity?

Throw the present prosecutions out of the question altogether, with all their strange characteristics and incidents. They are, of course, of deep interest; but it is the standing and enduring grievances of Ireland we have now to consider; and the point as to how they are likely to be dealt with next session. The prosecutions do indeed tend, according to a favourite phrase of the French sentence-writers, to *compliquer la situation*; but had they never occurred, or were they abandoned, the question of the grievances of Ireland and their remedies, would remain for discussion. Of course, if the prosecutions were successful, there might be difficulty in the way of calm discussion of the matters we mention; but at present such a result does not seem likely.

Well, then, the grievances of Ireland—what are they?

We find them ably stated in the speech which forms our text. Mr. O'Brien, a gentleman of ancient family, of fortune, of high social position in England as well as in Ireland, and one who, up to the time of making this speech, and for months afterwards, was not a repealer, and had never mixed in political agitation, endeavoured last July to draw and secure the practical and beneficial attention of the parliament of the United Kingdom to Ireland's claims; and the failure of his endeavour ultimately compelled him, sorely against the grain, to become a repealer. If England would prevent other men of his station, importance, and worth, from following his example, she has not a session to lose, in taking up, earnestly and patiently considering, and endeavouring to reconcile her mind to, much of what he so very ably and clearly laid before her representatives, on the occasion before indicated.

His exordium has lost none of its significance or impressiveness by what has occurred since it was delivered:—

"I rise, sir, to move 'that this house will resolve itself into a committee, for the purpose of taking into consideration the causes of the discontent at present prevailing in Ireland, with a view to the redress of grievances, and to the establishment of a system of just and impartial government in that part of the United Kingdom.' * * *

"I stand here to-night to arraign the British government and the British parliament, for having misgoverned the country to which I belong. I make this charge not on the part of those who delight in agitation. Were I to speak in their name, I should render to you their most hearty thanks, for having, by the course which you have pursued, effectually promoted the objects which they have in view. I appear, on this occasion, on behalf of the class to which I myself belong—on behalf of those who cherish no other desire than to lead a tranquil life in their native land (I will repeat the sentiment, although it was derided when I used it on a former occasion), surrounded by a happy and contented population, in the full enjoyment of the free institutions of Great Britain. If I had brought forward this motion two months since, as I then intended, I might have had some difficulty in awakening the house to a sense of the irritated state of feeling which at present prevails throughout Ireland. The course of events has rendered superfluous this part of my task. The house and the public of England are now fully alive to the formidable character which the repeal agitation has assumed. * * *

"It is true, that the aristocracy and landed proprietors, Catholic as well as Protestant, still, for the most part, stand aloof from this agitation; but be assured, that unless your policy be speedily changed, they will not long consent to remain as units, divested of

influence in the midst of the population by whom they are surrounded. It is true, also, that the majority of the Protestants have hitherto forborne to cooperate; but no one can tell how soon the moment may arrive, when they will make common cause for the restoration of the national prosperity of Ireland."

Upon this part of his speech, the best comment we can make is, that since then the repeal movement has been joined by Mr. O'Brien himself; by Mr. Powell, another Protestant gentleman of fortune, the second member for the county of Limerick; by the honourable Mr. Trench, cousin of the earl of Clancarty; by Catholic gentlemen of fortune in great numbers: such as Mr. Power of Gurteen, Mr. Power of Faithlegg, Messrs. Barnewall, Drake, O'Neil of Bunowen Castle, Rorke, Comyn, Thunder, Maher, late M.P. for Wexford county, James Power, one of the present members, John O'Brien of Camelly, member for Limerick city, and a host of others; and even by those lately most hostile to popular movements, especially to anything supported by Catholics; such men as Moloney of Creg, in the county Clare; Captain Mockler of Meath, an old and deeply pledged Orangeman, and leader of Orangemen; Captain Seaver of Newry, also of the deepest Orange tint; and a multitude of the lower classes of Orangemen, among the artisans of various towns in Ireland, and some even among the petted, and protected, and courted Orange yeomen farmers. We could add considerably to the list of accessions of the gentry, which we have just given, but enough is contained in it to show that Mr. O'Brien's warning was not a *brutum fulmen*.

Two important facts relative to the disposition of the lower classes of the Protestants in Ireland may be here stated. At the time of the "monster meeting" at the fair green of Donnybrook, close to Dublin, last summer, the government cast about for some "good, sound, Protestant" affidavits, of "fear and terror," &c., to afford them an excuse for suppressing the impending "demonstration." They applied to the Orange artisans of Dublin, and were answered that if the latter took any step on the occasion, it would be to join their brother operatives in the procession, and help in carrying the banners on which were recorded the injury done to their trades by the operation of the Act of Union!

The second fact is that the intended "monster" *anti-repeal* meeting at Belfast, together with two or three minor gatherings of the same nature, had to be abandoned; from the pretty distinct intimation which the landlord-promoters of

them received, that if their tenants did refrain from following the example set them by a portion of their fellow-religionists in Orange Tyrone, and one or two other counties, in joining the repealers, they, the landlords, should give a *quid pro quo* in the rents and setting of their lands!

To us Catholics, the accession of his grace the Archbishop of Cashel to the repeal movement, would alone be a startling comment on the passages we have quoted,

In speaking of the tendency of the higher classes to fall into the agitation, Mr. O'Brien well and meaningly remarked: that to do so required on their part "many natural feelings to be overcome, many objects of legitimate ambition to be surrendered." The interlacing of family ties, by which so many of that class are bound to England; the ambition in some of playing a part on a broader and more elevated field of action than they can suppose Ireland ever likely to afford; the poor, yet, considering what man is, the only too natural pride of being called a distinct and superior race, in garrison as it were for England, and therefore entitled to her protection and thankful consideration; these, and other such influences, were present to his thought when speaking of his own order; and, acquainted as he was, so intimately, with the strength of those influences, how strong, and, as events are showing, how *just*, must not his estimation have been of the counteracting agency of the principle of home-legislation?

He proceeded to investigate "the causes of the universal discontent, which has found its expression in the agitation for the repeal of the Union." Beginning with a properly very brief summary of the history of the connexion between the two countries, he thus approached the period of the Union:

"By the penal laws," he said, "the mass of the nation was placed in cruel bondage under the feet of the minority. At length the dominant party found that the interests of the country were sacrificed to their own ascendancy—that England was enabled, by thus dividing the Irish people, to oppress her trade and trample upon her independence. The American war called the nation to arms, and in 1782 the Irish people stood united as one man, presenting to England a demand for their national rights. All their requests, before contumeliously rejected, were now hastily conceded, and Ireland appeared in all the majesty of union and national greatness. Unhappily the same patriotic energy which had wrung from England freedom of trade and parliamentary independence, was not applied to internal reforms. The nation relapsed into apathy. A rebellion, the seeds of which were sown by the principles of the French revolution, acting upon a diseased condition of society, and

which rebellion there is too much reason for believing to have been fomented by England, afforded a pretext for the Union. Still the Union could not have been accomplished without the basest corruption. Every one knows that the Irish parliament consisted for the most part of nominees of an oligarchy. Two thirds of the members of the Irish House of Commons were named by individuals. That oligarchy Mr. Pitt bought by titles, by places, and by money. He deceived the Catholics by the promise of emancipation, and thus neutralized, to a certain extent, their opposition. In the mean time the people were prevented by armed force from assembling to petition, and the national voice was stifled in the utterance of its remonstrance. Thus, by the united influence of corruption, fraud, and force, an Union was imposed upon Ireland, which has never been recognized by the Irish people as a national compact. Its terms were unjust and offensive, and accordingly they have produced, in the continued discontent of the Irish nation, that retribution which always follows injustice."—*Speech*, pp. 10-11.

Having thus stated the "primal, eldest" grievance with which the Union is associated, in Irish minds, he entered upon the grievances which are complained of as its consequences: taking first, that which is said to exist in points of financial arrangements. In the Autumn of 1842, an article on this subject appeared in our pages, in considerable detail; and we may, therefore, excuse ourselves from going into any lengths on the matter now. Indeed, Mr. O'Brien himself did not dilate upon them; contenting himself with a merely general statement, and adding the very moderate and reasonable suggestion of a committee of enquiry to ascertain beyond doubt the facts on the subject, and put an end to the exceeding discrepancies of opinion existing relative to them in the two countries.

The Irish statement of fiscal grievances we compress as follows:—The enormous excess of British over Irish debt at the Union, left the British minister no excuse for their consolidation, and accordingly, it was arranged that the two debts should continue to be separately provided for. The *active* expenditure of the empire (*i.e.* the expenditure clear of charge of debt) was to be provided for in the proportion of two parts from Ireland to fifteen parts for Great Britain. These proportions were to cease, the debts were to be consolidated, and the two countries to contribute indiscriminately by equal taxes, so soon as the said respective debts should be brought to bear to each other the proportions of the contributions, viz. as 2 to 15; provided *also* that the fiscal ability of Ireland should be found to have increased. Now, the 2 to 15

rate of contribution was denounced at the time by Irishmen, as too high for Ireland, and afterwards so admitted, in 1816, by the British ministers themselves. Its consequence was, to exhaust and impoverish her to such a degree, that her debt in sixteen years increased 230 per cent, while the British only increased 66 per cent. This disproportionate and unjust increase of the Irish debt, brought about the 2 to 15 proportion between it and the British debt. *Advantage was taken of that single branch of the contingency* contemplated in the Union Act, although the other branch of the contingency, viz. the increase of Ireland's ability, had not only not occurred, but, by the confession of the English ministers themselves in 1816, the very contrary had occurred; namely, Ireland had become poorer than before. Advantage, we say, was taken of that single branch of the contingency, to consolidate the debts, do away with all measure of proportionate contribution, and place the purse of Ireland, without restriction or limit, in the hands of the British chancellor of the exchequer, thenceforward to take from it, and apply as he liked, every penny it did then and might at any future time contain; and rob Ireland of all chance of benefit from any surplus of revenue, thenceforward and for ever!

There are prejudiced men in all countries; so it is no disparagement to England to assume that such are to be found among her people. We would readily take the most prejudiced among them, and when we had submitted to him the facts we have just stated, and got him to give a moment's cool consideration thereto, would confidently expect his verdict, that Ireland has been ill treated in these particulars. A country confessedly too poor to pay a limited contribution to the expenditure, and at the same time prevent her own debt from increasing, to be, by way of *relief*, made jointly responsible for the exorbitant debt of another country, and every penny and every possible farthing *screwed* out of her by an unlimited liability of contribution!

All this, with the detailed working of the grievance, can be shown by the most indisputable references to parliamentary documents.

Meantime, it is to be remembered, that not only (to repeat our own words) is every possible farthing thus *screwed* out of Ireland; but what adds to the grievance is, that every possible farthing is *spent out* of Ireland also. This, and the "absentee-drain," are the two next matters of complaint adduced by Mr. O'Brien. With regard to the "revenue-drain," as

we may call it, Ireland is in this anomalous position :—that it would be better for her to have expensive government establishments, instead of the present reduced and economic arrangements, whereby government may be said to have little more than clerks' offices in Ireland. In the former case the revenue-drain would be stopped, as the money would be wanted at home for the expensive establishments we mention. Thus, at any rate, we should have the benefit of the expenditure of our own money, if we be aggrieved by the levying of it. But in the present case, we have all the grievance of paying, and only a very small part of the benefit of the expenditure ; the monies saved by government here, being sent over to England, for the chancellor of the exchequer there to dispose of as he thinks fit.

The "absentee-drain" is generally computed to be four millions of money-rents, sent away to the absent lords of the soil, and spent in England, or, at any rate, *out of Ireland*. Together, these two drains make between five and six millions of money, a great matter to so poor a country as Ireland. Of course, when Ireland had her parliament, the absentee drain was much less ; as her large proprietors *had business at home*, attended to their parliamentary business, and looked after their parliamentary interests at home. But the Union relieved them of this necessity : and by the centralizing system which it introduced, rendered London the sole point of attraction for the higher and wealthier classes.

On this part of his subject, Mr. O'Brien thus speaks :—

"Next in the train of consequences which followed the Union, is to be noticed the increase of absenteeism. There are two classes of absentees. One class consists of great English proprietors, who have obtained by confiscation large tracts of territory in Ireland. As an instance, I may mention, that the greater part of one county, Londonderry, belongs to the London companies. This class is almost of necessity permanently non-resident. It is scarcely to be expected that the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Lansdowne, should live continually in Ireland, whilst they have superior inducements to reside in this country. The other class of absentees consists of the nobility and gentry of Ireland, who were in the habit of resorting to Dublin previous to the Union, but who are now naturally attracted to the seat of government, and whose views and associations become gradually interwoven with English rather than with Irish interests. It is believed, that this latter class would be immediately brought back to Ireland by a repeal of the Union ; and with respect to the permanent absentees, it is conceived that a moderate tax, which would be imposed by the Irish parlia-

ment upon non-residence, would compel them either to sell their estates, or to reside in Ireland a portion of the year, or to yield a pecuniary contribution towards those useful objects which would be promoted without such contribution by their residence."

From the details—very dry in listening to, or in perusal, but woefully severe in actual pecuniary effect,—of the fiscal grievances of Ireland, Mr. O'Brien turned to the more popular, because more easily understood, and more directly felt, grievance of the manner in which the measure of Catholic Emancipation had been impeded in its working. Although the extract is long, we give the whole of his remarks upon this subject, because of their peculiar interest; an interest enhanced by the circumstance of their coming from a member of the "ascendancy" party itself,—that party to whose interests, views, and desires, the prosperity of Ireland, and the rights, comforts, and happiness of her people have so long and so ruthlessly been sacrificed:—

"During the twenty-eight years which immediately followed the Union, all the energies of the Irish nation were concentrated upon the struggles of the Catholics for emancipation, either in resistance to or in support of their claims. I presume it will not be contended that the conduct of parliament with reference to this question, was calculated to create any very strong feeling, in the minds of the Irish nation, in favour of British legislation. The Catholics considered that they had been betrayed by Mr. Pitt, when they saw him return to power without stipulating for the fulfilment of the promises which he had held out to them. Their just rights were withheld by the anti-Catholic prejudices of the English people, so long as they could be denied with safety; and at length, when they were conceded, not to a sense of justice, but to apprehensions of a civil war, they were granted in a jealous spirit, and accompanied by offensive conditions. For six years the Catholic relief bill remained a dead letter in regard to appointments to office. It had indeed given to the Roman Catholics increased power, but although it declared their eligibility to official station, yet, with the exception of a few individuals, they remained practically excluded. At length, under Lord Normanby's government, the principle of perfect equality was carried into full effect. He endeared himself to the Catholic population of Ireland, by having been the first viceroy since the revolution of 1688, who did not make the profession of the national faith a ground of exclusion from office. Nor can it be said that he showed an undue preference for Catholics, for it has been repeatedly stated, that of the persons appointed to situations under his government, a majority were Protestants."

We interrupt the course of Mr. O'Brien's observations at this

point to remark, that the last statement, viz., that the majority of Lord Normanby's appointments were Protestant," is not only true, and *very true*, but that a large proportion of these appointments, and a much larger proportion of those of his Whig successor, Lord Fortescue, were of that class of Protestants who are *now* confessed *Tories* of a deep dye—but were *then* commended as "moderate men" and "no politicians." The Whig governments were indeed treated with exceeding generosity by their Irish supporters. It is well known that for an Irish liberal member, at least an Irish *Catholic* member, to obtain an appointment for a *protégé* was to himself a matter of surprise. Sweet words were plenty, but *performances* were generally reserved for the cases of application from men themselves but little better than disguised Tories, and their nominees in many cases known, and since the advent of a Tory government *proved*, to be of the worst ascendancy politics. Notwithstanding this, the Irish popular members warmly supported the Whig administration, and at times, when those whom the latter had complimented, gave but a faint assistance, or refused it altogether.

Mr. O'Brien went on "to charge the present government with having returned to the former system of exclusion, and undertook to show, that though the Catholics are nominally admissible to every situation, yet that practically they have been all but proscribed. The right honourable baronet (Sir Robert Peel) has refused me a return which would have shown the religious persuasion of every person who has been appointed to any situation under government since his accession to office; but I have reason to think that the following list is nearly perfect, as regards the principal appointments made under his administration. It shows the proportion of Roman Catholics advanced to office in a country of which above four-fifths of the population profess the Roman Catholic faith.

Lord de Grey	Lord Lieutenant	Protestant.
Lord Eliot	Chief Secretary	do.
Mr. Lucas	Under Secretary	do.
Sir Edward Sugden	Lord Chancellor	do.
Pennefather	Chief Justice	do.
Blackburne	Master of the Rolls	do.
Lefroy	Baron of the Exchequer	do.
Jackson	Justice of the Common Pleas	do.
T. B. C. Smith	Attorney-General	do.
Greene	Solicitor-General	do.
Brewster	Advising Counsel to the Castle	do.
Litton	Master in Chancery	do.
Mr. Long	Register to the Court of Chancery	do.
Mr. Kemmis	Chairman of Kilmainham	do.
Messrs. Tomb, Jebb, and } O'Dwyer }	Counsel to the Excise	do.

Mr. A. Bate	Clerk of the Crown for Co. Galway	Protestant.
Mr. Seed	Clerk of the Crown for Co. Limerick	do.
Mr. Starkey	Accountant Gen. to Ct. of Chancery	do.
Mr. Webb	Deputy Keeper of the Rolls	do.
Major Cottingham	Inspector of Convicts	do.
Mr. Shaw	Stipendiary Magistrate	do.
Mr. Brereton	Stipendiary Magistrate	do.
Mr. Butler	Crown Prosecutor of Carlow	do.

“The above are all Protestants. Now compare the list of Catholics appointed to office :—

Mr. Coppinger	Assistant Barrister for Kildare . .	R. Catholic.
Mr. O'Leary	An Office in the Court of Chancery	do.
Mr. Kernan	Stipendiary Magistrate	do.

“Three Catholics appointed to subordinate situations, against which are to be placed two dismissals of Catholics without cause—those of Mr. O'Brien, stipendiary magistrate, and of Dr. Phelan, assistant poor-law commissioner—for whose removal from office no reasonable ground has yet been assigned. The House, from this statement, will be able to judge whether the present government has been partial or impartial in its distribution of patronage between Protestants and Catholics. It is no sufficient answer to say, as has been said in justification of the government, that they cannot be expected to appoint to office their political opponents. This answer involves the admission that they have forfeited the confidence of the whole Catholic population of Ireland. They first adopt a line of policy which calls forth the hostility of the Roman Catholics of Ireland, and then they make such hostility the ground of their perpetual exclusion from office. But the fact is, that in reality they were not reduced to such a dilemma. With regard to appointments of a political nature, I quite agree that they could not with propriety have taken into their confidence men who had been active partisans of a rival administration ; but in regard to judicial station, it is very questionable, under the present circumstances of Ireland, whether a government ought to declare that none of those who peculiarly possess the confidence of the great body of the population, shall be selected for such situations. But even if I were to admit that they could not be expected to raise to the bench such men as my right honourable friend the member for Clonmel (Mr. Pigott), still there are many other Roman Catholics in Ireland, whose moderation in politics would have permitted their appointment to office by the present government. Amongst many whose names occur to me, I shall only mention one, and I select him chiefly because his name is familiar to the House, and because he has been often mentioned with commendation by gentlemen of the Conservative party—I allude to Mr. Howley, the assistant barrister for Tipperary. I find that in regard to professional standing—a point insisted upon in a former debate by the right honourable baronet (Sir R. Peel)—he was admitted to the bar earlier than the

present Attorney-General ; and his other professional qualifications would have justified his nomination to some of those offices which have been filled by persons whose chief merit appears to have been hostility to the Roman Catholic population of Ireland."

The dismissal of Dr. Phelan, above alluded to, was really an act of alarming significance to the Catholics of Ireland. There is among them, and with only too much ground, an alarm for the interests of religion, occasioned by the manner in which the Poor-law has been worked in Ireland. The Commissioners, and nearly all the officers, are Protestant ; the Boards of Guardians in many important localities are either so at present, or, by operation of recent enactments and regulations, are likely to become so ;—the clergy have in many cases had to utter very serious complaints at the obstructions put in their way, by the authorities, to the discharge of their duties in the poor-house, and the attempts at proselytism which have been encouraged there, while converts to Catholicity have been subjected to a species of persecution ;—and this wanton dismissal of a talented medical man—one who had studiously kept aloof from politics—seems really a kind of open proclamation of the anti-popery crusade, which hitherto had been more covertly carried on. We shall have, however, to allude to the working of the Poor-law again, so pass the subject for the present.

Mr. O'Brien has been, we doubt not, a little surprised to find that one of his recommendations has been adopted. We allude to the appointment of Mr. Howley as third Serjeant. Indeed it has caused very general and loudly expressed wonderment. Members of the bar of various politics have denounced him as unfit, and cried out against him, perhaps too hardly. On such occasions of his life as he got, or *made*, for the display of his acquirements and abilities, Mr. Howley is understood to have acquitted himself very creditably. The same is certainly to be said of his conduct as Assistant-Barrister for the county of Tipperary ; with, however, one item of discount, viz., his tenderness and forbearance towards the crimes of the exterminating landlords of Tipperary. Otherwise he has acted well in the chairman's seat ; if that be considered a qualification for a serjeantcy—one of the posts on the road to a higher and far more important judicial elevation. But if he were ever believed to have any sympathies with the people, he has constantly shown that he can repress and keep those sympathies in entire abeyance ; and altogether, the giving of the office to one of the door-keepers of the House of

Commons would not have more surprised, or less gratified the people of Ireland.

Since Mr. O'Brien's enumeration, there have been a few additional appointments, including, of course, that of Mr. Howley just mentioned. The only other Catholic appointment was that of Sir Patrick Bellew, to be Colonel of the Louth Militia. Both these are indeed offices to which honour and some patronage attach, but the loaves and fishes remain with the Protestants.

The next of the grievances of Ireland, as detailed in the speech we are reviewing, is that of the defects of her Reform Bill. Mr. O'Connell's letters and addresses *ought* to have made this subject well understood in England; but human nature there, is not different from human nature elsewhere, and accordingly the English public have paid little attention to a matter not concerning themselves. They have been still more indisposed to attend to it, as its consideration involved a measure of blame upon themselves, for sanctioning an unjust course of policy towards the sister kingdom.

From any thing that occurred during or since the debate before us, this indisposition would not seem to be amended. Mr. O'Brien again collected the facts of the grievance in question, and put them well before the parliament. The manner in which they were received and treated then and since, has proved that he had only too much reason for the remark which we put in italics in the following quotation:—

“It will be admitted that the Reform Bill could not have been carried, if it had not been supported by the votes of a majority of the Irish representatives. Yet, in the adjustment of the representation, the claims of Ireland were overlooked. Previously to the Reform Act, both Ireland and Scotland had reason to complain that they were not represented adequately in proportion to their population and resources, in comparison with England; but Scotland had less reason for complaint than Ireland. Yet Scotland obtained an addition of eight members, whilst only five were given to Ireland. This injustice was the more flagrant, because even Lord Castlereagh, when computing, at the time of the Union, the number of members to which Ireland was then entitled, could not, though he took the most unfavourable view of its claim, reduce the number below 108. Notwithstanding such computation, the British ministry gave to Ireland, at the Union, eight members less than the number to which, by their own admission, it was entitled. It might have been expected, therefore, that in reconstructing the representative system of the United Kingdom, this injustice would have been redressed. Let us now examine the claims of Ireland with

reference to representation. The most natural foundation for representation is population. I believe that in the formation of new states in the confederation of the United States, population is the sole basis on which the representative system is constructed. The whole population of the United Kingdom in 1841, was 26,717,091 persons, to which aggregate Ireland contributed 8,175,238 persons. The whole number of members in the house of commons being 658, if the number to be assigned to Ireland were proportionate to its population, Ireland would be entitled to more than 200 representatives. If other elements, such as revenue, exports and imports, rental, be made, conjointly with population, the basis of the computation, this number would be reduced, according to some calculations, to 170 members—according to others, to a still lower number; but no calculation which can be made on the part of Ireland, will reduce our claim to less than 125 members, being twenty more than we now possess. The detail of the injustice which Ireland has suffered in reference to its representation, is even more striking than the general view here presented. The corrupt borough of Harwich, with its population of 3,829 persons, together with the nomination borough of Ripon, possess as much influence in the legislature as the county of Tipperary (including the members for Cashel and Clonmel), with its population of 435,553, and its rental of £886,439. Again, compare the representation of Dorsetshire with that of the county of Galway. The area of Dorsetshire is 627,220 acres; its real property assessed to poor-rate in 1841, 735,234*l.*; its population in 1841, 174,743 persons; the number of its members—County 3, Bridport 2, Dorchester 2, Poole 2, Lyme Regis 1, Shaftesbury 1, Wareham 1, Weymouth 2—total 14. The area of Galway is—county 1,485,533 acres, town 25,059 acres—total 1,510,592 acres; the rental, as estimated by Griffith—county 850,000*l.* town (excluding the value of the houses) 18,894*l.*—total rental 868,894*l.*; and if the value of the houses in the town be included, not less than 900,000*l.* per annum. The population in 1841 was—county 422,923, town 17,275—total 440,198. Members—county 2, town 2—total members 4. In each of the particulars of area, rental, and population, Galway greatly exceeds Dorsetshire. Yet Dorsetshire has 14 representatives, while Galway enjoys only 4. *Though the claim of Ireland to increased representation is scarcely more acceptable to the party on this side of the house, than to that which sits on the opposite benches, I am bound to say that I consider this claim as of primary importance, not only with reference to the interests of Ireland, but also in regard to the ease and satisfaction with which that country may be governed.*

* * * * *

“The most disadvantageous result arising from inadequate representation, is the necessity which it creates for perpetual agitation. In England the government bends at once to the voice of public

opinion, as spoken by a majority of English representatives; but it is enabled to defy the opinion of Ireland, as expressed by its members in parliament, in consequence of the paucity of their number. Hence arises the necessity for constant excitement in Ireland, to reinforce and give effect to the representations of the Irish members."

We will supply another, and, as we believe, heretofore uncited, though sufficiently obvious, test of comparison between the two countries, in point of respective proportions of members. It is simply that derivable from the constitutional maxim, that taxation should be founded upon representation. We would argue that, either the taxes at present on Ireland should be reduced to the much inferior proportion towards those of Great Britain, which her parliamentary representation bears to the British,—or that the present proportion between the taxes should be adopted, as the proper one to exist between the number of representatives possessed by each.

Now, what are the taxation, and what the representation proportions at this moment? The latter, being the readiest found, we shall state at once. The total number of members of the House of Commons is 658, of which there are 553 for Great Britain, to 105 for Ireland. That is to say, Ireland's proportion of the entire number is to that of Great Britain less than as one to five.

We have now to state the facts as to taxation. Ireland pays equally with the other parts of the United Kingdom to the imperial taxation, with the following exceptions, viz. :—
 "Income Tax," estimated by Mr. Goulburn this year as £5,500,000
 "Land and Assessed Taxes" (see finance accounts)... 4,489,806
 Differences in some items of "Excise," (about)..... 2,900,000

* Total separate taxation of Great Britain..... £12,889,806

This is certainly *outside* of the amount, but we will assume it to be correct, and call it in round numbers, 12,900,000%.

Now, the Expenditure of the United Kingdom amounted, according to the finance accounts, this year, to 55,224,000%. Of this, the separate taxation of Great Britain will be found to be considerably less than one fourth part; but, for the

* We think it necessary here to remind such of our readers as may consider this a vast amount to be separately charged on Great Britain, that in the article on finance, in our number of September 1842, there are calculations that go to establish that the British *separate liabilities* amount to between *fifteen and sixteen millions*.

sake of argument, taking it at one fourth, it is clear that Ireland was made responsible equally with England for the remaining three-fourths. In other words, that her proportion of liability, compared with that of Great Britain, is higher than as three to four.

We are quite aware that it will be here urged, that the difference between the actual money-amount of the produce of taxation in the two countries should be brought into the comparison; the produce in England of the taxes common to both, having been upwards of forty-two millions, whereas that of the same taxes in Ireland was no more, including uncredited as well as credited revenue, than 4,600,000*l*. But this would be a view of the matter most unfair towards Ireland. If the amount of what she pays be small, it is not that she is spared, so far as the liability to three-fourths of the expenditure is concerned, but simply because of her poverty; and that very poverty makes the three-fourths liability much more grievous to her, than the liability to the whole can possibly be to Great Britain, a country so very much richer, and, from her greatly superior capital and developed resources, so much more capable of bearing up under the pressure of public burthens.

The constitutional maxim we have cited, viz. that "taxation should be founded on representation," cannot, therefore, be said to obtain in the case of Ireland; her taxes being as three to four, while her proportion of representation is less than as one to five. To set matters right, her taxes should be reduced to the latter proportion; or, if the necessities of the empire prevent this, then the other alternative should be adopted, and the cry for Repeal be checked, by giving additional members to Ireland, sufficient to make her contingent be as three to four in comparison with the British.

The most obvious, but clumsiest, way of doing this would be by abstaining from interference with the present amount of the English contingent—in no way reducing it—but *adding* to the Irish the number of 309, which will be found to bring up the latter contingent of the required ratio. Matters would then stand thus:—there would be 553 members for Great Britain, and 414 for Ireland; total number of the house of commons, 967.

But this would obviously be too large a total for that body. Its present amount, although practically less than 658, owing to non-attendance, sicknesses, &c., is on all sides felt to be too large for the satisfactory despatch of business; but assum-

ing that the total should still be 658, the required proportions could be got at, by following a precedent set in the Reform Bill, and reducing the English number on the one hand, while the Irish should be increased. According to this, the respective numbers might be, 376 for Great Britain, to 282 for Ireland,—total, 658.

Whether Great Britain would *consent* to this, is quite another matter. A terrible outcry was raised at the time of the Reform Bill, when five members only were struck off her roll and given to Ireland. Even radical papers clamoured on that occasion. What, then, would not be the outcry and the opposition, if so sweeping an alteration, as suggested in the foregoing paragraph, were proposed to be made.

And yet the proposal is based upon a principle of strict constitutional justice. If repeal is to be successfully opposed, is it not deeply, instantly, heavily incumbent upon men of all parties in England to consider the claims of Ireland, so important a portion of the United Kingdom, to something approaching to an equally important share in the councils of the empire? Ireland has received what little concessions have been yet made to her, in too generous a spirit to leave much doubt as to her meeting any demonstration of sincere good intentions now, in the spirit in which we would recommend them to be made.

We have made a somewhat long digression from the actual matter of the speech before us; but we trust not a digression altogether without interest or use. The next extract we shall give, like the last, is but the re-statement of startling facts often and often put forward by Mr. O'Connell before; but coming from a Protestant, and as we may almost say (coining a word) an *anti-agitator*, it will be found worthy of the perusal:—

“If the number of our representatives is inadequate, not less so is the constituency by whom they are elected. I shall not now accept the challenge offered by the noble lord, the member for Lancashire (Lord Stanley), to institute a comparison between the parliamentary franchise of England and that of Ireland. It is scarcely possible to adjust the elements required for such a comparison, because there are some franchises in England to which we have in Ireland none analogous. The conclusion, however, to be drawn from a comparison of the number of persons qualified to vote in each country, sufficiently proves, that in proportion to its population and resources, Ireland does not possess an electoral body nearly as numerous as that of England. The population of Ireland in

1841 was 8,175,238 persons. The number of electors registered between the 1st of February 1835, and the 1st of February 1843, was as follows: counties, 63,389; cities, 27,091; boroughs, 19,465; total, 109,945; being less by 14,332 than the number registered during the five years previous to the 1st of February 1837. But, inasmuch as this registry extends over a period of eight years, a large deduction, probably not less than one third, ought to be made for double registries, deaths, and expiration of title. After these deductions have been made, the actual number of persons qualified to vote, cannot be assumed to be more than 80,000, or say one per cent on the population. If property be regarded as the legitimate basis of the franchise, the number of electors is almost equally inadequate in reference to this test. Assuming the rental of Ireland to be 15,000,000*l.* per annum, which is not far from the truth, there would not be more than one elector for every 187*l.* 10*s.* of rental. Now, in the first year after the Reform Act, the proportion of electors to population in England was, in counties as 1 to 24, and in boroughs and cities as 1 to 17. The number of electors in England has since that time considerably increased. In Ireland the constituency is yearly diminishing. So much for the general view. Now look at the detail. Assuming, first, that the parliamentary franchise ought to be commensurate with population, let us compare the number of electors in two counties of Ireland and England, in which the population is nearly the same—Mayo and Lincolnshire. In Mayo, which has only two representatives, the population in 1841 was 388,887 persons. The number of electors registered between the 1st of February 1835, and the 1st of February 1843, was 1494. This number is subject to a deduction of say one third, for double registries, deaths, and loss of title. In Lincolnshire, which is represented by eleven members, the population was in 1841, 362,717 persons; the number of electors qualified to vote in 1840 was, county electors, 18,876; town electors, 3999; total, 22,875.

“But if it be said that the franchise ought not to be proportionate to population, but to property, let us compare two counties in regard to rateable property. In Meath the population amounted in 1841, to 183,828 persons; the rateable rental, according to the townland valuation, which is much below the actual rent, to 527,593*l.*; the number of electors registered between the 1st of February 1835, and the 1st of February 1843, 1481; subject to deduction for double registries, deaths, and loss of qualifications. In Westmoreland the population was in 1841, 56,469 persons; the real property rated to poor rate in 1841, was 266,335*l.*; the number of electors qualified to vote in 1840, was, county, 4480; town (Kendal), 351; total, 4831. Now, if Meath had a constituency as large as that of Westmoreland, in proportion to the real property of each county, Meath would have about 9000 electors, instead of 1481, upon the registry, of whom probably not more than 1000 are qualified to

vote. Will any one who has followed me in this comparison, contend that the Irish parliamentary franchise is more liberal than that of England? But it is not enough that the parliamentary franchise of Ireland is of so restricted a nature, as almost to deprive our representation of the character of popular election. It is not enough that the constituencies are year by year dwindling away. The Conservative party of Great Britain have still further sought, by the most unjustifiable and unconstitutional expedients, to frustrate the choice of the electors of Ireland in their selection of members who possess the confidence of the community. The people of Ireland have not forgotten the manner in which, at the time of the Spottiswoode subscription, you raised a cry against their representatives, and endeavoured to expel them from their seats, by bringing the power of money into action against them, under favour of the partial constitution of election committees. Neither have they forgotten the attempt made by the noble lord (Lord Stanley) to filch away their franchises under the cover of a registration bill. What is your present position with regard to this bill? When it was brought forward, the people of Ireland denounced it as an insidious attempt to diminish the constituency. The noble lord at that time vehemently protested that he had no such design, and that the bill would have no such effect; yet the right honourable baronet, the secretary for the home department (Sir J. Graham), announced to the house a few nights since, that after careful consideration, he found that it would be impossible for him to frame any registration bill which would not have the effect of diminishing the county electors of Ireland, and that, therefore, he was preparing to afford some compensation for this result of the measure which he was about to propose, by an enlargement of the franchise. With regard to the necessity of a registration bill, all parties have been unanimous. * * * If the noble lord had been simply desirous to give to Ireland a good system of registration, and had referred his bill to a committee consisting of members from both sides of the house, a measure might have been agreed upon in a week, which would have accomplished the legitimate objects of registration, without annihilating the franchises of the Irish people. But such a course would not have served the purposes of party. The majorities obtained by the late opposition, in the various stages of this bill, were invaluable instruments of party warfare, and it became in fact the '*cheval de bataille*' upon which they rode into office. Whilst the Conservative party was in opposition, this measure was of paramount importance in their eyes. They could not brook the delay of a single night, in their attempt to advance it in its different stages. The noble lord (Lord Stanley) even volunteered to tell the house that he had left the bedside of a near relation in order to be present at its discussion. Yet the same statesmen who were at that period eager to pass this bill with such

breathless haste, in opposition to the remonstrances of the Irish people, have been now two years in power without even venturing to lay upon the table of the house, any bill for the registration of electors in Ireland. We, who think that no measure which they could bring forward, would be framed in a spirit favourable to the rights of the Irish people, have, perhaps, reason to thank them for their forbearance; but I would appeal even to Irish members on the opposite benches, and ask them whether there is any party in Ireland which does not feel indignant, when they find their national interests thus made the stalking-horse of English faction."

High, and spirited, and just, as this language was, it fell upon unheeding ears. The English members had been so accustomed to hear it from Mr. O'Connell, that they treated it but as an empty repetition and imitation of his indignant, but fruitless, remonstrances. The quiet, calm, contemptuous feeling of superiority with which, in all things, they treat "Ireland and the Irish;" the persuasion of perfect security of exemption from any disastrous consequences to themselves, from the despair of the Irish people (an exemption for which they rely on the large standing army at their disposal, and on "*the Protestant garrison*," so much boasted of, in Ireland); these feelings, powerfully assisted by their particular and deep-rooted dislike to Mr. O'Connell, partly through bigotry, partly on personal grounds, have steadily operated to render them rather *more deaf* than the adder, to all that has come from him on this and similar subjects. Mr. O'Brien cannot take it amiss if we rate Mr. O'Connell as a more practised, and therefore more effective, speaker than he. Yet, though we do so, and even if the former gentleman, instead of the high ability which he has shown, and the high character which this one speech alone would entitle him to, had demonstrated the greatest unfitness for public speaking, still we consider that the Commons of Great Britain committed almost a greater error in not attending to *him*, than in their neglect of Mr. O'Connell. They should have recollected—perhaps they did recollect, but chose not to let it appear so—that they were listening to no *Papist* then, but to one by birth and rank entitled to be a *leader* of the "*Protestant garrison*" itself; trampling upon the prejudices of his caste; flinging all minor considerations to the winds; and arguing as strongly and zealously as ever "*Papist*" did, or could, for the rights and liberties of their common country!

Before passing altogether the injustice and grievances to Ireland, from her defective Reform Bill, we cannot refrain

from introducing here a calculation made by a gentleman, whose statistical researches are beyond all praise, and have been eminently useful to Ireland, Mr. Staunton, a town councillor of Dublin, and proprietor of the valuable *Weekly Register* newspaper. It was brought forward by him in the repeal debate, in the Dublin corporation, in support of Mr. O'Connell's often repeated demonstration of the injustices we are treating upon, as exemplified by a comparison of the representation of the principality of Wales and the county of Cork, respectively, in parliament. "Wales," said Mr. O'Connell (on the same occasion), "has a population of 800,000. In Cork the rural population is 713,716. How are they respectively represented? Wales has twenty-eight members; Cork, with nearly the same population, has but *two*!" To this it was objected, that the difference was, or *might be*, on account of the greater wealth of Wales. Mr. Staunton replied:—

"I hold a parliamentary paper in my hand, and I produce these papers to show that our statements are not made on light or fanciful grounds. The hon. gentlemen opposite will not accuse us of a desire to practise delusion, but it may be imagined that we ourselves are deluded, and therefore I think it right to show that we speak 'by the book' on these questions. Here is a parliamentary paper; it was published in 1832, and the sessional number is 206. It states the relative amounts of the English, Scotch, Welsh and Irish revenue in that year, and there is no similar paper of a later date that I am aware of:—

The Irish revenue was.....	£4,392,000
The Welch revenue was.....	348,000

This is the exhibition which the return makes of what the hon. member considers the superior wealth of the principality of Wales. That principality in point of fact, falls below Ireland in any of those pretensions to representation founded upon wealth. I have looked into the amounts of the revenue collected in the single port of Cork, and they exceed that of the principality of Wales. There are no annual records to be referred to in such a case, but I find that in one year the customs of Cork amounted to 263,000*l.* and that in another year the excise amounted to 272,000*l.* These amounts give, I believe, a fair average view of the revenue collected in the port of Cork, and their total is 535,000*l.* The receipts of Wales are only 348,000*l.* Cork, then, is entitled to more members than the entire principality of Wales on these very grounds on which Great Britain justifies her overwhelming numerical superiority in the House of Commons. If Wales have not a representation disproportioned to her wealth, Cork ought to return

43 members to parliament. My learned friend spoke of 2 members, referring to the rural population ; the hon. gentleman corrects his statistics by observing that there are 8 members for Cork, including the borough as well as the city and county representation ; but 8 are still 20 under the Welch representation, and they are 35 under what Cork is entitled to, if revenue be the proper guide in adjusting representation. I take the hon. gentleman's own grounds on this question. I look to the relative pretensions of Cork and Wales as indicated by wealth. I see that Cork ought to have, on that ground, a great superiority, and, nevertheless, that Wales has more than three times the number of her representatives in the Imperial Parliament."

After a few remarks on the anomalous and degraded position of the Irish peers generally, in consequence of the Union arrangements affecting their order, the honourable member for Limerick commenced "a review of the principal measures relating to Ireland, which have been brought forward since the enactment of the Reform Bill." Passing the "Coercion Bill" of 1833 with a few words of condemnation, he entered upon what had been done and what had been sought to be done with reference to the monster-grievance of a Protestant Church Establishment charged upon a Catholic people. Quoting the comparative enumeration of the various religions in Ireland, made in 1834, by the "Commissioners of Public Instruction," he put it well to the House whether a system on so unequal and unjust a basis could exist without discontent ; and whether the people of England would endure for one hour, if subjected to such an anomaly as to have the Church of a minority imposed upon the necks of the vast majority. With regard to the enumeration he quoted, we have a remark to make. It is well known that, in 1834, no effort was spared to make the Commissioners of Education believe and report a much larger number of Protestants in Ireland than really existed. The individuals composing the commission have been generally considered as persons not at all disinclined to have such a belief forced upon them. Notwithstanding all this, the following is the best case that could be made out for the numbers of the *non-Papists* :—

Members of the Established Church ...	852,064
Presbyterians	642,356
Other Dissenters	21,808
Roman Catholics	6,427,712
	<hr/>
	7,943,940

The placing of the Catholics (the most numerous body) *last* in the enumeration, was significant enough.

This year the above return was ordered by the House of Commons to be reprinted, which was accordingly done; but the fact kept out of sight as much as possible on the face of the return, and altogether in the English papers, which copied it, that the *date* of the report of the commission in which it appeared was no later than 1834: that is to say, nine years ago, during which nine years, every one acquainted with Ireland knows well that the numbers have materially altered their relation, and that the Catholics are in a still higher, and the Protestants of all denominations in a still lower proportion, than even according to the suspected enumeration of the commission.

The honourable member well exposed the moderation of the demands of the Catholics—the almost contemptibly limited nature of the truly *veraxa questio* of the “appropriation clause”—that *paulo-post-futurum* relief to Catholics of Ireland, which the Whigs not only had shortly afterwards to abandon in utter rout, but their maintenance of which for any time, or proposal of it at all, constituted one of the heavy items of offence with which they stood charged, at the late general election, in the eyes of the British public.

Briefly but pointedly alluding to the shameful and outrageous calumnies and invectives heaped upon the Irish Catholic clergy by the English press, and by members of Parliament in discussions on the Maynooth grant, &c., Mr. O'Brien rather hinted at than recommended some measure of state-support. Happily this question may now be considered as definitively settled by the noble, the truly noble declaration of the Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, in their last half-yearly meeting in Dublin, when they once again repeated their magnanimous declaration made twice before, viz., in 1837 and 1841, that, with their consent at least, there should be no alliance in Ireland between the Church of God and Mammon.

In the Catholic world generally there is a good deal of diversity of opinion as to whether, in these later times, an alliance between the Church and the State would or would not be beneficial and desirable. Whatever may be the opinions of his co-religionists elsewhere, the view taken by the Irish Catholic is known to be clear and decided against such alliance. He considers that if ever action of man were directed by Heaven,—or if ever the promise of the Saviour, that he will be with his Church to the end of time—were clearly and

plainly fulfilled, it has been in the manner in which the revered and illustrious hierarchy of Ireland, knowing that they had with them the sentiments of their faithful, laborious, and admirable clergy, have rejected the contamination of state-money.* In his idea, the true spirit of his Church is now being thoroughly developed. Its admirable adaptability to every form of human government—its fitness for man in every stage and phase of human society—in that of democracy, to which the age is so markedly tending, as in that of pure despotism, which is nearly by-gone,—or that of oligarchical domination, which, under the name of “limited monarchy,” is actually existent. In the earlier times the Church was a protection and a shield to the people. In later times, when robbed of the power of protecting them, it shared their sufferings and persecutions. In our own days it has comforted and cheered them on, and blessed their endeavours to obtain their constitutional rights; and having won their confidence in adversity, will retain it and their fast affection in their coming prosperity. Thus will the mad and mischievous excesses into which the people of other countries, when newly enfranchised, have been hurried, be avoided; and the popular mind be willingly guided and directed into the ways of order, peace, justice, and morality.

We trust that our quotations from the speech before us will not be deemed too copious. They are so, because of the importance we attach to the fact of this able *exposé* of Irish grievances and claims, from one of the position, education, and *religion* of Mr. O'Brien. By education we do not simply mean his high intellectual attainments and varied information, but also the habits of thought, the *prejudices*, in short, in which those of his class have been usually brought up, and from the trammels of which he has so honourably and manfully liberated himself. His remarks on the Irish Municipal Reform Bill are excellent.

“Next in the catalogue of Irish measures is the act of Reform of the Municipal Corporations. I fear that your conduct with reference to this question affords but too much justification for those who seek a Repeal of the Union. How was it treated by the British parliament? When you passed, with the concurrence of both sides of the house, a measure of corporate reform for England, it seemed to be a natural consequence that you should extend to Ireland a similar enactment. Instead of doing so, you refused for two years your assent to anything beyond the extinction

* An article on this most important subject was intended for the present number; but it is unavoidably postponed, in consequence of other occupations on the part of the author.—Ed.

of the former corporations. On what grounds?—Simply because the people of Ireland professed the Roman Catholic faith. If there had been any doubt about your motives, these doubts were removed by the declaration of the person whom you have since made lord chancellor of England. He told the people of Ireland that they were not to enjoy the benefit of municipal institutions, because they were ‘aliens in blood, in language, and in religion.’ At length you found that your party interests would be injured if you persisted in resistance to the reform of our municipalities. You therefore consented to subject the corporations of Ireland to popular control, but you contrived to embarrass the measure with a variety of harassing restrictions, apparently with no other view than that of rendering it nugatory. Such conduct, founded on an unworthy distrust of the Irish people, has naturally called forth their resentment. Let me elucidate the difficulties with which corporate reform has been encumbered in Ireland, by referring to the case of Dublin. In order to qualify for the exercise of the municipal franchise in Dublin, it is necessary to pay sixteen local taxes. I will enumerate them, as stated in a recent report from the corporation of Dublin :—

“1. Poor Rate ; 2. Parish Cess ; 3. Ministers’ Money ; 4. Grand Jury Cess ; 5. Paving and Lighting Tax ; 6. Wide-street Tax ; 7. Police Tax ; 8. Pipe Water Tax ; 9. Borough Rate ; 10. Stephen’s-green Tax ; 11. Poddle Tax ; 12. Cholera Tax ; 13. Mountjoy-square Tax ; 14. George’s Church Tax ; 15. Quay-wall Tax ; 16. Merrion-square Tax. The claim for making out lists of the above taxes in 1841, amounting to 926*l.* ; and the costs of printing the lists required by the Irish municipal act was, for Dublin, no less than 5000*l.* Surely there is nothing unreasonable in the demand with which this statement is accompanied, that the corporate law of Ireland should be assimilated to that of England, and the refusal of this reasonable request, is one of the many causes which have induced the people of Ireland to seek for a Repeal of the Union.”

The injustice Mr. O’Brien thus deals with, is perhaps peculiarly striking, on a brief comparison with the state of things in England. In any town in that country the simple fact of rating to the poor, no matter if at but one shilling, makes a man a burgess. In Ireland, no man can be enrolled who is not rated at *ten pounds* ; and as the poor law valuation is notoriously much under the real valuation, it will be at once seen that the qualification to be a burgess in an Irish town, must be *practically* even still higher ; nay, in some cases, *nearly double*.

Again, the Liverpool, or Bristol, burgess has his right to vote on payment of *one tax*. In Dublin, as stated in the last quotation given, he must have paid sixteen !

Mr. O'Brien next considered a measure of which he himself had been one of the earliest and strongest supporters; namely, that of the Irish Poor Law.

"Here again I have to complain of the overbearing spirit which has been evinced towards Ireland, both in the enactment and in the administration of this law. After long hesitation, the public opinion of Ireland at length pronounced itself in favour of a provision for the poor. The principle and the details of such a measure were thoroughly canvassed by men of the highest intelligence in Ireland. A commission of enquiry, composed for the most part of men perfectly acquainted with that country, was occupied for three years in investigating every circumstance which could form an element in the consideration of this question, and at length presented to parliament a series of reports containing elaborate statements of their views. Their suggestions were cast aside, almost as if they had been unworthy of consideration; and to Mr. Nicholls, a perfect stranger to the country, was delegated the task of framing a poor law for Ireland. He has since been invested with powers almost absolute, in order to enable him to carry his own law into effect. What has been the result? The law, which, in regard to many points, was originally defective and objectionable in its provisions, has been so administered, as that the feelings of every class of the community have been wounded, and a general feeling of repugnance has been produced against the measure itself. Nor can we be surprised at such a result, when we are made sensible of the anti-national spirit in which it has been administered. It seems to have been established as a principle, that Irishmen were wholly disqualified for the task of carrying this law into effect, and that entire ignorance of the country to which it was applied, as well as of the feelings of its inhabitants, was to be the best recommendation of those who were called to take part in its administration. Let me place before the House a view of the composition of the poor law department in Ireland.—There are six English assistant commissioners, and only four Irish. Mr. Gulson, Mr. Power, Mr. Voules, Mr. Senior, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Muggeridge—English; Mr. Hancock, Mr. O'Donoghue, Mr. Burke, Mr. Otway—Irish. In the chief clerks' department there are three Englishmen—none Irish. In the registry department, four English and four Irish. In the head cash-keeper's department, one English and one Irish. In the copying department, one English and seven Irish. In the architect's department (the architect himself being an Englishman), five English and four Irish. Total—fifteen English, nineteen Irish. It thus appears, that of the clerks in these offices, the majority are Irish; but it was only in April 1843, that by the addition of six Irish clerks that majority was produced. The English, it is to be observed, are in the higher offices; the Irish in the lower, with lesser salaries."

A great diversity of opinion exists in Ireland on the subject of Poor Laws. The advocates of Repeal insist that this diversity, and the extreme crudeness of many of the opinions held on the subject, are striking proofs of one and not the least prominent of the evil consequences of the Union. According to them, the distance from us of the seat of legislation, and the great preponderance of British members, and British business, over Irish members and Irish business, have caused a kind of ignorance and inexperience of the practical details of legislation, which tend to make us receive and theorize upon as new, projects and ideas which have long before been tested, and in many cases exploded, in countries that have retained their full right and powers of law-making. However that may be, the fact of the diversity of opinion respecting Poor Laws, is certain, and equally and most lamentably certain is the fact, that the manner in which those laws have been carried into effect, has tended not merely to alienate from them the goodwill of the people; but to create in the latter the most bitter and dangerous hostility.

The subject of this article is not the Irish Poor Law system; yet that system and its working are topics of such instant and really awful importance to Ireland, that a few moments' delay upon them cannot be considered a waste of the reader's time.

One of the loudest complaints against the Irish Poor Law, is the disproportion of relief to the poor, as compared with the large sums extorted from the wretched peasantry, who have to contribute to the rate. In Balrothery Union a sum of 400*l.* was expended in relief out of 3000*l.* paid as rates! In the Roscrea Poor-house, the proportion was about 60*l.* to the poor, out of 700*l.* collected. In the electoral division of Cullemvain, in the county of Tipperary, 34*l.* went to the poor out of 13*l.*, half a year's rate! In Dunkerrin, 23*l.* out of 128*l.* In Rahany one pauper was supported for three weeks, while the half-year's rate collected was 64*l.*

We have only given a few of the instances that have come to our recollection at the moment; and could easily supply many more, even stronger in their evidence, of the disproportion between the tax and the relief given therefrom. We hasten from this point with only this further remark; that whereas the Report of the Commissioners of the Irish Poor Law Inquiry records the fact that the average means of support in the labourer's family throughout the year, has been found to exceed but seldom the sum of 2*s.* per week, the cost

of the pauper has in no case for any time kept under 3s. per week, and in many cases has exceeded it! So that the condition of the pauper has been rendered *better* than that of the independent labourer; and not only so, but in addition to this high cost of the pauper, a far exceeding proportion of the money wrung from the starving rate-payers is squandered on the *machinery* of the system!

The despotic conduct of the Poor Law Commissioners is another ground of loud complaint. Boards of guardians are treated by them as mere empty forms, or perhaps we should say, as bodies constituted solely for the purpose of registering their (the Commissioners') decrees. Wherever the Boards have attempted to check waste of the public money, or in any way to interfere with the conduct of the Poor Law officials, they have been *scolded* in the haughtiest and most insulting tone—in some cases they have been dissolved, according to powers given to the commissioners under the Poor Law Act, and in other cases the qualification for election as a guardian has been arbitrarily and without cause assigned, doubled or trebled in amount, with the almost avowed design of excluding some individual, who had shown himself troublesomely careful of the people's money.

To show the manner in which Boards of Guardians have been treated, we shall shortly instance the case of the Edenderry Union. Whether through favoritism, as is imputed to them, or whatever the motive may have been, the commissioners in this case affected to consider that the space of four acres, taken for the Edenderry Workhouse, had been leased as "statute acres," not as the larger measure of four *Irish* acres. The guardians protested, and with reason; as the words in the lease were distinctly "*Irish acres*." The commissioners at last had to yield and claim the larger measure; but they had, *pending the dispute*, fenced the smaller space at a heavy expense to the union, and now threw down that fence, raised a new one around the "*Irish*" acres, and charged the whole to the union!

In March 1842, the workhouse was declared complete; and so was delivered into the hands of the guardians. But in *October* 1842, the commissioners announced that it was not really complete, and directed the guardians to borrow (and of course charge the union with) the further sum of 1250*l*. They refused, on the ground that the house had been delivered up to them as "complete"; and that if anything were now found wanting under the original contract it should

be supplied at the expense of the contractor, not of the union. On looking over the estimates for the new work they found them most extravagant; two items, for instance, being estimated by the commissioners' architect at 80*l.* which persons acquainted with the nature of the work declared could be easily executed for 12*l.* They petitioned to be allowed to go by the latter valuation, and offered to borrow what money might be necessary under the head of real additions and contingencies, but urged the commissioners to insist on the contractor completing what they found to be rightly part of his original contract. Their requests and representations were totally neglected; time was even refused to them to call a special meeting of rate-payers to consider the matter; a sub-commissioner was sent to Dublin to make an affidavit that they had not obeyed the order of the commissioners to borrow the whole sum of 1250*l.* at once "*for the purpose of completing the workhouse,*" and a "*mandamus*" was procured to compel obedience. On consulting counsel, the guardians found that by the Poor Law Act, no order of the commissioners can be resisted except by application to the Court of Queen's Bench by *certiorari*, when the parties applying make themselves liable to pains and penalties in the shape of costs, to an extent the prospect of which frightened the Edenderry guardians for the pockets of their constituents, and so they had to submit, and borrow the exorbitant sum required!

When to such a case as this—by no means an isolated or unusual case—we add the scandalous conduct of the commissioners in matters affecting the religion of the inmates of the workhouses; their readiness to screen proselytism, when directed against the Catholic religion; their haughty and insulting demeanour towards Catholic clergymen; the support and encouragement given by them to the Orange portion of the guardians in persecuting converts to Catholicity, as shewn in their shameless and infamous conduct towards Martha McKean, a poor convert in the North Dublin Union Workhouse, and in many other cases in various parts of the country; when we put together all the matters of complaint stated by Mr. O'Brien and by us, will it be wondered at that a most determined and general hostility has been evoked against at least the *present* system of Poor Laws in Ireland?

What experimental alterations should be tried by way of amendment it is not for us here to discuss; but most undoubtedly it is most heavily incumbent on the Parliament to discuss, and very early, if they would prevent the wild and

bloody local outbreaks which the collection of the grievous and increasing rate is but too likely to occasion. The subject is indeed one of difficulties: of which we can have no stronger proof, than that England herself has not yet arrived at a satisfactory and efficient system.

The next head of complaint of the speaker we are reviewing, was the slighting manner in which Irish members are usually treated, when they attempt, by motion in the house, to draw attention and procure redress, in matters in which they conceive their country aggrieved. Mr. O'Brien instanced his own case, but a couple of months before, when two attempts were made to count the house out while he was endeavouring to expose the evils of the Irish Poor Law system. Very many other instances might easily be given, but the fact is too notorious to need or excuse the delay of recounting them.

The wanton insult of the Arms Bill of last session came next in order. And here it will not, we trust, be considered invidious to remark, that while the Irish members who opposed that very unwise, and, for any useful purpose, contemptibly and indisputably inefficient measure, are most certainly entitled to high commendation for the zeal, ability and perseverance they displayed, yet it is the opinion of some persons, that had not the government been so much taunted by them in the beginning of the session for delay in the matter, the obnoxious bill might have quietly dropped, the government themselves becoming fully aware of its impolicy, and seeing the folly of allowing themselves to be made the tools of the rabid Orange squires in Ireland.

Shortly but strongly deprecating this insulting measure, Mr. O'Brien passed on to the subject of comparative grants and loans of the public money to the different parts of the United Kingdom. We have heard Irish members declare that this was a subject, the bare mention of which in Parliament was sure to be the signal of almost personal insult to them! Tory, Whig and Radical were sure, with one accord, to cry out against the slightest hint of public money granted or loaned to Ireland; and where the proposition came from the ministry of the day, its carrying was almost an endangering of their existence. This was notoriously the case with regard to the grant for the improvement of the Shannon navigation, although it was repeatedly urged and shewn that the enterprise in question was one that would ultimately be of immense benefit to the commerce and markets of Great

Britain. But without going into particular instances, we may state generally the fact, that Ireland is thought to have had much more than her fair share of public monies. To prove this, Mr. Ellis (an English Tory) moved, in 1839, for the following return, to which we add the amounts necessary to bring the return down to the present time :—

“Returns of all sums, from whatever source, and under whatever description, voted or applied, either by way of grant or loan, in aid of public works in Ireland since the Union, including the expense of all commissions and surveys, and all sums advanced for roads and for employment of the poor.

Parliamentary Paper 540 of 1839.

Total amount in 1839	£8,828,141
Additions up to 1843, as per finance accounts	340,000
Total Ireland	£9,168,141

In 1842, a similarly worded return (viz. No. 305 of 1842) was moved for, *in the case of Great Britain*, by an Irish member, who was a little nettled at the taunts he had heard on the subject, and the amount for Great Britain was stated at 15,662,000*l.*, notwithstanding several very glaring omissions. Of the loans to us, included in the above, we have paid back over six millions, and for the rest of the money on loan pay 5 per cent. On the other hand, Great Britain has repaid but four millions, and several of her loans are at 3 per cent., and some, particularly the 300,000*l.* to the Thames Tunnel, and a large amount for Highland roads and bridges, have borne no interest at all. The omissions we allude to, were as to matters on which two or three millions more had been expended.

Mr. O'Brien quotes the *Evening Mail* (an Orange newspaper) on the subject of the injustice done to Irishmen generally, in the case of public appointments :—

“The archbishop of Dublin is an Englishman; the chief administrator of the Irish Poor Law is an Englishman; the paymaster of Irish civil services is a Scotchman; the chief commissioner of Irish public works is an Englishman; the ‘teller’ of the Irish Exchequer is an Englishman; the chief officer of the Irish constabulary is a Scotchman; the chief officer of the Irish post office is an Englishman; the collector of Excise is a Scotchman; the head of the revenue police is an Englishman; the second in command is a Scotchman; the persons employed in the collection of the Customs, &c. are English and Scotch in the proportion of thirty-five to one. But the *Times* may perhaps observe, ‘true, but all this is only the elucidation of our plan for unbarring the gates of preferment un-

sparingly, impartially, and honestly.' Scotchmen and Englishmen are placed in office in Ireland, and Irishmen in return in Scotland and England, in order to draw closer the bonds of union between the three united nations. Again, let us see how facts actually stand: there are cabinet ministers, Englishmen 10, Scotchmen 3, Irish 0.

"The Duke of Wellington is so much denationalized, that I believe he scarcely considers himself an Irishman, and certainly cannot be called a representative of Irish interests in the cabinet.

"Lords of the treasury, Englishmen 4, Scotchman 1, Irishman, 1; clerks of the treasury, Englishmen or Scotchmen 112, Mr. Fitzgerald (query an Irishman) 1; members of the lord steward's and lord chamberlain's departments of the royal household, Englishmen and Scotchmen 225, Irishmen 4; British ministers to foreign courts, Englishmen and Scotchmen 131, Irishmen 4; Poor Law commissioners, Englishmen 3, Irishmen 0. We presume,' adds the editor, 'that these facts show that the natives of the three kingdoms are all placed upon an equal footing; the chances of access to preferments to an Englishman or Scotchman in Ireland, being in the few instances that have occurred to us while writing, as 6 to 0; while the probability of an Irishman obtaining place in England, appears, from an analogous calculation, to be in the proportion of 491 to 10, or as 1 to 50. We could easily swell," he adds, "this list, were it necessary. Ireland has been always used by English ministers as a means of providing for poor relations, dependants, and partisans. Our highest, as well as our lowest offices, have been prostituted for this purpose. What would be thought of an Irish lawyer being called over as lord chancellor of England? yet we are forced to take English lawyers as our lord chancellors. So through all departments of the government, injustice to Ireland everywhere meets us; and so will things continue, until we learn to think less about party, and more about our country.'"

When Irishmen complain of the number of natives of Great Britain placed in office here, a cry is raised against them of "illiberality"! What would not Englishmen say, if there were a proportionate inroad of Irishmen into offices in England? The outcry against the appointments of Mr. Wyse and Mr. O'Ferral under the Whig ministry, was quite as much because of their being *Irishmen*, as because of their being "papists."

It would swell this article far beyond all legitimate or allowable limits, to make all the quotations we would wish (accompanying them with necessary comments), from this truly excellent speech. It ought to be in the hands of every man who desires to know the case of Ireland; and should be carefully studied. It is time that the general public in Eng-

land should have their minds disabused of the idea that Irish complaints are but the emanations of childish captiousness and unreasonable discontent. Let them but make the case their own, consider the inequalities and injustices here exposed, and imagine what their own feelings would be if subjected to the like; and they will at once have the key to the continued grumblings, and embittered, because fruitless remonstrances of Ireland.

We hurry over several pages, to come to Mr. O'Brien's statement of what he considers the "causes of discontent which arise from the social condition of the country:"—

"Whatever might be the prosperity of the people, the causes to which I have already adverted would produce dissatisfaction, but undoubtedly the national discontent is aggravated by the pressure of distress upon the various classes of the community. A general complaint is heard throughout Ireland, that trade is less flourishing than before the Union. The population has increased by three millions, and, therefore, the actual amount of consumption is probably greater; but it is much to be doubted whether command of the comforts of life has increased in the same proportion as the population.* With regard to Dublin, this decline of prosperity cannot be denied, and there is but too much reason to fear that similar complaints from other parts of the country are equally well founded. In reference to the condition of the labouring classes, I am persuaded that at no period of the history of Ireland, did they experience equal difficulty in obtaining the means of subsistence; and this state of things is the more painful, because their moral habits are much improved, and because it can no longer be said that their destitution is to be traced to intemperance. The great majority of the agricultural labourers of Ireland are unable, during several months in the year, to obtain the scanty pittance of eight pence for their day's toil. It is obvious, therefore, that life could not be supported, if the family of the labourer were to depend upon wages alone. He accordingly provides for their subsistence by taking each year a spot of ground, on which he grows as much potatoes as are sufficient for sustenance throughout the year. The difficulty of procuring such portions of land—called in Ireland con-

* In answering this part of Mr. O'Brien's argument, Lord Eliot dwelt upon the increase of exports and imports since the Union, as evidence of increased prosperity. When a country exports the surplus of its productions, after all its own population have been amply provided for, an increase of exports may be considered as a test of increasing prosperity; but we must not rely upon such an increase as an infallible indication of improvement. If the ox which was formerly sent to Kilkenny, to be exchanged for Irish cloth, is now sent to Leeds, in exchange for English manufactures, the table of exports and imports would exhibit an increase concurrently with an actual decline of trade in Ireland.

acre or quarter ground—increases every year. In like manner, the universal disposition which now prevails on the part of landlords to consolidate small tenements, presses very severely upon the poor farmer. In some instances, the clearance system, by which small holdings are depopulated, has operated most injuriously on the peace of the country. The unsatisfactory state of the relations between landlord and tenant, is the source of that cry for *fixity of tenure*, of which so much has been heard of late. The meaning of this expression does not appear as yet to be very well defined. As used by some of its advocates, it means, that the tenant who happens to be in casual possession of land, shall acquire a sort of fee-farm right in it, subject only to a fixed rent to the landlord. The objection to this scheme is, first, that it transfers the proprietary right from the landlord to the casual tenant, who may in many instances be a person little deserving of such an advantage; and next, that it makes no provision for the interests of the labourer, who, under almost all circumstances, is more an object of compassion than the tenant, for whose benefit this plan has been devised. According to others, *fixity of tenure* means, that the tenant shall in all cases be entitled to obtain a lease for a certain term of years. This plan is open to the objection already stated, that it disregards the claim of the labourer. It is also obvious, that unless it be accompanied by some regulations to guard against the imposition of an excessive rent—regulations incompatible with freedom of contract—no real benefit is conferred upon the tenant; because the landlord will indemnify himself for compulsion to grant a lease, by exacting the highest possible rent. The third plan of *fixity of tenure*, is that of my honourable friend the member for Rochdale (Mr. S. Crawford), who proposes that the occupying tenant shall be compensated by his landlord for whatever capital he may invest in substantial improvements. Though there is great difficulty in framing the details of such a measure, its principle is perfectly just, and well deserves the consideration of the house. I am fully sensible of all the difficulties which surround every proposal of this kind, but I am convinced, that if a bold attempt be made to grapple with these difficulties, much may be done to ameliorate the relations between landlord and tenant. Let a committee be appointed, first, to ascertain facts connected with ejectments, about which the most contradictory assertions are made, and next, to devise remedies. I am persuaded that, even though it should be found impossible to meet existing evils by direct interference between landlord and tenant, much might be done by indirect legislation. Let it be remembered, that it is to collateral legislation that we chiefly owe the present condition of the tenantry of Ireland. The sub-division of farms was first greatly promoted by the efforts of the landlords to obtain political influence through their forty shilling freeholders, and has subsequently been checked by their disfranchisement. The present undue tendency to depopulate small farms, has in like man-

ner been augmented by the operation of the sub-letting act; and I much fear that it will be still further increased by the proposed enactments of the Bill for the amendment of the Irish poor law. As the interests of the tenantry have been already injuriously affected by indirect legislation, so it is to be hoped, that by a series of beneficial measures, counter-tendencies may be created, which will produce an advantageous change in their condition, as well as in that of the labouring classes.

The comparative condition of Ireland, before and after the Union, is a matter of hot controversy between Unionists and Repealers. So much importance seems to be attached to this point, that it is now generally understood that the government have, if not actually *hired* a writer to prove the benefits of the Union to Ireland, at any rate, to have encouraged his ready pen, and given circulation by every means in their power, to his tracts. The writer in question is Mr. Montgomery Martin, the laborious, if not very talented, compiler of the *History of the British Colonies*. On the other hand, several Repealers have written and published, to prove their view of the case, viz., that the *ante-Union* state of Ireland was more prosperous than her condition since that measure. Eminent among those gentlemen is the indefatigable Mr. Staunton, of whom we have before spoken; and even while we write, we have learned that he is about to collect the articles which he had put forth in reply to Mr. Martin, and give them to the public in a condensed and improved form. We shall give here a few facts bearing on the subject, gleaned from other sources:

“The defenders of the Union ordinarily lay much stress on the increased export of cattle, sheep, and provisions, since that measure. This export, however, is *from a starving people*; and being so, the argument as to its great value to Ireland, is not one to waste much time in considering. A curious fact has come out with reference to this subject. A return appeared in all the Dublin papers, in November 1842, of the number of sheep and horned cattle at the great fair at Ballinasloe, every year from 1790 to 1842. The amounts at the same fair in this year, 1843, have also appeared in the papers. We collate figures from these returns, with figures from a parliamentary return of 1834, and the Irish Railway Report, showing the *export* of the articles mentioned in two of the years included. We have no return of the export last year.

Years.	Sheep.		Export of ditto.		Horned Cattle.		Export of ditto.
1799	77,900		800		9,900		14,000
1835	62,400		125,000		8,500		98,000
1843	63,000				8,815		

"The question naturally arises—what became of the 77,000 surplus sheep in the first year, as well as the sheep at other fairs?—*They were eaten at home.*

"As to oxen, 14,000 went away in 1799, and 98,000 in 1835; yet if we test the product of all Ireland in the former year, by the most sufficient criterion of the amount at Ballinasloe fair, we shall find that Ireland had then *more for sale than in 1835*, and consumed the greater part of the surplus over her export—exporting the remainder in the more valuable form of *provisions*.

"The parliamentary documents quoted before, enable us to show what the export of provisions was in the years 1799 and 1835:—

Year.	Export of Cattle.	Swine.	Beef and Pork. Barrels.
1799	14,000	4,000	278,000
1835	98,000	76,000 ..	140,000

"There has then been, since the Union, a *decrease* of the *more* valuable export—(viz., provisions—valuable because of the labour employed at home in their manufacture)—and an increase of the *less* valuable, viz., the live animals. As the diminution of the number of barrels of beef and pork will not account for the great increase of the live export—while the whole number of cattle produced in Ireland, in 1835, was, at any rate, *not greater* than in 1799—it follows, that much of the excess of live export in 1835, must have been *by deduction from the number* previously consumed at home; and therefore, that the home consumption in the latter year was considerably *less than in the year before the Union, notwithstanding the cent. per cent. increase of population.*—(*Addenda to a Report of the Repeal Association, September 1843.*)

The only other quotation we shall trouble our readers with (from amongst a multiplicity of authorities on this subject) is, a statement made from official documents, by a high Orange and Anti-Repeal authority, the Rev. Dr. Boyton, in a speech delivered by him at a meeting in Dublin some years ago:—

"The exports and imports, as far as they are a test of a decay of profitable occupation—so far as the exports and imports are supplied from the parliamentary returns—exhibit extraordinary evidence of the condition of the labouring classes. The importation of flax-seed (an evidence of the extent of a most important source of employment) was—in 1790, 339,745 barrels; 1800, 327,621 barrels; 1830, 168,458 barrels. The importation of silk, raw and thrown, was—in 1790, 92,091lbs.; 1800, 79,060lbs.; 1830, 3,190lbs. Of unwrought iron, in 1790, 2971 tons; in 1800, 10,241 tons; in 1830, 871 tons. Formerly we spun all our own woollen and worsted yarn. We imported in 1790 only 2,294lbs.; in 1800, 1,880lbs.; in 1826, 662,750lbs. An enormous increase.

There were, I understand, upwards of thirty persons engaged in the woollen trade in Dublin, who have become bankrupts since 1821. There has been, doubtless, an increase in the exports of cottons. The exports were—in 1800, 9,147 yards; 1826–7, 793,873. The exports of cotton from Great Britain were—in 1829, 402,517,196 yards, value 12,516,247*l.* which will give the value of our cotton exports at something less than a quarter of a million—poor substitute for our linens, which in the province of Ulster alone exceeded in value two millions two hundred thousand pounds.”

We have preferred this *Orange* authority to the more detailed and at least equally convincing statements of many of the Repealers; as it is well to show that the latter are not the only class in Ireland who consider the Union not to have worked beneficially. *Something* must be wrong in the state of a country which, as recorded of Ireland in the elaborate Report of the Commissioners of Poor Law Enquiry in 1837–8, counts *two millions and a half* of paupers in a population little exceeding *eight millions*!

The most immediately important and most painfully interesting topic which Mr. O'Brien dealt with, was undoubtedly that which occupies the greater portion of the last extract we have made from him. We allude to the relations between landlord and tenant in Ireland. There is no other name for them, but that they are relations of mutual-murder! Let all that is mean, cruel, unfair, unjust, tyrannous, and to the tenant ruinous in the conduct of a landlord, be conceived on the one hand, and some idea may be formed of what is *the rule*, and not the exception, in the conduct of Irish landlords and their stony-hearted agents. On the other hand there is submission for a while, and in many cases submission to the last, on the part of the tenant. In thousands of cases, when the native of other countries would be driven to the utmost ferocity of desperation, by seeing himself ruined, expelled from his cabin, and left, with his sick wife and perishing children, houseless and penniless on the bleak road-side, the Irish peasant, influenced by his religion, has been known to endure, and turn not on his ruthless and fiendish oppressor and destroyer. Not a word is said of these cases: though to them the cases of retaliatory murder are not as one to five thousand! Hideous and horrible and unchristian and brutally savage those retaliatory murders are; but instead of wondering at their occurrence, he who is acquainted with the conduct of the bulk of the landlords of Ireland, will far more wonder that these horrible crimes are not heard of every day.

The mind revolts from saying anything that would appear to be an attempt at extenuation of these horrible mutual murders, between the owners and occupiers of land in our unhappy country. And yet the interests of truth demand that, to enable a right judgment to be formed of the nature of these crimes, one perilous incentive, or temptation towards them, supplied by extraneous causes, should be noticed. The want of manufacturers in Ireland throws the population altogether on the land for subsistence. Whether English writers be correct in their opinion, that Ireland is well without manufactures, and ought to remain a purely agricultural country, or the Irish repealers be warranted in their declarations of her extreme fitness for those sources of employment, this much is certain, that their absence causes an over-great and undue pressure of population, upon the agricultural sources of employment and subsistence. Hence arise the life-and-death biddings for land; for the smallest allotment, at the most excessive and even impossible rent. The rent the successful bidder knows he cannot pay; but there is nothing behind, or on either side of him, but utter destitution; and if he succeed, he can at any rate have the means of prolonging life for several months. If he fail, or when his time is up and he is ejected, he is infuriated against his more fortunate competitor. On the other hand, the landlord is too often unable, or unwilling, to resist the very strong temptation thus put in his way, and takes the highest bidding, although experience must have often taught him, that the wretch who proffers it will fail in paying. Were there manufactures in Ireland, this disastrous competition would be very much diminished, and, correspondingly, would the incentives to crime be lessened. This is the opinion of witnesses of every shade of politics, and of unimpeachable character and information, before the various committees of parliamentary inquiry into the condition of the Irish people.

The Tory ministry have been driven to issue a commission to inquire into the relations between landlord and tenant in this country. The disastrous state of those relations have at length silenced the audacious and utterly false eulogiums on Irish landlords which it was the custom of writers in the English press to put forward, when there was any reference to this subject. The commission, consisting of the Earl of Devon (possessing large estates in the South of Ireland), Mr. Wynne, a large proprietor in the country Sligo; Sir Robert Ferguson, a northern M.P., of good fortune; Mr. Reding-

ton, M.P. for Dundalk, and having a good property in the county Galway; and Mr. George Alexander Hamilton, who has a large estate in the county of Dublin, which he represents in Parliament, have but commenced their sittings; and as yet it would not be quite fair to pronounce an opinion on the disposition in which they have undertaken the inquiry. Perhaps it was inevitable that they should all be of the landlord class: but this circumstance renders it the more imperative on them to be guarded in their conduct, and discharge their duties in a spirit of the strictest fairness towards all classes, if they would avert suspicion and discredit, and make their proceedings be considered anything better than a cruel mockery of the distractions into which they are appointed to inquire.

It might have been well had some gentleman more immediately identified with the people, been included in their number. The only liberal amongst them, Mr. Redington, is simply a Whig; and so far from having any peculiar sympathy with the people, is considered by the popular party in Ireland rather to have gone out of his way to dissociate himself with popular opinions and sentiments in this country. Mr. Smith O'Brien would have been an admirable choice,—his property, his rank, his position at present,—all these would have made his appointment a kind of assurance to the people, that their interests would be carefully attended to, in the progress of the pending enquiry.

But it is premature, as we have said, to pass any judgment either upon the commission as a body, or on its individual members. A very few months must decisively settle public opinion with regard to both. Meantime, it is not out of place here to give testimonies and facts, bearing on and proving the deep importance of the subject committed to them.

We begin with a very striking declaration by the present chief justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, chief justice Pennefather. It was in giving his judgment in a case of ejectment for non-payment of rent, and occurred in Hilary Term of the present year 1843.

“The whole code relating to landlord and tenant in this country was framed with a view to the interests of the landlords alone, and to force the payment of the rent by the tenants. The interests of the tenants never entered into the contemplation of the legislature. The first statute to which I shall refer, is the 9th Anne, c. 8, secs. 1 and 2, under which, goods could not be taken under an execution until the landlord was paid a year's rent, if the same was due. This

was an infringement of the common law, without any declared intention to do so—the common law gave the landlord no such right, and the execution creditor might be said to have good cause of complaint, being thus, in many cases, deprived of the whole fruits of his execution. So, arrears of rent due on a freehold lease could not be recovered in an action of debt until the passing of the 5th section of the same Act, and this was another infringement on the common law; and by the 7th sec. a distress for arrears was allowed after the lease expired, which was a further infringement on the common law; and all this by a statute that does not express the slightest intention of altering the common law, but it is plain the preservation of the common law was not in the contemplation of the legislature when the objects of this statute were to be carried out. The 11th of Anne, I admit, contains the clause as to the right of re-entry, and that the remedy given by that act is thereby confined to cases where the landlord had a right by law to re-enter; but although that is so, there is no reason why the remedy given by that statute may not have been extended by subsequent statutes to cases in which the landlord had no such right of re-entry at common law. *The legislation on this subject is a progressive code, giving in each successive act additional remedies to the landlord.*"

These are the words, let the reader recollect, of the Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench in Ireland, a Tory in politics (if it be allowable to ascribe *any* politics to a judge, and especially a judge *in Ireland*) and a man whose sympathies would naturally be with the landlord-class. The next quotation we shall give is from one of Mr. O'Connell's letters in the present year:—

"It has indeed been said, that to legislate *against* the landlord would be to deprive him of his property, or to depreciate it; and that, therefore, no law ought to be enacted to benefit the tenant at the expense of the landlord. Those who reason thus totally forget that several acts of parliament have been passed in favour of the landlord, and against the tenant. Let there be no act of parliament on either side, and the condition of the tenant will be greatly benefited by depriving the landlord of much of the legal machinery by which he is enabled to extort exorbitant rents from the occupying tenants. All that would be necessary would be to repeal a few acts of parliament, and to restore the ancient common law of England with respect to the relation of landlord and tenant.

"For example—if there were no act of parliament in favour of the landlord, he could distrain the tenant who owed him rent, but he could not sell the distress. The distress would remain in his hands as a security or pledge, which the tenant could *at any time* redeem by paying the rent. The act of parliament, therefore, which gave the landlord liberty to sell the effects seized for rent,

took away a great benefit from the tenant—that is, the right of redeeming his property; and this benefit will be more distinctly understood, when it is recollected that property sold as a distress is almost always sacrificed at a miserable undervalue.

“The next advantage which the landlord got over the tenant was by another act of parliament. If the tenant’s lease did not contain an express clause of re-entry for non-payment of rent, it was impossible for the landlord to evict the tenant for owing him rent. And even when there was such a clause in the lease, there were technical difficulties which made it nearly impossible to EVICT the tenant for non-payment of rent. An act of parliament intervened on behalf of the landlord, and dispensed with all matters of form. It enabled the landlord by mere service of an ejectment to proceed to evict the tenant who owed him a year’s rent. If a bad season occurred (and what is more frequent?) or if two bad seasons came consecutively (which is not unfrequent) the tenant was and is by this statute placed altogether in the power of his landlord. No matter what improvements the tenant might have made, if he has not a year’s rent to the day, the landlord can evict him—can take the benefit of all his improvements, and afterwards put him into gaol for the rent, after seizing under execution and selling any other property he may have.”

“The third act of parliament—the additional power given to the landlords over the tenants—was this: we have seen that the tenant might have been evicted by the landlord, if his bargain was that the landlord should have a right of re-entry for non-payment of rent; but the landlord-power over the tenant, in this respect, was increased by another act of parliament, which, even in cases when it was not the tenant’s bargain or agreement that the landlord should have that power; and when, accordingly, a clause of re-entry for non-payment of rent was omitted in the lease, yet the third statute gave the landlord that power, which was not in the lease, and enables him to evict the tenant, as if that power had been in the lease.

“A fourth act of parliament gave the landlord this additional advantage: that if the tenant, when distrained upon, insisted that his rent was paid, and failed in proving that it was discharged to the last farthing—if his proof of payment failed to the amount of one farthing, the tenant then is made liable to pay double costs!

“The landlord-power over the tenant was again increased by a fifth act of parliament. The ejectment against a ruined tenant was an expensive remedy. The landlord is, therefore, by a fifth statute, relieved from that expense in all cases where the rent does not exceed twenty pounds, and is allowed to evict the tenant by a civil bill before the assistant-barrister.

“Another addition to the landlord power over the tenant was made by a sixth statute, by which the cheap mode of eviction by civil bill, was extended to all cases in which the rent should not exceed 50*l.* a year.

"Then, the common law has been altered in favour of the landlord and against the tenant, by several acts of parliament. These acts have totally changed the relation of landlord and tenant. At common law, the only extraordinary power, as between debtor and creditor, which the landlord had, was that of seizing the distress for the rent due, and holding it as a pledge. In every other respect, the landlord had, at common law, only just the same power which every other creditor has over his debtor—that is, the power of suing him, and obtaining an execution for the money due. The result was, that the landlord, in letting his lands, was under the necessity of looking to the character and solvency of the tenant, and also of leaving him the means of paying the rent, after deriving a support for himself and his family out of the lands. The landlord had an interest in the prosperity of the tenant; for if the tenant were ruined, the rent would be lost, and the land remain uncultivated."

A series of letters on Ireland are now being published in the Newspaper of the Anti-Corn-Law League. They contain terrible facts, as to the conduct of the landlords of Ireland. *The writer of this article has peculiar means of knowing that the matters stated in the extract following this, are not only facts, but facts of a mitigated description, as compared with other and frequent acts of landlords in Ireland.*

"CHAPTER V.

"Facts of a 'disturbed district'—The law in Ireland—The violation of leases—Specimen cases—P. R.—J. R.—W. R.—M. D.—M.—Extracts of letters to a gentleman in London, &c. &c.

"In different parts of the county of Kilkenny, in several directions from the town, there were what is usually called 'disturbed districts.' In one place a murder had been committed, and in several others there had been attempts at murder—at all events, there had been accusations against certain parties of attempting to murder; but we shall see by-and-by, from the trials at assizes, and from other evidence, that it is no unusual thing in Ireland, and especially in a 'disturbed district,' to get up accusations of attempted murder for purposes which, when we come to the facts, will be easily understood.

"I visited several of these localities, but as the causes of disturbance in some of them were similar to what I saw in Tipperary, and have written of in the second chapter (*League*, Nov. 4), I shall now speak of a locality where the disturbances arose from ejectments.

"These ejectments were of a kind common in Ireland, but not universal. The exceptions are the 'clearing away' of tenants-at-will for the non-payment of rent, or because the landlord may be a Protestant, who desires to clear off a Catholic tenantry, that he may have in their stead Protestant tenants, who will be Protestant

voters, and, what is to him and his party of equal importance, Protestant jurymen ! But the cases of ejectment now about to be particularized were not the cases of tenants-at-will, nor of an under-tenantry who held their land from some one subordinate to the landlord ; they were leaseholders, holding direct from the landlord himself, under covenants as indisputably legal as any lease in Scotland or in England. The landlord never attempted to dispute the validity of the leases ; he knew that most of them had been granted by his immediate predecessor, and some by the predecessor's father. He knew that he could not eject any one of the tenants by disputing about the lease, but he knew that the law gave him power to eject if the tenant did not pay his rent. But here he encountered a difficulty. The very fact which excited him to war with his tenantry, operated to defeat him. The farms were generally held at about 30s. an acre, and from that to 40s. ; he knew the land could be let for more ; for in some cases, where farms on the same estate were not let on lease, he had raised the rent to 60s. and 70s. an acre ; and found that the people would rather pay that than renounce their holdings. Thus, because the farms were let at a moderate rent to the leaseholders, he sought to get them into his own hand, that he might re-let them at higher rents ; but, because they were cheap, the tenants kept clear of arrears ; and he, having no means of breaking through the leases, was at a considerable loss to know how to act : but he did act ; and a history of his proceedings will not only exemplify the condition of landlord and tenant in Ireland, but will, at the same time, show how the laws in Ireland can be set at defiance by a man who has money, and the reputation of being a staunch adherent of the dominant party. This last fact is most necessary to be borne in mind, because the landlord now under notice has been defended by the press of the dominant party, as one of the best though worst used of churchmen. He has been heard of through the government newspapers over the world as a martyr and a Christian. How far he is entitled to the honour of either, will become apparent in the sequel. Suffice it now to say, by way of preface, in addition to what is already explained, that my authority for the following statements rests, first, on the narratives of the tenantry themselves ; second, on the account given me by a gentleman of unquestionable respectability, who for two years acted as the agent of this landlord, but who, at last, threw up his situation out of sheer disgust at the odious work he was called on to perform ; third, on the testimony of several magistrates and other gentlemen in the towns of Kilkenny and Thomastown ; fourth, on the information, very comprehensive and very valuable, afforded me by the solicitor who has been engaged in the defence of most of the tenants in the numerous lawsuits which have arisen during the last three years ; fifth, on evidence given in various cases tried at the sessions and assizes, part of which has been published in the local papers, all of which

has been recorded by official persons, who furnished me with matters of importance not published; and, sixth, from what I heard with my own ears from the witnesses in the assize court.

"The district in which this estate is situated, it may be proper to say, was, until three years ago, a peaceable one; agrarian crime was unknown; the people were industrious and moral, and there were no constabulary in the neighbourhood, nor any need of them. It is only four years since the present landlord came to the estate; since which he had upwards of two hundred and fifty lawsuits with his tenantry; has erected a police barrack on his property, and obtained from government a detachment of armed police to remain there continually. The military, both cavalry and foot, have been greatly augmented in the district in the same time. Several men have been tried for their lives—some transported, and some hanged. The tenantry amount to between seventy and eighty, and the estate occupies a beautiful situation on each side of the Nore.

"The first proceeding of the landlord was against a tenant who held on a lease of thirty-one years and a life, and who owed no arrears up to 1842; the proceedings against him began in March 1841, and have given rise to a complicated variety of actions at law, ending with his ejection, and utter beggary. The following is an extract from a letter written by the tenant to a gentleman in London, under the date of the 8th of the present month:—

"I mentioned, in my last letter, —, of his turning me out and all my family; and we had to stop out one night in the eye of my limekiln, till my sister came and took my family with her. There were thirteen cases of his (the landlord's) this time before the sessions—civil bills and ejections—of which all were dismissed; and he had one case so bad that the barrister [this is the presiding judge at quarter sessions to whom he alludes] cried shame on him; and he has got shame enough before, and he has no mind to stop yet, after all was said to him in the public papers. He has distrained Mr. J—— C—— now, and his rent paid; and he has three Chancery replevins against him, and another this day for seizing illegally on him the fourth time [this is on Mr. J—— C——]; and he canted [sold by distraint] J—— K—— to the potatoes, and did not leave his family one bit that would eat."

"The J—— R—— here alluded to had been a road contractor as well as a farmer. The landlord alleged a debt against him, and threw him into prison. While there his contract was unperformed, and he lost it, and sacrificed his security to perform it. It was satisfactorily proved, in a court of law, that the debt never existed; that it was brought forward by the landlord at the expense of forgery and false swearing; upon which J—— R—— brought an action for false imprisonment. Had the defendant not been a landlord, the plaintiff might have prosecuted him criminally; but being a landlord there was no chance of succeeding against him. Even

in the action of damages there was little hope for J—— R—— ; but the case was so very bad, and the judge in summing up made such severe comments on the conduct of the landlord, that the jury gave a verdict for plaintiff. I was present at the trial, and I quote both from my notes and from the report of the trial as published in the local papers, when I give the following words as a portion of the judge's summary :—'Gentlemen, if you believe that the defendant fraudulently alleged this debt against plaintiff that he might put him in prison and ruin him, you will give a verdict accordingly. In that case you will make him worse than the man who goes boldly to the highway and robs openly. You will weigh well the evidence you have heard, and if you are satisfied that plaintiff has been injured, you will give damages accordingly. Do not give overwhelming damages ; still you must teach defendant that, though he is a gentleman of rank and property, he is not to trample on a poorer man than himself with impunity.'

"To this the jury gave a verdict for plaintiff—damages 100*l*.

"This case is worth notice now, because, although the landlord, out of about two hundred and fifty actions at law of various kinds in less than three years, has been defeated in four-fifths of them, and though he had thirteen cases at last quarter sessions, and was defeated in all—he still triumphs. He appeals to higher courts. He does not pay the 100*l*. damages to J—— R——. He makes an appeal which will not be settled until some time next year. Meantime J—— R——, by being in prison, and by being involved in litigation, of which this is but a mere sample—by losing his contract for the roads, having all his implements and farming stock seized and sold while in prison—was unable to cultivate his land so as to enable him to pay his last Michaelmas rent: The rent being less than 100*l*. which the landlord owed him in damages, it might have been supposed that this 100*l*. would be a set-off for the rent. But no, the letter of the 8th of November says :—'And he (the landlord) canted J—— R—— to the potatoes, and did not leave his family one bit that would eat.' This J—— R——, it must be borne in mind, was a leaseholder; and never owed a farthing of rent until those proceedings were taken against him to compel him into arrears which would justify an ejection. His case, from first to last—from the time that he was an independent man, with as happy a family around him as lived in the queen's dominions, living in a house of his own building, with a farm-steading erected at his own expense, which are equal to any cottage or farm-steading of the same extent in England or Scotland for cleanliness, order, and substantialness—I saw them with my own eyes and judged for myself; from the time that J—— R—— was an independent man in that farm, to the present when he and his family are potatoeless and penniless, and on the point of being ejected, the proceedings against him have been of the most extraordinary kind, and almost beyond

belief. I could not detail them in less than two or three chapters, so they must for the present stand over. For the same reason I do not begin with the case of P—— R——, he who writes the letter to say that he is ejected, and who was the first of the leaseholders against whom the landlord proceeded. Suffice it for the present to say that P—— R—— has been five times in gaol at the suit of the landlord, and has been a party to upwards of twenty actions at law, and that he is now a houseless, landless, penniless, potatoeless outcast, though born on the estate, though a leaseholder, and though he never owed a farthing of rent until twelve months after the landlord proceeded against him to break his lease."

Let any man peruse this imperfect and most certainly *un-exaggerated* detail, and little wonder can remain in his mind at what he occasionally hears of the desperation of the peasantry. Facts still more appalling are detailed in two more recent numbers of the *League* newspaper, and yet all is not told of iniquity committed by landlords, or agents, in that single county referred to—the county Kilkenny. We know, from the most indubitable authority, of landlord-acts committed in that county, of so fiendish a nature, that it is hard to conceive how they could enter into the mind of man to perpetrate, save under the promptings of a malignant insanity!

We have also, on indubitable authority, many fearful stories of what has occurred in other counties; and could at this moment name two agents of considerable properties, in the counties Mayo and Sligo in particular, whose cruel ingenuity of persecution and oppression almost surpasses belief. But in the hope that the "Land Commission" will not neglect, or be *allowed to neglect*, these monstrous cases, among others, we pass them for the present.

We could write pages on this teeming subject, and yet not exhaust it. For upwards of a century past, the domestic history of Ireland has, with a sad uniformity, been rife with such occurrences as those we have been dwelling upon. Tyranny,—heartless, conscienceless tyranny,—on the part of the landlord; misery, astonishing endurance, for a long time, but at length despair, and mad and criminal outrage, on the part of the tenantry. Throughout the period we mention, we have a concurring testimony to this effect, from names of high authority. In the tenth volume of the works of the celebrated Swift, the state of things in his day is thus noticed: "A great cause of this nation's misery is that *Egyptian bondage of cruel, oppressing, covetous landlords*, by which the spirit of the people is broken and made for slavery. *These*

cruel landlords are every day unpeopling the kingdom!" Dr. Curry, in his *History of the Civil Wars of Ireland*, writes thus: "The landlords let their lands to cottiers far above their value, and, to lighten the burden, had allowed com-monage to their tenants. Afterwards, in despite of all equity, and *contrary to all compacts*, the landlords enclosed those very commons, and precluded their unhappy tenants from the only means of making their bargains tolerable." Arthur Young, and several others, bore the same testimony; and even Lord Clare, enemy as he was of the people, and bound up with the landlord class, did, while yet a member of the House of Commons, before his elevation to the peerage, join strongly in the denunciations of the "relentless" cruelty of the landlords; and declared that "it was impossible for human wretchedness to exceed that of the miserable peasantry,—that they were ground to powder!" The reports of Committees of the House of Commons, in 1826, 1830, 1832; of Lord Roden's Committee of the Lords; besides several reports of Irish commissions, abundantly testify to the continuance, since the Union, of this disastrous and perilous state of things.

We have trespassed too long upon our readers, and must hasten to conclude. Mr. O'Brien wound up his excellent speech with an adjuration to the British parliament, to be wise in time, and not to trust to mere brute force—which yet might fail them in the moment of need—for the maintenance of the Union. His exhortation is so apt to this moment, when the members of the imperial parliament must have their minds turning towards the plans and prospects of the coming session, that we cannot avoid transcribing at least the concluding part of it:—

"Give to us, then, who still cling to the legislative connexion, with the hope of obtaining justice at your hands, but with the determination that if it be withheld, our country shall command our services; give us, by your decision this night, something which we may present to our fellow-countrymen, as a pledge of your disposition to repair the many wrongs which have been inflicted upon Ireland; give us arguments which we may address to them, when they tell us of the many instances which prove that Ireland has lost much and gained little by the Union. Depend upon it, that though in making such atonement your national pride may be hurt, your position among the nations of the world will be exalted. The same sympathy which you feel for oppressed Poland, other nations bestow upon Ireland. A country which, if well governed, would be the right arm of your strength, is now a source of weakness; and if a

French army should, at this juncture, cross the Pyrenees, it would do so because that nation believes that your military resources are required in Ireland. I speak not of more disastrous contingencies, nor will I use one word of menace; but the aspect of affairs around us, justifies me in assuring you, that you cannot more effectually confirm the good will of those allies who wish you well, or defeat the machinations of foes who are jealous of our national glory, than by following the course which I now invite you to pursue, in resorting to measures which shall soothe animosities, obliterate distinctions founded upon differences of race and religions, and consolidate the union of the two kingdoms by the bonds of equal laws, common rights, and of international justice. I now move, 'that this house will resolve itself into a committee, for the purpose of taking into consideration the causes of discontent at present prevailing in Ireland, with a view to the redress of grievances, and to the establishment of a system of just and impartial government in that part of the United Kingdom.'

The above motion was negatived by a majority of 79—the numbers having been 164 and 243.

Since this address, Mr. O'Brien has become a repealer. To this he was partly moved by the total failure of his remonstrances; but he might still have remained undecided, had it not been for the unwise and unconstitutional conduct of the Irish government in October last.

The government and the British members of parliament may yet prevent his example being extensively followed. They have a whole session before them; and they have to deal with a people the easiest to be conciliated of any under the sun. The golden opportunities thus presented may be well used by them, or may be abused; this much at any rate is certain,—that if now lost, THEY NEVER MAY RETURN!

ART. IV.—*The Life of Miss Nano Nagle, Foundress of the Presentation Order.* Cork: 1843.

WE have here a work many years after its time, but still welcome; incomplete in its execution, but yet an effort in the right direction. We hail with pleasure any tribute of gratitude and respect, however small, to the benefactress of our religion and country. We have tributes in abundance, on painted canvas and printed page, in the breathing marble and living bronze, to those whose claims

upon our remembrance are far inferior to her's; and monuments on many a beatling column, and along many a dim cathedral aisle, to those whose title to that honour is written only on the embattled field, which war's murderous breath has strewn with carnage, or on the ocean's waters, which have closed over many a gallant heart, that sunk into its "yeast of waves, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown." But for the meek retiring benefactress of her race, whose career of usefulness has been among the hovels of the poor, whose path was along the garret stair, or dingy cottage floor, for the hallowed minister of peace and charity, the world, of which she was not worthy, has no "storied urn, or monumental bust;" and her reward must be sought elsewhere than in the fame or gratitude of earth.

The work mentioned at the head of this article, is from the pen of the late Right Rev. Dr. Coppinger, Bishop of Cloyne and Ross, and is the substance of a sermon delivered by him, while yet a priest, before a charitable society in Cork, and on the solemn commemoration of her demise. It was an appeal to their charity in behalf of the Presentation schools; and it was thought no appeal could be more successful than a recital of the virtues of her to whom they owed their origin. It is the only account of Miss Nagle that has ever been published. Until this republication, the copies were scarce, and consequently difficult to be procured. From the nature of the occasion on which it was delivered, we cannot expect a minute biographical detail, nor any other language than that of eulogy. We had first intended to supply this deficiency, and gratify the curiosity of our readers, from the letters and documents which have been placed at our disposal, but find that we must, however reluctantly, confine ourselves to a mere outline of her life, and a condensed review of the two orders which claim her as their foundress.

Miss Nagle was born in 1728, at Ballygriffin, the family seat of her ancestors, on the picturesque banks of the Blackwater. Her father was Garrett Nagle, Esq., of that place, the representative of a family still highly respectable, and still in possession of much of their original inheritance. In the maternal line she claims kindred with the Mathews of Thomastown, and, through them, with the Rev. Theobald Mathew. It is no common glory for one house, to have given two such benefactors to its country. After receiving the scanty measure of knowledge which the domestic tuition of the times afforded (and the penal laws prevented more), she

was sent, as was usual with persons of her class, to Paris, then as well as now the centre of the fashionable world. The Irish government of that day, very calamitously for themselves, drove many of the best families of the land into exile. For if ever an Irish sword was to win its way to wealth or fame, it was to be in other lands than its own; and the military chronicles of France, and Spain, and Austria, are marked by few names more glorious than those which the bigoted and barbarous policy of England expelled from their native shores. The birth and connexions of Miss Nagle secured her ready admission into much of the society which then adorned the metropolis of France; and the attractions, ever varying and ever new, which the life of a great city affords to one hitherto accustomed to the quiet monotony of a simple rural life, made her present residence fascinating in no ordinary degree.

She remained in Paris for some years, when an event occurred which exercised an important influence on her life. She had spent the night at a fashionable party, and was returning home at an early hour in the morning, when, on turning a corner, she saw some poor people standing round a church door, waiting to have it opened for mass. Their simple and self-denying piety was a censure upon her careless, if not criminal, course of life; and, in the compunction of the moment, she made a resolution of retiring from the world, and devoting herself to the instruction of the poor. She returned to Ireland after a short interval, and carried her resolution into effect, by instructing and catechising the poor children in the neighbourhood of her father's residence. At this period, which was about the year 1750, the people were ignorant beyond anything she could have conjectured. The penal laws had been in operation for more than half a century, which made instruction a felony, and the Catholic was shut out from any source of knowledge, unless he consented to imbibe the poison of heresy at the same time. The few lessons which could be given by a Catholic teacher or pastor, were given by stealth, as if they were committing some bad and wicked thing, and at distant intervals, such was the fearful insecurity of the times. They, therefore, became as seed sown among brambles, which is choked before it can produce any lasting fruit. The difficulty presented by these laws was felt fully and intensely by Miss Nagle. Any attempt to instruct the people, without being successful, would have drawn down upon her the rigour of the laws, and endangered

the security of herself and all belonging to her. Moreover, her own position was a dependent one ; she had not, of her own right, the means which would enable her to accomplish her purpose. Unwilling, therefore, to be a spectator of the misery which she could not relieve, she determined on seeking, in the seclusion of some religious house on the continent, that peace which her own country could not afford her. In a religious community she could at least weep over the desolation of her people. But that peace and religious retreat which she sought, she was not to find. She took leave of her friends, as she thought, for ever, and made every preparation for immediately entering a religious community. We know not whether her wishes were directed to any particular form of the religious life in preference to others ; but it is probable that, as far as depended upon herself, she would have selected the one which was more immediately concerned for the poor. But her heart was still in Ireland ; her affections were with its poor persecuted children. Their spiritual destitution was the subject of her thoughts by day, and she never retired to rest at night, without a prayer of regret at their supposed desertion. The anguish and trouble of her mind, induced her to consult some enlightened members of the Society of Jesus, then in the French capital, and their opinion was, that her vocation was to the poor of Ireland ; and, in consequence of that decision, she returned once more to her native country.

Her father, who loved her tenderly, was no more ; and the penal laws were, in consequence of the comparatively mild administration of the Earl of Chesterfield, somewhat less rigidly enforced, and a fearful accident, which occurred in Dublin, led to the opening of the chapels, and the unmolested celebration of public worship. In the year 1763, we find her living with her mother and sister, in that city, but a spitting of blood, which seized her soon after her arrival, threatened to defeat her hopes, and frustrate her good intentions. She began her mission by opening a school for fifty children, and was encouraged by the advice and assistance of her sister and mother, who seem to have been animated by a kindred feeling to her own. She hired a private room, and engaged a competent and trustworthy person to pay them that minute attention, which she could not afford to pay them. She now became aware of the necessity of her labours ; and often, in after years, used to say that she was absolutely horrified at the wickedness of those who were assembled in her little school in Dublin. She

was not long engaged in her useful and meritorious labours, when she had to sustain the double loss of a mother and a sister. The ties that bound her to the world were thus severed one by one, and this bereavement, however afflicting, but left her the more love for God. After performing towards them the last rites of affection, she dissolved her school, and removed to Cork, where her brothers resided, and where a new career of sanctity and usefulness lay open before her.

She was not long in this city when her zeal was called into activity. She established a school for some poor girls, in the strictest secrecy however, and without the knowledge of her own family. The opening of this school, and the singular manner in which it became known to her friends, we shall give in her own words. It is an extract from a letter, dated the 17th July, 1769, and addressed to one of the first members of the Ursuline Community, to encourage her in the work in which she was engaged:—

“ Dear Miss Fitzsimons,—I am sorry Miss Coppinger cannot see the schools, as I think no one can have an idea of their use, unless an eye witness. As you wish to have a particular account of them, I shall tell you how I began. I think I mentioned to you before, that it was an undertaking I thought I never should have the happiness of accomplishing. Nothing would have made me come here, but the decision of the clergyman that I should run a great risk of salvation if I did not follow the inspiration. This made me accept a very kind invitation of my sister-in-law to visit her. When I arrived, I kept my desire a profound secret, as I knew if it were spoken of I should meet with opposition on every side, particularly from my own immediate family, as, to all appearance, they would suffer from it. My confessor was the only person I told of it; and, as I could not appear in the affair, I sent my maid to get a good mistress, and to take in thirty poor girls. When this little school was settled, I used to steal there in the morning: my brother thought I was at the chapel. This passed on very well, until one day a poor man came to him, to beg of him to speak to me to take his child into my school; on which he came in to his wife and me, laughing at the conceit of a man who was mad, and thought I was in the situation of a schoolmistress. Then I owned I had set up a school, on which he fell into a violent passion, and said a vast deal on the bad consequences that may follow. His wife is very zealous, and so is he; but worldly interest blinded him at first. He was not the person I dreaded would be brought into trouble about it; it was my uncle Nagle, who is, I think, the most disliked by the Protestants of any Catholic in the kingdom. I expected a great

deal from him. The best part of the fortune I have, I received from him. When he heard of it, he was not at all angry at it; and in a little time they were so good as to contribute largely to support it. I took in children by degrees, not to make a noise about it in the beginning. In about nine months I had two hundred children. When the Catholics saw what success it had, they begged that, for the convenience of the children, I would set up schools at the other end of the town from where I was, to be under my care and direction; and they promised to contribute to the support of them. With this request I readily complied, and a number of children, equal to those I already had, were taken in, and at the death of my uncle, I supported them all at my own expense. I did not intend to take boys; but my sister-in-law made it a point, and said she would not allow any of my friends to contribute to them unless I did so; on which I got a master, and took in only forty boys. They are in a house by themselves, and have no communication with the others. At present, however, I have two schools for boys, and five for girls. The former learn to read; and, when they learn the Douay catechism by heart, they learn to write and cypher. There are three schools where the girls learn to read; and, when they have their catechism by heart, they learn to work. They all hear mass every day; say their morning and night prayers; say the catechism in each school, by question and answer, all together. Every Saturday they all say their beads; the grown girls say them every evening. They go to confession every month, and to communion when their confessors think proper. The schools are opened at eight; at twelve the children go to dinner; at five they leave school. The workers do not begin their night prayers until six, after their beads. I prepare a set for first communion twice a year, and, I may truly say, it is the only thing that gives me any trouble. In the first place, I think myself very incapable; and, at the beginning, my being obliged to speak for upwards of four hours, and my chest not being so strong as it had been, I spat blood, which I took care to conceal, for fear of being prevented from instructing the poor. It has not the least bad effect now. When I have done preparing them at each end of the town, I feel myself like an idler that has nothing to do, though I speak almost as much as when I prepare them for their first communion. I find not the least difficulty in it. I explain the catechism as well as I can, in one school or the other, every day; and if every one thought as little of labour as I do, they would have little merit for it. I often think my schools will never bring me to heaven, as I only take delight and pleasure in them. You see it has pleased the Almighty to make me succeed, when I had every thing, as I may say, to fight against. I assure you I did not expect a farthing from any mortal towards the support of my schools, and I thought I should not have more than fifty or sixty girls until I got a fortune; nor did I think

I should have a school in Cork. I began in a poor humble manner; and though it pleased the Divine will to give me severe trials in this foundation, yet it is to shew that it is His work, and has not been effected by human means. I can assure you my schools are beginning to be of service to many parts of the world, this is a place of such trade. They are heard of, and my views are not for one object alone: if I could be of service in saving souls in any part of the globe, I should do all in my power."

We need scarcely draw attention to the noble Christian spirit that breathes through every sentence of this fine letter. When it was written, she had been five years engaged in the labours which she there describes. Neither wet, nor cold, nor fatigue, could prevent her from visiting her schools, or deter her from her mission of charity. She spent her day teaching the young their catechism, and the old their prayers, —even those prayers which should be ordinary household words in the mouth of every Christian. Her visits were often prolonged to a late hour, after the schools were dismissed, in her anxiety to impress the truths of religion on some hapless child of poverty and misfortune. We have often heard aged persons say, that in their youth they had seen her wending her way homeward after her long protracted labours: and even at the time and season when the twilight, darkening rapidly into night, is wont to make the footpath dangerous to the benighted pedestrian. At her usual hour, she was sure to be seen, in the dark and cold evenings of winter, picking her steps by the light of a small lantern which she bore with one hand before her, while the other held her cloak, to protect her from the wind and rain. Her health, so far from suffering, seemed to have improved by her labours; the attack, which at one time threatened the most serious consequences, passed away without any bad result. He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, gave her strength to perform her toilsome duties with perseverance, regularity, and efficiency. She lived for some time with her family; but she gradually withdrew herself from all those claims which mere worldly ceremony required to be discharged. She never visited but where the good of her neighbour was to be promoted. She divided her time between the care of her poor children, and her own religious duties; and allowed herself no relaxation, save what she felt, as she herself tells us, in speaking to the poor of God, or the yet greater pleasure of pouring out the affections of her heart to Him in the privacy of her chamber, or in the presence of the altar.

The good she had hitherto effected, was, at best, but tem-

porary. The system adopted by her was eminently useful, but she herself was its sustaining principle; and if she were taken away, the entire would fall to the ground. In a few years that event would inevitably take place,—she had no security that it may not happen in a day. It was, therefore, a subject of the most vital and urgent importance, to consider whether some stability may not be given to it beyond what it obtained from the uncertain life of one individual. This could only be effected by means of a religious community; but at such a time, and in such a country, the establishment of a religious community was a bold and perilous undertaking indeed. She communicated her wishes to those who, in every difficulty, had been hitherto her guides. One was the Rev. Mr. Doran, a member of the Society of Jesus; the other was his nephew, then the Abbé Moylan, but subsequently Bishop of Cork. To these zealous and enlightened guides, she laid open the hopes, the wishes, the fears, and anxieties of her heart. After a mature consideration of the objects sought to be attained, and the difficulties to be encountered, the Rev. Mr. Doran suggested, that no institution would be more likely to ensure their purpose than a community of Ursuline nuns; and, in accordance with this suggestion, the Abbé Moylan repaired to Paris, to make arrangements with the Convent of St. Jacques, the principal house of that order in France.*

Many and serious difficulties obstructed the purpose of the good abbé, and prevented him from accomplishing the object he had in view. The first that presented itself to the minds of those to whom his proposal was made, arose from the unsettled state of Ireland, and the precarious tenure by which the Catholics held their freedom from persecution. At any moment the penal laws might be rigidly enforced against them. Another arose from the difficulty of procuring subjects. If we may judge by some letters of Miss Nagle, now before us, but which want of space will not permit us to present to our readers, some of the professed religious of St. Jacques were

* The Ursulines were instituted by Angela Merici, better known as St. Angela of Brescia, from a town of that name in the diocese of Verona, who died in 1540. They were approved by Paul III. They were especially patronized by St. Charles Borromeo, who first gave system and regularity to their educational labours, and who is considered the patron of their schools. The convent of St. Jacques, at Paris, was the first house of the Ursulines in which enclosure was inviolably observed, and was founded in the beginning of the seventeenth century, by the Mesdames Acarie and Sainte Beuve; one the foundress of the Reformed Carmelites, in France, the other the intimate friend both of Catherine of Medici and Anne of Austria.

willing, but, probably from prudential reasons, were not permitted to come. It was at length arranged that a few novices should be received and trained in the discipline of a religious life, and in the manner of conducting schools. When this training was completed, it was hoped that one of the greatest difficulties would be removed. Those who presented themselves for that purpose, and were selected, were four, viz.—Sister Angela Fitzsimons, Sister Augustine Coppinger, Sister Joseph Nagle, a relative of the foundress, and Sister Ursula Kavanagh. They were all nearly connected with the first families in the kingdom, and Miss Kavanagh was nearly allied to the illustrious house of Ormond. Miss Fitzsimons was in Paris, for the express purpose of entering the order of the Visitation, when Providence directed her attention to the wants of her own country. They all commenced their noviciate at St. Jacques, on the 5th of September, 1769. We have several letters of Miss Nagle to Miss Fitzsimons, written during the noviciate; we shall only quote a part of one, dated Bath, July 20th, 1771, from which it is evident, that the intention of establishing a convent was concealed even from the members of her own family. She thus expresses herself:—

“Dear Miss Fitzsimons,—Though I did myself the pleasure of writing to you lately, yet, I do so now again, as a letter I received from our worthy friend makes me acquainted with the sudden death of his sister-in-law; she was a most amiable person, and I am most sincerely sorry for her. You thought I came here for my health. As you are so good as to interest yourself in my regard, and I was afraid it might make you uneasy—I beg to assure you that, thank God, I never was better. It was not to take the waters I came here, nor have I tasted them; I came to see my brothers, and be assured it was with much ado, I could prevail on myself to pay this visit. I did not acquaint you with this tour, as I wavered so much with myself, that I may say, till I was in the ship, I was not sure of coming. It was so much against my inclination to leave my children; and, only to serve the foundation, I never should have prevailed on myself. Our friend, I have reason to think, spoke with a prophetic spirit, by what has happened, for my own family would never have the opinion they have at present, nor ever interest themselves as they do for its success. You must have been surprised when you heard that they knew nothing of it. You heard what was true. The young lady that told you was the first, my sister Nagle says, that told herself, and though she did so, she could hardly believe her. You don't forget what I wrote to you, that when I began my schools, my own immediate family knew nothing of it, so the same method I was resolved to take now, as I

was sure they would be the first to oppose me. I never said one word to them till I saw things had such a prospect of succeeding ; which I was sure I never could have persuaded them of, if they did not see it. It gives them all great pleasure that I should be the means of promoting such a good work, and my sisters-in-law are as eager to get good subjects for it as we could be. I hope you will approve my manner of acting, as the less noise is made about affairs of this kind, in this country, the better. Mr. K—g got a letter from Dr. Butler,* on which he came to speak to me about his sister, and says, as we must be of such vast service to the kingdom, if we had the Protestant's consent for this establishment, he would be the better pleased she was amongst us, as she could do more good there than any where else ; on which I told him before my brother and sister, that had I consulted my own family, I should not have had a school in Cork ; which they said was true."

In the beginning of 1771, the Abbé Moylan visited¹ Paris, for the purpose of transplanting the germ of his future community. The difficulties alluded to by Miss Nagle, in her letters, again presented themselves. A professed religious was necessary for the foundation of a religious house, and not one of the convent of St. Jacques would volunteer for the purpose, or, if willing, would be permitted to come. It would be rash and uncharitable to criticise the motives which prevented them. It may be that they overrated the perils to be encountered, or that they shrunk, with the timidity natural to secluded females, from their long and dangerous journey, or were unwilling again to brave the perils of that world which they had renounced for ever, or that they cleaved with a holy fondness to those cloisters where they had spent so many happy years in the quiet exercises of religion, and in the security of a more favoured land. Whatever their motive may have been, there was no one to accompany the young colony to Ireland, and the object of the good abbé's mission seemed utterly and irretrievably hopeless. In this critical conjuncture, and when he was on the eve of abandoning it altogether, he was informed that in the Ursuline Convent, at Dieppe, there was one who would consent to establish the foundation he had in view ; she was Miss Margaret Kelly, a lady of Irish birth, but who had been long resident in France, and was a professed religious of the convent of that place. Having been thus far successful, and all things being arranged for their departure, they left Paris for Rouen, where it was arranged that their future mo-

* Subsequently Lord Dunboyne, but at the time Bishop of Cork.

ther superior should meet them.* Their resting place, after the first day's journey, was the convent of the Carmelite nuns, at St. Denis, which, at that time, numbered among its inmates no less a person than Madame Louisa, the saintly aunt of Louis XVI. The young novices were much consoled by the zeal and piety of this lady. She even declared to them, in the fulness of her heart, and with feelings of the warmest emotion, that if the circumstances of her condition permitted her, she would at once accompany them on their mission to the poor Irish. Sister Angela Fitzsimons had a voice of exquisite sweetness, and it was long remembered by the religious of St. Denis, how beautifully she sang the anthem of the Virgin, in the still evening time, within their walls. They reached Rouen on the feast of St. Mark the Evangelist, and were joined there by Mrs. Kelly, from Dieppe. In a few days they sailed from Havre; and after a voyage, which may be considered quick in those days of imperfect communication, they arrived in the Cove of Cork, on the morning of the ninth of May, which, that year, was Ascension Thursday. The building intended for their reception not being completed, they were reduced to the temporary accommodation of a house in the neighbourhood, when they were joined by two ladies, Miss Moylan, and, we believe, Miss Lawless, who had been awaiting their arrival. On the 18th of September 1771, the house being completed, they entered on possession, and commenced the foundation of the Ursuline order in Ireland.

Their position in Ireland was not to be one of ease or rest. They took under their care the schools, already described by Miss Nagle, but they were not unmindful of the peculiar objects of their institute, and soon after opened schools for the education of the more opulent classes of society. Their first class consisted of twelve pupils, one of whom, we have heard, is still living. With the exception of Mrs. Kelly, none of the religious were yet professed. To facilitate this important object, a bull was procured, from Clement XIV., dated January 13th, 1773, permitting the first twelve novices to be professed after one year's probation, thus dispensing, in their regard, with one-half of the usual and prescribed term of noviciate. Availing themselves of this permission, the sisters Angela Joseph, and Ursula, were professed on the 15th of the following February;

* Hence it is that while the Irish Ursulines consider themselves a filiation of St. Jacques, they are by the French writers and religious reckoned a filiation of Dieppe.

Sister Louisa Moylan* on the 26th of April, 1774; and Sister Augustine Coppinger on the 31st of January 1775. The latter had been one of the Paris novices, but was compelled by bad health to leave the convent for a time. On the very day of her profession, the first election, according to their constitutions, took place, and she was elected mother-superior of the community. There being now four professed religious, and the new institute having thus acquired some degree of stability, Mrs. Kelly deemed her mission in Ireland fulfilled. Though she was Irish by birth, we have heard that Ireland was not the land of her affections. Since her childhood she had resided in France, and the ties were stronger that bound her to "*la belle France*" than to the green hills of her native country. The quiet tenour of the little convent at Dieppe, and the security of her silent cell, contrasted strongly with the many duties of her new position, and with the danger to which they were continually exposed by the bigotry of the times; and in the Easter of 1775, she returned to France, happy in the consciousness of having contributed to so great and so enduring a good.

They had not been long in Ireland when they were exposed to some annoyance, if not danger, by the No Popery corporation of that day. The establishment of a Popish nunnery in their city was an offence that required prompt and effectual punishment. Some violent measure was in contemplation, and would have been adopted but for the prudence and humanity of one influential gentleman, of the name of Carleton, who restrained their intolerance by appealing to their own interests, and showing the policy of permitting so much money to be spent in the city rather than abroad: good-humouredly adding that the Protestant succession was not likely to be endangered by a few ladies meeting to drink their tea and say their beads together. The appeal was successful; but such was the insecurity of their position, that for years they dared not assume the religious habit, except on solemn festivals, and in the veriest privacy of the convent.

* This lady was a sister of the Abbé Moylan. She was, as may be seen, the first who joined the community on its arrival in Cork. She lived within the convent walls for the unusual period of seventy-two years; and after sharing in all its struggles and difficulties, lived to see the present prosperous condition of her beloved sisterhood, over which she presided for many years with honour and efficiency. She died full of years and virtues, so lately as the year 1842, in the ninetieth year of her age; and was for many years the connecting link between the present community and those saintly women who bore the weight of the day and the heat, in evil and perilous times.

It was not until the 11th November 1779, and even then in opposition to the well-meant, but certainly timid, remonstrances both of Dr. Moylan and their foundress, that they laid aside the secular dress for good, and assumed the habit of their order. The issue proved that the apprehensions of their friends were excessive. Other times came on; they shared in the increasing rights and liberties of their people, and the daughters of St. Ursula have never since been molested.

In tracing consecutively the establishment of the Ursulines, we have for a moment lost sight of their foundress. The object dearest to her heart was the education of the poor. She thought that object was attained when the new religious arrived; but her wishes in this respect were not fully realized. The Ursulines are for the education of the rich. If the poor come under their care, it is only in a subordinate degree, and their claims are but secondary to those of the others. She, who believed her mission to be to the poor, was not likely to witness with satisfaction an arrangement so unfavourable to them. When her wishes were not complied with (and probably the rules of the order did not admit of their being complied with), she retired from the convent in which she had for some time taken up her abode. That her dissatisfaction extended only to the preference given to the children of the rich, and not to the institute itself, is evident from the fact that she ever remained on terms of the most friendly intercourse with the sisterhood, and, while she lived, was accustomed to visit their schools for an hour on Saturdays, to give instruction in the catechism to the children. It is to be regretted that there should have been any misunderstanding on a subject of such importance, but we think we can trace in it another instance in our regard of that special Providence which ordereth all things sweetly, and for the best and wisest ends. It is another proof that, in the fluctuating tide of human events, there are movements directed by God, which pass the comprehension and escape the notice of us who live and move upon the surface. The establishment of some such institute, must precede that of one for the education of the poor. The germ of knowledge must be brought to maturity in one mind before it can be communicated to another. There was no educated middle class in Ireland, as in France, that would have furnished subjects for an order like the Presentation, having for its object the education of the poor. They had to be created in the country. The springs of knowledge

had been dried up for years, and therefore some domestic institute was necessary not only for the education of the rich, but to provide for the education of the poor; and such an institute was the Ursuline. Even to this day, the great majority of the members of the Presentation Order are indebted to it for their education,—perhaps their vocation to a religious life; and however it may have been inadequate to the wishes of its foundress, we are convinced that it has been a powerful, if not a necessary, instrument in the furtherance of her views.

Though disappointed in the object for which she had yearned through many a long year, and the hope of which had sustained her through many a day of toil, she yet did not abandon that object in despair. She determined on making another effort to attain it: she took up her abode in a house adjoining the convent, and associated with her a few generous individuals, animated with a kindred spirit to her own. Her pecuniary resources had not been exhausted, and she was therefore able to make a provision for their support. In this establishment, we have the germ of the Presentation Order. It did not acquire the consistency of a religious order until some years after her death. She neither contemplated nor desired such an honour for her companions: she would have them bound only by annual vows, and constitute but a simple religious congregation. Their duty was, like her's, to seek out the poor girls of the city,—to gather them around her,—to teach them the rudiments of knowledge,—to instil into their minds the principles of religion,—to relieve their physical wants, and, if possible, to provide them with some means of subsistence for the future. They were to be bound by no law of enclosure; for the comprehensive charity of their foundress would have them visit the poor man's hovel, and the sick man's bed. It was said of her, that she left not a garret in Cork unvisited. Her footsteps were everywhere to be traced,—in the filthiest lane, and in the obscurest cottage. Like Him whom she loved so well and ardently, she went about everywhere doing good. These duties she would impose on her associates of the Presentation; and these duties they did fulfil, not only during her life-time but for years after her death.

We have now before us the Apostolical brief of the sixth Pius, dated at Rome, in September 1791, which recognized their existence and approved their objects. It is addressed to the late Right Rev. Francis Moylan, and was issued in

the beginning of that storm which was about to burst on the Holy See, and on society at large. Its first murmurings were already heard. The struggle had begun in France; the religious orders were already being swept away. The Jesuits, powerful as they were, had been abandoned to the clamours of the press, and the intrigues of wicked men, and if the doom of others was delayed, it seemed certainly and speedily at hand. It was at this eventful period that the petition on behalf of the ladies of the Presentation was laid before his Holiness; and it came upon his careworn and afflicted heart as the harbinger of other and happier times. It told him that the religious spirit was not dead in Christendom. The caldron was seething with the ingredients of discord and disaster, and the bitter waters seemed likely to inundate the altar and the throne: but there was one spot on God's earth where the spirit of religion survived, which was yet green with the dew of heaven, and where His grace was producing fruits akin to those it produced of old.

"More grateful or more seasonable intelligence (we use the Pontiff's words,—the page on which he wrote them was wet with his tears of joy) we could not receive, especially at the present time, when the designs and schemes of wicked men tend to nothing else (if that were possible) than the ruin and destruction of the Church of Christ. We feel and acknowledge it an effort of the boundless providence of Almighty God, that while elsewhere the institutions and convents of both sexes are sacrilegiously plundered and destroyed, houses are, by the increase of piety, erected and endowed in your diocese, for the reception of pious virgins, whereby the Christian education of young girls is happily secured. Having, therefore, first of all offered due thanks to the Divine Mercy, and next, highly approving in the Lord of the aforesaid Nano Nagle's intention, sincerely also and earnestly inclined in favour of your petition, we give you power to erect and to form not only in the city of Cork, but in other towns, houses for the reception of pious virgins, whose duty it shall be to instruct little girls in the rudiments of faith and morals, to teach them different works peculiar to their sex, to visit sick females in the public infirmaries, and help them in their necessities."

The latter part of this injunction they continued to fulfil for some years. They discharged all the various functions of charity, which are now divided between the Sisters of Charity and Mercy, and those of the Presentation order. Their usefulness was so evident, and their services so much required, that in the year 1805, large and efficient communities were established in Dublin, Waterford, Kilkenny, and Killarney.

In that year, their institute was raised to the dignity of a religious order, and its members permitted to make a solemn religious profession by a brief of Pope Pius VII, dated the 9th of April, 1805. A constitution was drawn up and approved of, founded principally on the rule of St. Augustin, as observed by the Ursuline nuns. In addition to the ordinary and usual vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, a fourth was added, for the gratuitous instruction of poor females. By a special clause, they were dispensed from attendance on the sick, and required to observe strict and inviolable enclosure for the future.

This deviation from the original purpose, and even from the express intention, of their foundress, was certainly the result of mature deliberation. There were many who disapproved of it at the time, and even now its utility is more than questionable. It is certain that it has, in many instances, prevented the extension of the order to many country towns. We admit that even in spiritual concerns, the same subdivision of employment may be beneficially introduced, which has contributed in so eminent a degree to improve the processes of human industry; and that if a religious order be entrusted with the management of a school alone, it is likely to attain its object with more effect, than if it be required to visit the sick or attend an hospital besides. We admit that such a subdivision of the offices of charity is, in the abstract, desirable, and in larger cities may be practicable; but in small towns, where the population is small, and the means limited, and where one religious house only can be established, such a subdivision becomes impossible; and where any convent is established in such circumstances, and in such a locality, it is not unreasonable to require that all their wants should be attended to,—that the poor should be instructed,—the sick visited,—the children of shopkeepers educated, than whom we know no class more neglected. For while the poor have the Presentation nuns, and the rich the Ursuline, or some similar establishment, they are generally reduced to such imperfect education as a half-instructed teacher in a country town is capable of communicating. We think that the limiting of the objects of the Presentation order was rendering it less useful to the public; and that instead of the thirty houses of that observance which are now in Ireland, they would, but for that alteration, be at the present time nearly four times that number.

But the subject of our notice was not to witness such a

deviation from her original intention. Her wish was to make her charity as extensive as the infirmities that claimed its exercise, and to form her infant congregation to habits of the most generous and comprehensive benevolence. She was the first to bind herself to that object by vow. The opening of her new house, which took place on Christmas-day, was marked by a singular proof of her affection for the indigent children of her Redeemer: fifty poor persons were seated at table and ministered unto by her own hands, and she continued to repeat that charity on each recurrence of the solemnity while she lived. It was in strict accordance with the tenour of her life. For thirty years she was engaged in her charitable duties, breaking the bread of life to the ignorant, and the meat which perisheth to the hungry. Her solicitude extended even to the youth of the other sex: in the very beginning she provided a school for their instruction, though this duty has long been discontinued by the Presentation order. She provided an almshouse for the aged and decrepid, of which some remnant is still in existence. The last work of charity in which she was engaged, was an asylum for poor penitent females. She would shelter, were it necessary, in her bosom, those wretched outcasts, at whom the world, which has made them what they are, points the finger of scorn and abhorrence. They found in Miss Nagle one who felt this misery, and was anxious to relieve it; and that merciful design she would also have carried into effect, if her destined career of usefulness was not already at an end, and the measure of her good works filled up, and pressed down, and already running over.

But the sanctity of God's chosen servants is not attained by works of external charity alone: there is an internal world in the heart which must be purified. Though "from the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh," yet there are hidden trials reserved for the people of God, which the world can never know. It is only He who called them, and sustained them, and "made with the temptation issue," that knows the secret and rugged path by which the soul is led onward to perfection. Miss Nagle had her interior trials. What servant of God has been exempted from them? Besides her daily solicitude, like the apostle, for her numerous children, she was doomed to encounter disappointment and contradiction; and what is yet more hard to bear, insult and calumny. In the public streets she was sometimes called an impostor. Reckless extravagance and Pharisaical ostentation were often alleged

against her. Imputations of a yet fouler kind were devised by the corrupt malignity of her enemies. But like Him, who when reviled, did not revile; and who, though led like a sheep to the slaughter, opened not His mouth,—her only defence was meekness and uncomplaining submission. The barbed and poisoned arrow pierced her bosom, but few were aware of the wound that was inflicted; nor would any have ever known it, if solicitude for her spiritual daughters had not induced her to put them upon their guard against the tempter, and fortify their inexperienced minds against the suggestions of calumny. She was wont to spend four hours each morning in the duty and in the attitude of prayer. Each year she made a spiritual retreat of eight days, great part of which she spent in the church on bended knees: and the night of Holy Thursday was, even with her, one of sacred and unintermitted watching before the adorable sacrament of the altar; yet it was only in performing, after her death, the last rites of friendship to her remains, that her bones were discovered to be excoriated and ulcerated, and to have been so for years,—yet the acute pain which kneeling must have caused her, she bore with silent and enduring fortitude. She never whispered to her nearest and dearest associates, a hint of her secret and long-continued suffering: it was known but to herself and God. The soles of her feet were, at the same time, found covered with tumours, such as would have prevented any other person from walking, yet for the last three years of her life she walked over great part of the city, begging from door to door for the support of those charitable institutions, which would otherwise have fallen to the ground.

To such works was the life of Miss Nagle devoted. In the year 1784, she reached the fifty-sixth year of her age. In the spring of that year, the symptoms of a premature old age began to develop themselves in her exhausted frame. She was weak and feeble, less from years than labours. She began to complain of weakness, oppression, loss of rest and appetite; and a troublesome cough increased not a little the sufferings of the last moments of her life. On the 26th of April, it was evident to all around her that her last hour was come. She had previously received the last rites of religion, and was fully sensible of her approaching end. She called her little community around her, and giving them her last lesson—a lesson so like the tenour of her life, and so honourable to them—"Love one another as you have hitherto

done," she took her last farewell, and passed gently from this world to a better. Her remains lie in the quiet and beautiful little cemetery, formed originally for the Ursulines, but now belonging to the Presentation nuns, where many of those she loved so well are buried by her side, and where no step intrudes to brush the dew-drops from her grave, but some casual visitor, attracted to the spot by the memory of her virtues and her name.

Thus passed away from earth one of the greatest women of these our times. She was great, not in the estimation of the world—for when was it ever found to do justice to worth like hers?—but she was great before God. Her excellence did not consist in word, but in action. Her power did not consist in writing novels or poetry, or in ministering to the taste or the curiosity of the public; but it was exercised in benefiting the poor, by exalting their character, and enlightening their minds. She was specially called to fulfil a great object; and she did fulfil it. If we needed any other proof of its divine origin, to attach us to our faith the more, we should find it in that power which it possesses of manifesting, as it has done in this instance, life and strength in even the most unfavourable circumstances. The principle of life and productiveness which was given to it in its origin, by Him who was "the way, the truth, and the life"; which is exemplified by the vine and the grain of mustard seed; which has been manifested by the martyr and the apostle; which has produced so rich a harvest of sanctity and usefulness, in the religious orders and charitable institutions of every age and clime; which is still in active operation in the all-pervading spirit of modern Catholicism, is that which presents itself to us in the life and character of Miss Nagle. That divine power you may modify, or check, or suppress for a time, by violence or injustice; but you can never utterly destroy. It is immortal and indestructible like Him who gave it. But if the branch be severed from the parent stem, from which it derives its life, it will immediately wither and decay. Gold may give it a false and hollow lustre, or it may brighten in the sunshine of royal and legislative favour, but it is dead and leafless still, and will never bloom or bud forth again. Neither missionary societies, however numerous, nor newspaper paragraphs, however flattering, nor royal endowments, however munificent, can supply that life, which is to be given by the Spirit of God alone. The subject of our notice had none of these to sustain or stimulate her zeal; but she had what is far better,—

the power and favour of God. She was a living branch of the true vine, whose roots are fixed deep in the everlasting hills, and which has been moistened with many a martyr's blood. The portion of the vineyard in which it was, seemed abandoned by the Son of the vineyard. The wild beasts of the forest were permitted to ravage and lay it waste for a season; and stormy troubled days they were in which it started into existence: but it put forth its leaves, and blossomed, and bore fruit an hundred-fold, because it was one which the right hand of the Son had planted. Has Protestantism ever borne such fruit, albeit it has had "kings for its nursing fathers, and queens for its nursing mothers"? has a voice ever gone forth from its collegiate walls or lordly palaces, from deanery or vicarage, calling to the poor in the power of one Christian brotherhood, and leading them by word and example to their Father in heaven? Have the streets of London, Birmingham, Sheffield, Manchester, Leeds, or any other town, ever heard the voice of wisdom crying aloud in the streets, or calling the children from lane and factory to taste the sweets of knowledge? If we may know the mother by her instinctive love, which is the mother of the poor? How much of royal and legislative favour was bestowed upon the charter schools of Ireland, at the very time that the foundress of the Presentation was engaged in her work of usefulness; yet how different has been the issue of both! In a few years, and despite the fostering care of Church and state, the charter schools become such an abomination in the land, that those who promoted their erection are obliged to remove them as public nuisances from among the people. The Presentation, on the other hand, goes on increasing in utility and public favour, winning for itself and its works golden opinions from all men, and from all parties. Has England had anything like it to exhibit for the last three hundred years? with all its wealth at its command, has it achieved anything like what has been achieved by this one lady, in one of the poorest and most misgoverned countries of the earth, and with so many social, legal, and political difficulties to encounter? It was not so in Catholic England, in times of old, and when she was united to the centre of unity, from which alone the principle of life can emanate. How rich and abundant was the fruit which then she bore! Its remains are still to be seen throughout the land,—mere husk and rind, from which the substance is gone, but which mark the rich luxuriance of that branch of God's Church to which they belonged.

But since that branch has been severed from the parent stem,—since it has been corrupted by heresy and schism—the principle of life has been dried up within it; it bears the curse of sterility; and until it be engrafted on the true vine, which is Christ Jesus, it will never bloom nor bud forth again. To use the words of our own beautiful melodies,

“Like a dead leafless branch in the summer’s bright ray,
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.”

To estimate the good effected by Miss Nagle, let us examine it somewhat more in detail than we have hitherto done. There are in Ireland alone, 30 convents of the Presentation order. In these convents there are at least 13,000 children instructed. They are taught the elements of human knowledge, as well as the principles of their Christian duties. They are prepared for the fitting reception of the sacraments, and made acquainted with those branches of household industry which may be useful to them hereafter. Nor is the zeal of the teachers stimulated by any selfish or mercenary motive. The principle of their efficiency is charity. What they do, they do for God. In each of the little up-turned faces that looks to them for instruction, they see an immortal spirit entrusted to their care, and for whose salvation they will be held accountable; and by its side there is an angel to demand hereafter an account of the beings entrusted to their guardianship. The tie which binds the religious to her pupil, is one of no common order. It possesses more the affection of the parent than the formality of the mistress. She becomes the depository of their little wants and cares, and domestic trials. Her influence endures after the school has been exchanged for the cares and troubles of the world. In prosperity it cheers with the consciousness of her approval. In adversity it consoles with the hope of her sympathy. Should the bright promise of youth be blasted by the seductions of the tempter, and the injured woman be thrown upon the world, the hard and despairing heart is often softened into shame and compunction, by an interview with her who spoke kindly to her in her young days; who taught her her duty to God, and was wont to advise her what to do when she would have to encounter the dangers of the world, however ill that advice was followed. And the consciousness that, thus depraved and shameless as she has been, she is not yet forgotten in her wanderings by her ever kind and indulgent mistress, we know to have brought back many an erring female from vice and misery.

For seventy years this beneficial agency has been in active and useful operation.

The merit of instructing the poor is largely shared by the Ursulines,* for each convent has attached to it a school for the education of poor girls; but the object more immediately contemplated by them is the education of the wealthier classes. At the present day, when we have so many efficient establishments, both secular and religious, for this purpose, we may be induced to undervalue its importance, but if we carry back our thoughts to the middle of the last century, and consider the deplorable condition of the Catholics of that time, we shall form a more fit and adequate estimate of their value. At that time there were but few, if any, educational establishments in the country. Those who sought the precious boon of knowledge, had to run many a risk, and brave many a danger, before it could be secured. It must have been a hard trial for a father's and mother's heart to sever the fond ties that bound them to their child, to send them across the expanse of more than one sea, and at a time when a voyage to France or Belgium was very different from what it is in our time; to be separated from them for many a long year, it might be for ever; to entrust them to strangers, where they could but rarely hear from them; where, if sickness came upon them, there was no mother's eye to watch, or mother's hand to relieve; when, if even death came upon them, as it must have often done, they would be consigned to earth before their very illness was known, and while yet the fond and trusting parent was looking forward with hope to the return of his accomplished child. Even to those who could afford it, it was a painful duty to send their children abroad for education. What must have been the state of those whose means or position in society did not enable them to do so, and who had no alternative but ignorance or apostasy for their children?

We think that female education can be best effected by means of a religious community. That education does not consist in the cultivation of the mental faculties alone, nor in the possession of one or two accomplishments, however brilliant in themselves, or laboriously acquired; but it consists in the combined and judicious training of both mind and heart, both of the intellect and the affections. Woman must be taught to know her duties and to love them; she must make

* The convents of the Ursulines in Ireland are, Cork, Waterford, Thurles, and Galway, each of which has a poor school attached to it.

these duties pleasing to herself, and useful and agreeable to all around her. Her kingdom is by her own fireside ; her empire is over the heart. It is not solely by the brilliancy of her attainments that she can best secure that empire, for the qualities that dazzle are not always the most likely to fascinate. She must be formed to habits of order and punctuality in her ordinary everyday duties, of charity, and kindly feeling in her intercourse with society, of profitable employment of time in her own house, and of practical religious observance in all her domestic relations, and at all times. She must invest home with a charm strong enough to draw the partner of her affections from the haunts of dissipation. Her heart must ever beat with joy, and her eye brighten with pleasure, when he returns each day from his professional labours or duty. Should adversity darken his worldly prospects, there should be one heart to feel his misfortunes as her own ; or should dishonour surround his name, she must love and cherish him still, for in weal or in woe her plighted faith till death is his. We know not whether these great fruits of female education have been ever more abundantly produced than by those Catholic religious establishments which have been founded for the purpose. Among these the Ursuline order is eminent in utility as it was the first in time. We need only allude to the very convent which is the parent house in these countries—the Ursuline Convent, at Blackrock.

This community, from the time of its foundation by Miss Nagle, continued in the south suburbs of the city of Cork, and in the very house which received them on their arrival. But in consequence of increasing numbers, both of religious and pupils, enlarged accommodation became absolutely necessary. It was then determined to remove it to its present site at Blackrock, a beautifully situated village on the banks of its noble and picturesque river. Probably many of our readers have had, like ourselves, the pleasure of visiting this magnificent establishment, and seeing the order of its arrangement, the exquisite loveliness of its site, the grand and imposing appearance of the external line of building, and the elegance of its natural decoration. It contains, if we recollect rightly, more than fifty choir religious, and on an average eighty pupils, all taken from the wealthier classes of society. Such is the minute attention paid to their wants, that even the convenience of salt water bathing is provided for them within the convent walls. After being provided with all the useful and ornamental qualities required by their rank and

station in society, they are sent forth to edify, instruct, and adorn the spheres in which they move. If no other monument of Miss Nagle's charity existed, this house alone would give her a strong claim on the gratitude of every reflecting mind. It is a singular fact that the very locality in which they reside was part of the property of that uncle of Miss Nagle, whose means enabled her to carry her good resolutions into effect. Having passed through various hands (being at one time the residence of the unfortunate Henry Sheares, whose connection with the events of 1798, and subsequent melancholy fate are well known), it came about twenty years since into the hands of its present occupants. On their removal, the house which they had previously occupied was given over to the Presentation nuns. Thus, after the lapse of many years and many changes of fortune and government, was it arranged by Providence, that they should get possession of the very house erected by Miss Nagle for the accomplishment of her benevolent designs.

Having trespassed thus far on the patience of our readers, we shall only say, in mitigation of his impatience or displeasure, that we know no higher or holier duty of a Christian journal, than to rescue the memory of the great and good from forgetfulness, to bring the light of their virtues and their works from the obscurity in which their own humility would conceal them, and place that light so that it may shine on every member of the human household; a beacon, a guide, and an incentive to noble deeds to all. We deem this duty the more urgent upon the present occasion, for the subject of our notice was scarce known but in connection with the Presentation order. The memory of her personal worth and virtue was fast merging into forgetfulness. To have rescued that memory from oblivion and done her even this late and imperfect act of justice, we deem an honour to ourselves.

ART. V.—*Life of Gerald Griffin, Esq.* By his Brother.
London: 1843.

"In the time of my boyhood, I had a strange feeling,
That I was to die ere the noon of my day;
Not quietly into the silent grave stealing,
But torn, like a blasted oak, sudden away.

"That e'en in the hour when enjoyment was keenest,
My lamp should quench suddenly, hissing in gloom;—
That e'en when mine honours were freshest and greenest,
A blight should rush over, and scatter their bloom!"*

HOW is it that this presentiment of early death is so frequently an accompaniment of genius, especially genius of an imaginative cast? Is it some natural instinct of these finer minds—some more delicate organization of their perceptive faculties—which enables them to detect symptoms of decay invisible to grosser eyes; to see the taint upon the fairest fruit, and the canker in the freshest flower; to hear the murmur of the approaching storm, while all others are still heedlessly enjoying the glow of the sunshine? Or is it a mysterious influence from the tomb, which casts its cold shadows forward into the brightest hours of its predestined victim,—a sympathy, active though unseen, from the land of spirits, which draws their yet living brother towards his eternal home? Or is it not rather a merciful dispensation of a wise Providence, to remind these gifted children of earth, that, with all its bright and beauteous scenery, still they are but "strangers and pilgrims" here,—to wean them from the smiling visions which woo their young hearts, and whose unalloyed enjoyment would rivet their affections to the things below?

Happy they who read this lesson aright! Happy they who hearken wisely to this warning; who learn in time that they are born for better and greater things than the highest efforts of mere earthly genius can accomplish; who cheerfully devote to God's true service the gifts which men would fain claim exclusively for themselves; and, even when earth is fairest and most attractive,—when its triumphs are spread out in all their freshness before their yet unsated eye, and glory beckons them onward with smiling looks and flattering words,—pause in their giddy course, and remember, like St. August-

* Verses found among Griffin's papers after his death.

tine, "Thou hast made us for thyself, O Lord, and our heart is restless till it rest in thee!"

Such was the happiness vouchsafed to our gifted and lamented countryman, Gerald Griffin. He has left behind him an example rare in these degenerate times; but one from which, though few perhaps are called to imitate it, yet all may draw much salutary instruction. It is difficult to speak of so good a man without what many will deem extravagance and enthusiasm. We know not, in the whole range of literary history, a more beautiful character; genius of the highest order united with a truly childlike simplicity; affections warm, generous, and uncalculating, yet pure and stainless as the bright spirit from which they sprung; ardent and lofty aspirations after fame, chastened throughout life by religion, and at last sacrificed, or rather forgotten, in its service. It is delightful to turn from the world of letters,—hollow, selfish, and corrupt, as it too commonly is,—to contemplate one, who, though in, was not of it; and who, though drawn for a space into its giddy whirl, exposed too by youth and poverty and friendlessness, and every form of temptation, to its most corrupting influences, came forth at last without carrying away a single stain upon his pure soul.

The memoir now before us has been promised for a considerable time; and, in expectation of its appearance, we have been delaying, number after number, a long projected notice of the life and writings of our gifted countryman. And yet, now that it has appeared, our task must remain half-unaccomplished. We never anticipated that a life so quiet and retiring as that of Griffin, would have furnished materials so varied and so interesting as those collected in the present volume; but we now feel that it will be impossible to do justice to the life, without devoting to it all the space at present at our disposal, and we must reluctantly reserve for a future occasion all notice of the works, which are now for the first time collected into a uniform edition.

The memoir is from the pen of Daniel Griffin, M.D., a younger brother of the deceased. Except one or two of the opening chapters, which are a little prolix, it is in all respects worthy of the subject; and, while it everywhere bespeaks the affectionate admiration which it would be impossible not to feel for such a brother, is altogether free from that idolizing tone which too frequently pervades biography, even where it has not the plea of kindred to render it tolerable to the reader. We are particularly pleased with the manly and judicious, but yet modest, strain, in which Dr. Griffin describes the motives

which influenced his brother in retiring from the world and relinquishing his literary pursuits. He seems to us to have caught up the mantle of the departed, and to have entered fully into all his thoughts and feelings on this, the most important occasion of his life.

With the exception of a short journal of a Highland tour, Griffin seems never to have made any attempt at autobiography. It is possible indeed that among the manuscripts which he destroyed before he entered the monastery, there may have been some fragments of this character; but, in one so modest and distrustful of himself, it is hardly probable. His biographer once entertained the idea of keeping some record of his conversations, but circumstances rendered it impossible for him to put it in practice. It is much to be regretted that they are entirely lost, as not only his own family, but all his intimate friends, concur in representing them as brilliant and instructive in the highest degree. But, as it is, we learn a good deal of his mind from the copious and interesting selection from his correspondence, contained in the present volume; and this, for our own part, we infinitely prefer to the affectedly modest, or openly egotistical stuff written for the public eye, and made up entirely with a view to effect, which we are sure to meet even in the very best specimens of autobiography. If, therefore we may be allowed to judge the reader's taste from our own, we are sure he will not object to our forgetting the critical character altogether for a time, and extracting freely from this correspondence, contenting ourselves with such an outline of the principal events recorded by the biographer as may suffice to render the extracts intelligible.

Gerald Griffin was born at Limerick, in December 1803. He was the *ninth* son of Mr. Patrick Griffin, at that time a wealthy and extensive brewer, though he subsequently encountered a severe reverse of fortune. His father was a quiet and affectionate, though, apparently, not very intellectual man. Mrs. Griffin, on the contrary, appears to have been a woman of peculiarly strong and cultivated mind. She was profoundly religious, and tenderly devoted to her children; and to her tender and judicious management, Gerald's mind owed infinitely more than to all the school culture which the circumstances of his family permitted him to enjoy.

His boyhood seems to have been like that of other boys; at least, the few unimportant facts preserved by his brother do not indicate any very peculiar idiosyncrasy. One of his first ex-

plots was an essay in chimney sweeping, which alarmed his parents a good deal; he was, like most other boys, very fond of birds; made several ingenious attempts in the manufacture of gunpowder; and narrowly escaped being shot by his brother (the author of the memoir), while playing incautiously with a loaded pistol. When we add that he was passionately fond (though excessively timid) of ghost stories, we have put the reader in possession of all that is told of the domestic history of Gerald Griffin, as a boy.

His first master was a Mr. M'Eligot, one of that now nearly extinct race of classical schoolmasters which flourished about sixty years back, in almost every district of the south of Ireland. Of Mr. M'Eligot's attainments, we may form an idea from one record which is preserved, an advertisement commencing with these words,—“When ponderous polysyllables promulgate professional powers.” Griffin, however, did not remain long under his care; his father having removed his residence, when Gerald was about seven years old, to a place called Fairy Lawn, at some distance from the city. His education, therefore (except a few lessons in French from his elder sisters), fell, for a time, into the hands of a tutor, who, among his other acquirements, was a passionate admirer of Goldsmith, and inoculated his young pupil with his own tastes. A few years later, in his eleventh year, he was sent back to Limerick, and entered the school of a Mr. O'Brien, a person of refined taste, and considerable literary attainments. Among Gerald's school favourites, Virgil held the highest place; and though he had not then mastered the Greek language sufficiently to be able to enjoy its humour fully, he was also very much captivated by Lucian's Dialogues. Unhappily, however, he did not long enjoy the advantages of this school, being again called home, and placed under the care of a rude, though not untalented, village master, named O'Donovan, a native of the classic “kingdom of Kerry,” who took up his abode in the neighbourhood of Fairy Lawn. For the benefit of the unlearned reader, we must record one rule laid down by this worthy abecedarian, whose seminary Griffin afterwards immortalized in his tale, “The Rivals.”

“‘Mr. O'Donovan,’ said one of the scholars, ‘how ought a person to pronounce the letter *i* in reading Latin?’ ‘If you intend to become a priest, Dick,’ said the master in reply, ‘you may as well call it *ee*, for I observe the clergy pronounce it in that manner; but if not, you may call it *ee* or *i*, just as you fancy.’ ‘Dick’ has become a priest since, and a most excellent one; and, I have no

doubt, pronounces the letter in the manner recommended in that contingency."—p. 52.

From these facts, it will be seen that Griffin derived but little advantage from his school studies. But his reading at home appears to have been directed by a judicious, as well as affectionate hand. One of his mother's earliest presents to him was a manuscript copy of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, which he treasured religiously among his papers to his latest hour. She seems to have been a woman of extensive reading; and, next to his religious training, took peculiar pleasure in directing his studies into a useful track. He himself, from his earliest years, was a most assiduous reader. At breakfast or tea, he used to sit with a book before him, one or two under his arm, and several on the chair behind him.

"My mother met him one night," writes Dr. Griffin, "going to his room, with several large octavo volumes of Goldsmith's *Animated Nature* under his arm. 'My dear child,' said she, with astonishment, 'do you mean to read all those great books before morning?' He seemed a little puzzled; but looking wistfully at the books, and not knowing which to part with, said he wanted them all, upon which he was allowed to take them. One evening, when one of our young people was reading aloud something about the trade-winds, one of his elder brothers, to whose tastes I have before alluded, and who from childhood had shown great activity of mind, imagined he could illustrate the subject with a spinning-wheel that was in the kitchen, and went out to try. While the servants observed him with astonishment, and some concern for his senses, Gerald instantly guessed what he was about. On returning to the parlour, my mother asked, 'Gerald, where is William?' 'He is *spinning monsoons*, mamma,' said Gerald, with an air of great gravity."

Although his early boyhood does not appear to have exhibited any indication of the poetic talent developed in after life, yet, in his maturer poetry may be found abundant evidence of a mind early stored with the imagery which none but a poet can draw from external nature, and with impressions and recollections, unheeded, perhaps, at the time, but carefully treasured up for future use. The following beautiful lines, though written long afterwards, have a peculiar interest notwithstanding, as connected with the recollections of this portion of his life:—

I.

"Old times ! old times ! the gay old times !
When I was young and free,

And heard the merry Easter chimes
 Under the sally tree.
 My Sunday palm beside me placed,
 My cross upon my hand,
 A heart at rest within my breast,
 And sunshine on the land !
 Old times ! Old times !

II.

" It is not that my fortunes flee,
 Nor that my cheek is pale,
 I mourn whene'er I think of thee,
 My darling native vale !
 A wiser head I have, I know,
 Than when I loitered there ;
 But in my wisdom there is woe,
 And in my knowledge, care.
 Old times ! Old times !

III.

" I've lived to know my share of joy,
 To feel my share of pain,
 To learn that friendship's self can cloy,
 To love, and love in vain ;
 To feel a pang and wear a smile,
 To tire of other climes,
 To like my own unhappy isle,
 And sing the gay old times !
 Old times ! Old times !

IV.

" And sure the land is nothing changed,
 The birds are singing still ;
 The flowers are springing where we ranged,
 There's sunshine on the hill ;
 The sally waving o'er my head,
 Still sweetly shades my frame,
 But ah, those happy days are fled,
 And I am not the same !
 Old times ! Old times !

V.

" Oh, come again ye merry times !
 Sweet, sunny, fresh, and calm ;
 And let me hear those Easter chimes,
 And wear my Sunday palm,
 If I could cry away mine eyes,
 My tears would flow in vain ;
 If I could waste my heart in sighs,
 They'll never come again !
 Old times ! Old times ! —Pp. 59-60

In 1820, his parents, with the elder portion of the family, emigrated to America. Gerald, however, who was then about seventeen, remained in Ireland, with a younger brother, and two sisters—one of whom was in delicate health—under the protection of an elder brother, William Griffin, who had just entered upon the medical profession. For a time, it was intended that Gerald should follow the profession of his brother, and he had actually commenced a course of studies under his direction. But the love of literature prevailed in the end; and he gradually devoted himself entirely to it,—first, as an occasional contributor to some of the Limerick journals, and eventually as managing editor of a paper called the *Advertiser*. This, however, appears to have been anything but a congenial occupation. Griffin was an ardent politician, and, although the journal was nominally liberal, the proprietor was afraid of every thing which could give the shadow of offence to “the Castle.” During the intervals of these occupations, he devoted himself to poetry; and before he had yet completed his eighteenth year, he produced his first tragedy, *Aquire*, founded on a Spanish story. The extreme beauty of this play, and the high promise of literary excellence which it bespoke in so young a writer, induced his brother, though not without considerable hesitation, to yield his approval to Gerald’s bold resolution of going to London, and offering it for representation at some of the leading theatres. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1823, before he had completed his twentieth year, he set out for the great Metropolis, “with a few pounds in one pocket, and a brace of tragedies in the other, supposing that the one would set him up before the other was exhausted.”

The history of his struggles in the commencement of his career—the oft-told tale of hope deferred—the chilling neglect of hollow patrons, and hollow friends—the wasting drudgery of unrequited labour, and the still more melancholy tale of the physical wretchedness, the penury, the neglect, the shame, the sickness, into which he was plunged—is full of most painful interest. Much of it is given in his letters to his brother; some has been collected from the few literary friends whom he had during these years of trial, but much more remained untold, locked up in the recesses of his own sensitive heart. The following letter to his father and mother, written when he had just begun to emerge from his trials, is a condensed history of this painful period; but it is

* easy to perceive that, in mercy to them, he passes over the darkest scenes, or touches them so lightly, as to disguise the

depth of the misery to which he had been exposed. We may premise that the actor to whom he entrusted his play for presentation is believed to have been Mr. Macready.

"15, Paddington Street, Regent's Park, London,
October 12th, 1825.

"MY DEAR, EVER DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER. To make sure of your hearing from me now, I send a second letter. I have just received from the editor of the *Gazette*, J. W.—'s letter of the 6th of last August. By the merest chance in the world it reached me, as its direction was indeed the most uncertain possible. Mary Anne's I never got. Under the circumstances as they appear to you, it is matter more of pain than astonishment to me, that you should have been so entirely at a loss in finding excusable motives for my silence, and I have no objection whatsoever to offer to J—'s 'unwilling suppositions.' It is one of those misfortunes (and I hope the last of them) which the miserable and galling life I have led since I came to London (until very lately,) has thrown on my shoulders, and which of course I must endure as well as I can. But if you knew, my dear Mother, what that life has been, it would, I believe, have led you to a less injurious conclusion to me. Until within a short time back, I have not had since I left Ireland a single moment's peace of mind—constantly—constantly running backward and forward, and trying a thousand expedients, and only to meet disappointments everywhere I turned. It may perhaps appear strange and unaccountable to you, but I could not sit down to tell you only that I was in despair of ever being able to do anything in London, as was the fact for a long time. I never will think or talk upon the subject again. It was a year such as I did not think it possible I could have outlived, and the very recollection of it puts me into the horrors. William has, I suppose, let you know my movements, and I fear I shall be repeating him if I set about telling you how I have fared. But I have a long sheet before me, and may as well just glance at a few of them. Let me first however, beg you to be satisfied that this it was, and no neglect—I was not guilty of it for an instant—that prevented my writing; beside that when I do write I must fill up a large sheet, or send none. When first I came to London, my own self-conceit, backed by the opinion of one of the most original geniuses of the age, induced me to set about revolutionizing the dramatic taste of the time by writing for the stage. Indeed the design was formed, and the first step taken (a couple of pieces written) in Ireland. I cannot with my present experience conceive anything more comical than my own views and measures at the time. A young gentleman totally unknown, even to a single family in London, coming into town with a few pounds in one pocket, and a brace of tragedies in the other, supposing that the one will set him up before the others are exhausted, is not a very novel, but a very laughable delusion.

'Twould weary you, or I would carry you through a number of curious scenes into which it led me. Only imagine the modest young Munsterman spouting his tragedy to a room full of literary ladies and gentlemen ; some of high consideration too. The applause however of that circle on that night was sweeter, far sweeter to me, than would be the bravos of a whole theatre at present, being united at the time to the confident anticipation of it. One of the people present immediately got me an introduction to * * * * (I was offered several for all the actors.) To * * * * I went, and he let down the pegs that made my music. He was very polite talked and chatted about himself, and Shiel, and my friend—excellent friend Banim. He kept my play four months, wrote me some nonsensical apologies about keeping it so long, and *cut off* to Ireland, leaving orders to have it sent to my lodgings, without any opinion. I was quite surprised at this, and the more so, as Banim, who is one of the most successful dramatic writers, told me he was sure he would keep it : at the same time saying, what indeed I found every person who had the least theatrical knowledge join in, that I acted most unwisely in putting a play into an actor's hands. But enough of theatricals ! Well, this disappointment sent me into the contrary extreme. I before imagined I could do anything ; I now thought I could do nothing. One supposition was just as foolish as the other. It was then I set about writing for those weekly publications ; all of which, except the *Literary Gazette*, cheated me abominably. Then, finding this to be the case, I wrote for the great magazines. My articles were generally inserted ; but on calling for payment, seeing that I was a poor inexperienced devil, there was so much shuffling and shabby work that it disgusted me, and I gave up the idea of making money that way. I now lost heart for every thing ; got into the cheapest lodgings I could make out, and there worked on, rather to divert my mind from the horrible gloom that I felt growing on me in spite of myself, than with any hope of being remunerated. This, and the recollection of the expense I had put William to, and the fears—that every moment became conviction—that I never should be enabled to fulfil his hopes or my own expectations, all came pressing together upon my mind and made me miserable. A thousand, and a thousand times I wished that I could lie down quietly and die at once, and be forgotten for ever. But that however was not to be had for the asking. I don't think I left anything undone that could have changed the course of affairs, or brought me a little portion of the good luck that was going on about me ; but good luck was too busy elsewhere. I can hardly describe to you the state of mind I was in at this time. It was not an indolent despondency, for I was working hard, and I am now—and it is only now—receiving money for the labour of those dreadful hours. I used not to see a face that I knew, and after sitting writing all day, when I walked in

the streets in the evening it usually seemed to me as if I was of a different species altogether from the people about me. The fact was, from pure anxiety alone I was more than half dead, and would most certainly have given up the ghost I believe, were it not that by the merest accident on earth, the literary friend who had procured me the unfortunate introduction a year before, dropped in one evening to 'have a talk' with me. I had not seen him, nor any body else that I knew, for some months, and he frightened me by saying I looked like a ghost. In a few days however, a publisher of his acquaintance had got some things to do—works to arrange, regulate and revise; so he asked me if I would devote a few hours in the middle of every day to the purpose for 50*l.* a year. I did so, and among other things which I got to revise was a weekly fashionable journal. After I had read this for some weeks, I said to myself, "Why hang it, I am sure I can write better than this at any rate." And at the same time I knew that the contributors were well paid. I wrote some sketches of London life, and sent them anonymously to the editor, offering to contribute without payment. He inserted the little sketches, and sent a very handsome sum to my anonymous address for them; desiring me to continue, and he would always be happy to pay for similar ones. This put me in great spirits, and by the knowledge I had acquired of literary people and transactions altogether, I was enabled to manage in this instance, so as to secure a good engagement. The editor made several attempts to find me out. He asked my name plainly in one letter, and I told him Joseph (Gerald's name in confirmation). This did not satisfy him. He invited me to his house in the country, (a splendid place he has got) and I declined. He repeated the invitation—and at last finding I could not preserve the incognito any longer, I left the publisher, and secured myself with him by making myself known. I went to his country house, and found him there with his wife—a very elegant woman and family; surrounded by harps, harpsichords, pianos, piazzas, gardens, in fact a perfect palace within and without. He professed the highest admiration for me, for which I did not care one farthing; but that at first it led me to suspect he had some design of cheating me at the end; such is the way of the world; but I do so much for him now that I have in some degree made myself necessary. I have the satisfaction to see—and he sees it too—my articles quoted and commended in the daily papers; satisfaction, I say, as every thing of that kind gives me a firmer hold of the paper. The theatrical department is left altogether to me; and I mortify my revengeful spirit by invariably giving * * * * all the applause he could expect, or in justice lay claim to. I assure you I feel a philosophical pride and comfort in thus proving to myself that my conduct is not to be influenced by that of another, no matter how nearly the latter may affect my interests. Mr. W——, the Editor I speak of, has this week given me

a new engagement on a new weekly publication—and also on one of the Quarterly Reviews of which he is Editor ; that is, as he told me plainly enough, if he liked my articles, that they should be inserted and paid for ; and if not, sent back to me. I have sent one and he has kept it. This you must know is no slight honour, for all the other contributors are the very first men of the time. The review appears on the same day in four different languages, in four countries of Europe. Thus, things begin to look in smiles upon me at last. I have within the past fortnight cleared away the last of the debts I had incurred here, with the good fortune of meeting them in full time to prevent even a murmur. With the assistance of Heaven, I hope my actual embarrassments ('tis laughable to apply the words to such little matters as they are) have passed away for ever. Will you direct a letter for me, my dear mother, to the address I have given above, and as soon as you receive this ? I have not seen a line from one of you since I came to London. Let it be a long one, and contrive to say something about every separate individual of that dear circle to which my thoughts are constantly and affectionately wandering, and where I have resolved on wandering myself as soon as the despotism of circumstances will allow. I sometimes luxuriate in the prospect of being able to arrange matters with a publisher here, so that a trip might set me down, at least as it found me ; and such an arrangement it is not improbable I may accomplish when I have established a better connection here. My dear Father and Mother,

“Your affectionate Son,

“GERALD GRIFFIN.”—pp. 137-141.

We could not bear to curtail this long but interesting letter. Throughout all his difficulties, he seldom allowed himself to forget hope, which he calls “the sweetest cordial, next to religion, with which Heaven qualifies the cup of calamity.” In the interval of sunshine between the presentation of his play and its final rejection, he turned himself to almost every other possible means of procuring a literary livelihood. First he sought employment as reporter in the law courts ; but, as the parliament was not sitting at the time, he found the profession overstocked by the unengaged parliamentary reporters : then he commenced, with a Spanish friend named Llanos, a series of translations from Calderon, which they offered to Colburn, but found to be “out of his line.” Then he conceived the idea of translating or modifying the *Causes Célèbres* of the French courts. The bookseller to whom he mentioned it, was caught by the idea ; but, before he could be induced to take it up, the scheme was anticipated by another. He wrote for almost all the magazines, and his

papers generally found a ready insertion; but the payment was far less easily managed. He thought of reporting the celebrated trial of Thurtell for the murder of Weare, which was then pending; but seems not to have found any one to undertake its publication. The most miserable drudgery of translation or compilation was eagerly caught at. He translated a volume and a half of Prevolt's works for two guineas, and furnished a bookseller in five days, with a pamphlet containing as much matter as would fill an ordinary post octavo volume!

To complete his distress, the intelligence which he received of the ill-health of his brother, Dr. Griffin, made him conceal his real situation from those who would cheerfully have relieved him; and he suffered on in silence, though never in absolute despair.

"You have no idea what a heart-breaking life that of a young scribbler, beating about, and endeavouring to make his way in London, is: going into a bookseller's shop, as I have often done, and being obliged to praise up my own manuscript, to induce him to look at it at all—for there is so much competition, that a person without a name will not even get a trial—while he puts on his spectacles, and answers all your self-commendation with a 'hum—um';—a set of hardened villains! and yet at no time whatever could I have been prevailed upon to quit London altogether. That horrid word failure,—No!—death first!"—pp. 121-123.

It is pleasing to know, that, amid all this misery, he found a constant and zealous friend in our countryman, Banim, who used all his influence to forward his prospects,—to whose friendly and persevering services he was indebted for his eventual success. And yet the same extreme sensitiveness, which induced him to conceal his circumstances from his own family, prevented him from allowing Banim to know anything of his embarrassments. He was keenly alive to all his kindness. "I should never be tired of talking about and thinking of Banim," he writes to his brother. And yet he could not bring himself, we do not say to ask, but even to accept, when kindly offered, the slightest pecuniary assistance from him.

"Gerald had, as we have seen by one of the last-quoted letters, not gone near Mr. Banim's house for the last two months, though frequently urged by the most pressing invitations, which he seems to have met by various excuses, that were not even to himself satisfactory, and could not of course appear so to his friend. This was so unusual an absence, that Mr. Banim made various conjectures to account for it, but without success; at length a light suddenly broke

in upon him, and he began to apprehend that the cause was a much more serious one than any he had fallen upon. He instantly set out in search of him, but had much difficulty in ascertaining his address, as he had not seen him for some time, and Gerald had, as we have seen, changed his lodgings. At length, he found the place; a small room in some obscure court, near St. Paul's. Gerald was not at home. He called again next day. He was still out on his mission perhaps for 'more drudgery.' He then questioned the woman who kept his lodgings as to his condition and circumstances. These she spoke of in terms of pity; represented him as in great distress; said she had never spoken to him on the subject, but she was afraid he denied himself even the commonest necessities, that he appeared in bad spirits, dressed but indifferently, shut himself up for whole days together in his room, without sending her for any provision, and when he went out, it was only at night-fall, when he was likely to meet no one that he knew. This was a very distressing picture, particularly when considered in connexion with his incommunicativeness, and the silent endurance with which it was going on. Mr. Banim immediately returned home, and wrote him a very kind letter, offering him some pecuniary assistance, until he should be able to get over his present difficulties. As I am not in possession either of this letter, or the one written in reply to it, and as all that is characteristic in such things depends more upon the manner almost, than the matter, it would not be quite fair to attempt to give a version of them here, especially as the account I have had of the transaction was not received from Mr. Banim himself. It is sufficient to say that the offer was rejected, with a degree of heat and sharpness which showed that he had not succeeded in lulling the dangerous feeling to which I have alluded, and that this good-natured attempt proved so completely abortive, that there was evidently no use in pursuing the matter further. The friends did not meet again for some time; and the circumstance occasioned a degree of estrangement which it was not easy to repair."—pp. 129-131.

But we have been anticipating a little. His first feeling, on Macready's returning his tragedy, was disappointment, though, he says, he felt relieved to know that he was not doomed to owe his success to "histrionic patronage." But he regained his wonted energy, and, by Banim's advice, commenced a new play, on the story of *Tancred and Sigismunda*, which, however, he soon abandoned for that of *Gisippus*. This exquisite drama was written in an incredibly short space of time, and under the most singular disadvantages. "You'd laugh," he writes to his mother, "if you saw how it was got through. I wrote it all in coffee-houses, and on little slips of paper, from which I afterwards copied it out." But even for this admirable drama, so successful since the author's

death, he was unable to procure a favourable reception; and he soon after abandoned dramatic literature altogether.

It is not easy to imagine the depths of suffering into which a mind like his, sensitive to a painful degree, must have been plunged by the humiliations and heartburnings to which he was constantly exposed; and it is hard to conceive how his constitution sustained itself under the amount of physical labour he underwent. He was often kept drudging until four, and even five, in the morning, and seldom got to bed before three, unless when—for sickness, too, was added to his cup of trial)—“he happened to doctor himself, which was not often.” Can we wonder that in scenes like these, his young aspirations after fame were chilled almost into indifference, or, rather, positive disgust?

“As to fame, if I could accomplish it in any way, I should scarcely try for its sake alone. I believe it is the case with almost everybody, before they succeed, to wear away all relish for it in the exertion. I have seen enough of literature and literary men to know what it is; and I feel convinced that, at the best, and with the highest reputation, a man might make himself as happy in other walks of life. I see those who have got it as indifferent about it, as if totally unknown, while at the same time they like to add to it. But money! money is the grand object—the all in all. I am not avaricious, but I see they are the happiest who are making the most, and am so convinced of the reality of its blessings, that if I could make a fortune by *splitting matches*, I think I never would put a word in print.”—p. 117.

How few of those for whose intellectual enjoyment he was toiling, or, to speak more correctly, panting to be permitted to toil, would ever dream that the miserable state, not only of his finances, but even of his wardrobe, which his excessive delicacy made him seek to conceal, was preventing him from availing himself of the introductions by which Banim sought to forward his fortunes, and even from applying to the booksellers for a renewal of the wretched pittance of employment, by which he had been striving to keep soul and body together.*

* The following beautiful ode is a most touching picture of his feelings in those hours of loneliness and desertion:—

“My soul is sick and lone,
No social ties its love entwine,
A heart upon a desert thrown
Beats not in solitude like mine:
For though the pleasant sunlight shine,
It shows no form that I may own,
And closed to me is friendship's shrine,
I am alone!—I am alone!”

"The fact is"—we cannot transcribe the poor fellow's words without emotion—"I am at present almost a complete prisoner: I wait until dusk every evening to creep from my mouse-hole and snatch a little fresh air on the bridge close by. Good heaven! to think that I am here in the centre of a mountain of wealth, almost 'upon Change,' and to have no opportunity of laying an *honest* hand upon a stray draught of it, in its flight from one commercial fellow to another, who has no more business with it than I have with—anything that I have too much of already, and don't know what to do with—say commonsense and modesty."—p. 122.

And this, while he was writing to his sick brother at home, fearful lest they should think of suspecting that he was in want. "At present let me distinctly say, that I am not in want of money, and the furthest inconvenience which I apprehend, is the being obliged for some time to remain in *statu quo*!"

His brother's account of him during those days of bitterness is most affecting.

"It is no joy for me
To mark the fond and eager meeting
Of friends whom absence pined—and see
The love-lit eyes speak out their greeting.
For then a stilly voice repeating,
What oft hath woke its deepest moan,
Startles my heart, and stays its beating,
I am alone!—I am alone!—

"Why hath my soul been given
A zeal to soar at higher things,
Than quiet rest—to seek a heaven
And fall with scathed heart and wings.
Have I been blest? the sea-wave sings,
'Tween me and all that was mine own,
I've found the joy ambition brings,
And walk alone! and walk alone!

"I have a heart! I'd live,
And die for him whose worth I knew—
But could not clasp his hand and give,
My full heart forth as talkers do.
And they who loved me, the kind few,
Believed me changed in heart and tone,
And left me, while it burned as true,
To live alone!—to live alone!

"And such shall be my day
Of life, unfriended, cold, and dead,
My hope shall slowly wear away,
As all my young affections fled.
No kindred hand shall grace my head,
When life's last flickering light is gone;
But I shall find a silent bed,
And die alone! and die alone!"

"Notwithstanding all I have stated, it may appear extraordinary, that when his affairs began to wear such a gloomy aspect, he did not explain the state of them clearly and plainly to his brother, who would have been shocked at the thought of his allowing matters to run to such an extremity; and I believe he would readily have done so, if it had not been for the unfortunate occurrence of that illness to which he alludes in his letters, and which he was sensible would in a professional person have a natural tendency to lead to embarrassment. All the circumstances I have mentioned; the depth and earnestness with which he felt his vocation; his observation, that his partial success had been due to himself alone, and his delicacy about trespassing further on his brother; his many distressing efforts to obtain employment, together with the wasting anxiety which such a state of things naturally engendered in a mind like his—seem to have made him adhere only the more strongly to his early determination, and when his difficulties thickened, and his necessities became more urgent, induced him to push those feelings to an extremity; to shrink entirely within himself; and to reject even the commonest offices of friendship; those little favours which it delights to bestow; which are often the very tests of its truth, and without the exercise of which on proper occasions its professions would be worthless, and itself a mere shade that follows wealth or fame. It is perhaps one of the characteristics of all minds endowed with much sensibility, and with a high feeling of independence, to have this sensibility exalted, and to become quick and irritable beyond what is rational, in circumstances such as those I am about to mention. We all remember the indignation with which Johnson in his poverty, flung away a pair of new shoes, which some unknown but kind friend, as related by Boswell, had left at his door. The difficulty which friendship has to overcome in these instances, is not so much to bestow the favour, which it is always willing to do cheerfully; but to bestow it in such a manner as not to rouse a very universal feeling, which is seldom dormant, and is at such times more than usually watchful. The careful consideration of this difficulty during the exercise of such favours, is perhaps one of the surest trials of its sincerity and depth."—pp. 126-7.

But it will be a relief to turn for awhile from those gloomy scenes. All his efforts were not doomed to disappointment. By slow degrees, and after failures which would have struck down many a stronger mind, he obtained a footing as a contributor to the periodical literature of the day. It is much to be regretted that nothing approaching to an authentic record of his contributions has been preserved. Their number must have been prodigious, and if we judge of their excellence from his other productions at the same period, they must be

well worthy of being collected and republished as a sequel to the complete edition of his works. The account of his first connection with the *News of Fashion* is not uninteresting.

"I am *in statu quo* with one exception, that is, that I have got an engagement on a paper (*The News of Fashion*) of which you've seen a number. I sent the editor a couple of essays or sketches of London life, or some trash of the kind, anonymously. He begged to know my name. I did not tell, but offered to continue them gratuitously. He wrote to say he would be glad to pay for them. I had no objection whatever, and he gives me a pound per page—fair enough. I am furnishing him now with a regular series, of which he has had six in number already. I generally get in from thirty shillings to two pounds per week in this way, which if it continue is pleasant enough, considering that it does not interfere with my other occupations. The gentleman however is confoundedly apt to slip a column or so in the reckoning, which is not agreeable.

"This editor of the *News* has dealt handsomely enough too. He made out several articles which I had published anonymously in his paper, before I dreamed of asking him for an engagement, and paid me liberally for each of them. This I took as an inducement to make me *do my best*. It is pleasant too, inasmuch as the rest of the paper is furnished by the first periodical hands of the day. By the way he don't know me as it is. He sends the money to my address every week by a livery servant, who never says a word, but slips the note to a servant—touches his lips and mum! presto! off he is. All very romantic isn't it? A good illustration of a remark I made to you concerning patronage in the literary world is this. I applied openly to this same gentleman about a year since through his publisher. He wouldn't have any thing to do with me. Latterly however he determined it seems to find me out, though I gave a wrong name, and I was a little surprised one day to see here in my room a tall stout fellow with mustachio'd lips and braided coat, announcing himself as Mr. W——, after I had three or four times declined invitations to his country seat (wishing to keep incog.) I went there yesterday, and had a long chat with him. He has a perfect palace there, with Corinthian piazzas, garden, vines, and the Lord knows what besides; a magnificent apartment with low windows going to the garden, &c. On one side a splendid double-action harp, for which he gave, as he says, three hundred guineas. On another, a grand piano—his wife a pleasing woman—no great shakes of a musician after all. We settled that he should give me 100*l.* a year, paid weekly, according to what I sent. I have just been scribbling off now two hundred lines of an epistle to Liston on his return to London—poetry of course."—pp. 160-61.

It was not till his prospects began to brighten somewhat, that he could bring himself to write to his mother, who was

still in America. The following simple but charming letter from her in reply is not unworthy the notice of such a son. It must have been a balm to him in his trials; but his family and American friends were never able to obtain his address during his difficulties, and hence this is the first letter which he received from them after his removal to London.

"Mrs. Griffin to her Son.

"Fairy Lawn, Susquehana County, Dec. 26th, 1825.

"MY EVER BELOVED GERALD—We were sitting with a little party of friends on Christmas eve, when your letter reached me, and a more welcome visitor, unless indeed it were the dear writer himself, could hardly have appeared amongst us. It was unlucky that I could not procure your address since you left Ireland. I did all that writing could do to obtain it, and yet failed. The sympathy of his family would have been some comfort to my poor Gerald under the adverse course which his probation as an author has subjected him to. It is an ordeal however, which some of our greatest writers have been obliged to pass through.

"I have, dear Gerald, travelled with you through your mortifying difficulties, and am proud of my son—proud of his integrity, talents, prudence, and above all, his appearing superior to that passion of common minds, revenge; though I must own, fully provoked to it by * * *s conduct. I hope however they may soon have to seek you, not *you* them. Perhaps after all, it may have been as well that we did not know at the time what you were to endure on your first outset. We should in that case have been advising you to come out here, which, perhaps would have been turning your back on that fame and fortune, which I hope will one day reward your laudable perseverance and industry. When the very intention you mention of paying us a visit delights me so much, what should I feel if Providence should have in reserve for me the blessing of once again embracing my Gerald.

"We have had one of the finest summers, and most delightful autumns you can imagine; the latter I like best here, the woodland scenery is so beautiful, tinged with a thousand dyes at that season: the air so still and so serene, that if you come to visit us, your muse will surely be inspired. It is very interesting to witness the progress of vegetation here, after the winter is over it is so very rapid. Nothing can equal the variety of colours the woods exhibit in the latter part of the year. They look very beautiful indeed, though I suppose I shall not admire them so much this season as I did the last, they are so associated in my mind with the approach of winter, which I do not like, notwithstanding it is the season of amusement to all the people here, who are continually sleighing about, and go hundreds of miles to visit their friends. The place about us is pretty thickly inhabited by the

Yankees, as they call the people of New England. They are decent and obliging, and seem to take an interest in showing us the easiest mode of doing farming business, as theirs is in many things different from ours. They have an agreeable accent, and are very intelligent; but their peculiar application of words is sometimes very diverting. A man called here the other day, who was going to Chenango, a town about nine miles off. He told me that if I had got any little *notions* to send for, he would bring them for me with great pleasure. I have observed some others use the word in the same way since. May God bless my dearest Gerald, prays his fond mother,

“ELLEN GRIFFIN.”—pp. 151-53.

By degrees his circumstances improved, and he again began to mix a little in the society from which he had for a time withdrawn. It may not be uninteresting to have his opinions on a few of the literary characters of his day;—not the stars, for to them there are few allusions;—but the minor luminaries, especially those whose walk, like his own at that time, lay chiefly in periodical literature. The following letter throws some curious light on certain matters, which the readers of *Blackwood* about the time to which it refers may possibly remember:—

Gerald Griffin to his Brother.

“London, Nov. 10th, 1824.

“MY DEAR WILLIAM,—Since my last, I have visited Mr. J— several times. The last time, he wished me to dine with him, which I happened not to be able to do, and was very sorry for it, for his acquaintance is to me a matter of great importance, not only from the engine he wields—and a formidable one it is, being the most widely circulated journal in Europe—but also because he is acquainted with all the principal literary characters of the day, and a very pleasant kind of man. He was talking of Maginn, who writes a good deal for *Blackwood*, and spoke in high terms of his talents: nevertheless, though he is his friend, he confessed he did not think him a very considerate critic, and thought there was something unfeeling in his persecution of Barry Cornwall, who, by the way, is an acquaintance of my Spanish friend. You may have seen those letters to Bryan Proctor, in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Barry Cornwall is, he says, one of the mildest, modestest young fellows he ever knew, and does anything but assume. Maginn, however, imagines that those he attacks, think as little of the affair as himself, which is by no means the case. The other day, he attacked Campbell's *Ritter Bann* most happily, and at the same time cuttingly, and afterwards wanted J— to get up a dinner, and bring Campbell and him together. J— begged leave to decline. He is a singular looking being, Dr. Maginn. A young man about twenty-six years

of age, with grey hair, and one of the most talented eyes, when he lets it speak out, I ever beheld. Banim, who is his bosom crony, says, he considers him the most extraordinary man he ever knew. He attacked Banim, too, before they were acquainted, but that's all forgot long since. Hazlitt praised Banim in the *London Magazine*, and of course rendered it imperative on Blackwood to abuse him. Have you seen Campbell's late poems, any of them? I have been told that the volume of his, which is coming out shortly, *Theodric, &c.*, is very poor indeed—lamentably so. Campbell is the most finical, exact, kind of fellow in the whole world. As an instance, I have heard that he was asked to write a little poem some time since for the occasion of Burns' monument, which was then in agitation, and in which my informant took great interest. Campbell consented, but directed that proofs should be sent to him to the country, and before the poem appeared, had actually sent five or six messengers back and forward, to and from town, with revisions of commas and semicolons!! There is a young writer here, Miss Landon, the authoress of *The Improvisatrice*, a poem which has made some noise lately, who has been brought out by J——, and to be sure he does praise her. She sent some pieces to the *Literary Gazette*, a few years since, and through that journal (without intending any insi- shortly. Watts is a very sweet writer in his own way, and rather a nuations as to desert), has made herself popular enough to run through a few editions. J—— has asked me to meet Alaric Watts, at his house, when the latter comes to town, which he intends favourite. I have got a few days since, a note from my friend Banim, to know 'what has become of me?' and he adds, as a spur, that Dr. Maginn has just been with him, and said that Mr. J—— expressed himself highly pleased with the series I am at present furnishing him. I dined the other day—at least, about a month since—with him and a friend of his, an artist of the name of Foster (to whom, if you recollect, Madame de Genlis dedicated one of her works, and expresses her gratitude for his assistance in some of her literary labours). He is one of the most delightful, facetious fellows I ever saw. My dear William, ever affectionately yours,

"GERALD GRIFFIN."—pp. 180-2.

Perhaps, for the honour of our craft, we should gloss over this indignant allusion to poor Keats, the victim of a malignant reviewer.

"Keats, you must know was in love, and the lady whom he was to have married, had he survived Gifford's (the butcher) review, attended him to the last. She is a beautiful young creature, but now wasted away to a skeleton, and will follow him shortly, I believe. She and her sister say they have oft found him, on suddenly entering the room, with that review in his hand, reading as if he would devour it—completely absorbed—absent and drink-

ing it in like mortal poison. The instant he observed any body near him, however, he would throw it by, and begin to talk of some indifferent matter. The book displays great genius, but unfortunately it afforded one or two passages capable of being twisted to the purpose of a malignant wretch of a reviewer, such as Gifford is, with much effect."—p. 190.

Apropos of reviewers, we must enter our protest against the following being taken as a specimen of the style in which *we* perform our work of "critical dissection."

"He was often highly amused at receiving from the editor of some periodical, three volumes of a newly published novel, accompanied by a request that he would not cut the leaves. This, which he at first conceived so very ridiculous, and so apparently impossible with any justice to the author, he eventually found was almost a matter of necessity with many of the publications sent to him. They were of so trashy a description, that no one of ordinary taste could possibly get through even the first few chapters. His usual plan was to glance through the early part of a work, so as to obtain some notion of the plot; a peep here and there in the second volume gave him an idea of the skill with which it was developed, and a slight consideration of the latter end of the third, or slaughter-house, as he used to call the concluding part of a disastrous story, or fifth act of a tragedy, satisfied him both as to the genius of the author, and the merits of the performance. He, no doubt, made a more intimate acquaintance with his subject, when his first hasty supervision gave him reason to believe it was written by a person of more than ordinary talent; and did not appear to feel conscious of having done any injustice during the short period he was engaged as a professional critic."—pp. 205-6.

It would be an act of gross injustice to our worthy friends of the printing desk, to suppress Griffin's humorous panegyric of their almost preternatural sagacity in discovering the meaning of a manuscript to all else illegible.

"You tax me with my illegible writing; but I fear I cannot amend it, for I must not stay to shape my letters, and I have, I believe, got a bad habit from the facility with which the printers here make it out. I verily believe, if I shut my eyes, or flung the pen at the paper so as to make any kind of mark, the London printers would know what I intended to say. They always send me back my manuscript with my printed proofs for correction, and I actually have repeatedly been unable to make out what I had written, until I had referred to the same articles in print. What a dull, mechanical, imperfect mode of communication this is though, of writing, and reading, and speaking! Why cannot we

invent some more rapid and vivid means of transferring our ideas ? Why cannot we commune in spirit, or by intelligence ? I suppose I must give myself a lady's reason in reply. It is because we can't. Well ! we shall do better in Heaven."—pp. 155-156,

But it is time to return to the history. Once established, as we have seen, in permanent, though humble and ill-requited occupation, his after success, though purchased with a hard struggle, was eventually secure. His letters through this later period of his literary life, are full of interest ; particularly a correspondence which arose out of a misunderstanding with his friend Banim, and which, though removed by a short explanation, was for a long time a source of great uneasiness to Griffin. But we have already extracted so liberally, that we must content ourselves with a reference to them.

Disappointed in his hopes from the drama,* and feeling that his precarious contributions to periodical literature were, at best, but a frittering away of his energies, as well as of his time, he was induced to try his powers in a wider field of fiction ; and, accordingly, without discontinuing his other labours (on which, indeed, he was dependant for his livelihood), he commenced the series of tales afterwards published under the title of *Holland-tide*. His application at this time was absolutely beyond all belief. After an early breakfast, he wrote without interruption till dinner, except that, before sitting down to table, he took a turn round the park : after a short walk in the evening, he resumed his pen, and continued his labours till late in the night. All this time, he was suffering from severe palpitation of the heart. In order to avoid the attack, which invariably awaited him if he retired early to bed, his practice was to recline on a sofa, or upon chairs, till the usual hour of the visitation had passed, when (about two or three o'clock in the morning) he arose, undressed, and retired to bed for the brief remainder of the night. He arose invariably at five, and, after a cold shower-bath, resumed his ordinary occupations.

His first essay in regular fiction, in 1827, was entirely successful, and so completely established his character with the "trade," that although he left London immediately after its publication, and returned to reside with his family, the very men who for years had been deaf to all his solicitations for

* He wrote one or two successful pieces for the English Opera House ; but although it appeared to open a sure and easy road to competence, he abandoned it after almost the first trial.

the humblest literary employment, now vied with each other in their efforts to secure his services. The *Tales of the Munster Festivals* soon followed; and *The Collegians*, the most successful of his works, completely fixed his character as a novelist of the very highest order.

The success of this work induced him to turn his thoughts to an historical novel, founded on some story in our national history. He commenced this work, *The Invasion*, in 1828; but, in his anxiety to become fully conversant with the manners and characters of the time, he deferred its completion till 1832, issuing, in the meantime, a new series of *Tales of the Munster Festivals*.

His literary occupations continued for several years longer without interruption. But, about this period, a change came over all his views and feelings, which deadened, if it did not destroy, the relish which he had formerly felt for those pursuits, and ended, a few years later, in his abandoning them altogether. The reflections of his biographer on this subject are very just, and extremely creditable to his feelings as a Catholic, no less than as a brother: but we shall transcribe, in preference, Gerald's own account of the change of his opinions, given in a letter addressed to his father, in 1833.

"I owe many letters to America, which I wish I had leisure to write, but at present I have more to do than my health will suffer me to discharge with the necessary expedition. There is one subject, however, my dear father, which I wish no longer to defer speaking of. I mean the desire which I have for a long time entertained of taking orders in the Church. God only knows whether I may ever live to carry the wish into execution. I have good reason to judge, however, that at least I do not act rashly in entering on the preparatory studies. They must take some time, and under the uncertainty in which one must always continue of this being truly a merciful vocation from God, I have the satisfaction of knowing that at all events there is nothing lost by my acting as if it were. My time is divided between my college course of study and my usual pursuits, and I have no doubt that the Almighty, who sees that with a thousand faults I have a sincere desire to execute his will, in his own time will not fail to make it known to me. To say nothing of the arguments of faith, I do not know any station in life in which a man can do so much good, both to others and himself, as in that of a Catholic priest, and it gave me great satisfaction to find that my dear friends in America were of the same mind with me on this point. Mary Anne says truly, that there need be no reserve upon such subjects, yet for a long time the idea gave me so much to think of, and debate

about in my own mind, that I felt unwilling to say anything about it. It could not have found a being more unwilling than myself, nor one more entirely reluctant to make the trifling sacrifices it required ; but, thank God ! I can shake my head at them all now, and look upon them as literally nothing. But enough, dear father, on that very serious subject, only let all my dear friends pray for me, that I may not be deceived. I feel a great security in the approval of so many friends, and how much indeed in the words of my poor mother (so like herself in their discretion and humility), which E—— W—— mentioned to me in his last letter. I dread myself so much, that I am unwilling to say all that I could wish, while I have yet advanced so short a way towards this great object, but I hope, before many months have gone by, to be able to talk as freely as dear Mary Anne can wish. How well our Saviour knew us, when he advised those who were about building a tower, to calculate beforehand, whether they should be able to finish it ! Such flashes of thought as this are enough to startle one, and make him work a little harder than he might be inclined to do, if left to himself. My dear father, pray for me that I do not miscalculate—that I may be able to finish the tower which I have begun.

“ March 17th 1833. The above was written, my dear father, as you perceive, nearly three months ago, and on looking it over now, it seems to me so lukewarm, so wavering and unworthy of one who had any reason to believe himself called to the service of God, that I am ashamed to send it. I have, however, no longer any doubt that it is my duty to devote myself to religion—to the saving my own soul, and the souls of others. This letter alone, my dear father, may show you in some degree, that this is not a conviction hastily adopted ; nor can I suppose it necessary to enter into any full explanation of all that has passed in my own mind on the subject, in order to save myself from any imputation of rashness, for giving up the affairs of time, and embracing those of eternity. To compare the two for an instant is enough. To say that Gerald the novel writer is, by the grace of God really satisfied to lay aside for ever all hope of that fame, for which he was once sacrificing health, repose, and pleasure, and to offer himself as a labourer in the vineyard of Jesus Christ—that literary reputation has become a worthless trifle to him, to whom it once was almost all—and that he feels a happiness in the thought of giving all to God—is such a merciful favour, that all the fame and riches in the world dwindle into nothing at the thought of it. But this is talking of myself, and my own happiness alone. I am not to forget that there were other duties connected with my hopes in literature, which cannot equally be answered in this new vocation. It is true, my dear father, scarcely any circumstance connected with my success in those pursuits could have given me greater satisfaction, than the reflection that I was at the same time an instrument in

the hands of God, for adding anything to the temporal happiness of even a few ; but, generally speaking, I fear the world is at the bottom of too great precaution on this point. If I serve God well, have I not his own promise, that he will not forsake my friends or me. I feel great pain in speaking on this subject, for I fear it may look as if I wanted sympathy for friends, whom God is pleased to try with worldly visitations. God knows such is not my feeling ; and I trust I shall always be ready to do my duty when it is made clear to me—but I should wrong their affection, and their faith, if I supposed they did not well know how far the claim of God was before all others, and that it would be to wrong his goodness and mercy, to delay entering on his service through an apprehension of worldly evils which he may never mean to send, and which he has it in his power to send, in spite of all our worldly precautions. But surely, all this is obvious, and it is trifling to dwell upon it. My dear sisters will forgive me for concluding this spiritless letter without writing to them. When I get home, I hope to say something more than asking them to pray for me ; and that I hope will be within the next fortnight, for the book, though ready for press, is not to be published till next season. Ever my dear father's affectionate,

“GERALD GRIFFIN.”—pp 352-54.

This change in his views and opinions was neither sudden nor indeliberate. From a letter to Banim, and another to a friend, whose name is not given, it would appear that he had for a time yielded to doubts regarding religion, though they do not seem to have gone the length of positive unbelief. These, however, were soon dissipated ; and perhaps the reaction may have carried him onward more generously, than if he had never wavered in his faith. However this may be, his first thought, as we find in the above and several similar letters, was to devote himself to the sacred ministry ; and he actually commenced his preparation for entrance into St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, and continued regularly to devote a portion of each day to a revision of the entrance examination course of that college.

The years which he spent among his family were among the happiest of their lives. Among the few friends whom his retiring habits permitted him to cultivate, was a family of the Society of Friends, who resided in his neighbourhood. The letters which he addressed to them form a large section of his published correspondence. They could not be judged, and indeed might possibly be misapprehended, from a few specimens ; but they are almost necessary, as an illustration of the gayer shades of the writer's character, which they exhibit in a very pleasing light.

But it is already time to draw to a close, and we have left the most important portion of his life untouched. There do not appear to be any data whence the time of his relinquishing the idea of the Church can be satisfactorily inferred. But the pleasure which he began to take, about the period of which we are writing, in instructing poor children, would seem to indicate that he already looked towards the project which he eventually realized, of devoting himself to the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.* It is not difficult to find, in the nervously timid and scrupulous character of his mind, the causes which induced him to shrink from the responsibilities of the ministry. He himself barely alludes to the fact; adding, that "he should never have entertained the idea," and alleging among the attractions of the order which he entered, that "its subjects were expressly prohibited from aspiring to the priesthood."

It is plain that among the motives which induced him to abandon his literary pursuits, the principal was a consciousness of their unprofitable, not to say questionable, character. Of this he had long been painfully sensible. In the very first year of his London career, the thought used to come startlingly across his mind, that he "might possibly be mispending his time." It returned at intervals, even during his busiest days; and even what is considered the least objectionable of his works, and perhaps of all the novels of the present day, *The Collegians*, far from satisfying himself, served rather to convince him of the impossibility of combining a good moral with an interesting plot. His criticism of the moral of this (artistically considered) exquisite book, is a good lesson on the pernicious tendency of all, even the very best, novels.

"One would wish to draw a good moral from this tale, yet it seems impossible to keep people's feelings in the line they ought to go in. Look at these two characters of Kyrle Daly and Hardress Cregan, for example: Kyrle Daly, full of high principle, prudent, amiable, and affectionate; not wanting in spirit, nor free from passion; but keeping his passions under control; thoughtful, kind-hearted, and charitable; a character in every way deserving our esteem.—Hardress Cregan, his mother's spoiled pet, nursed in the very lap of passion, and ruined by indulgence,—not without good feelings, but for ever abusing them, having a full sense of justice and honour, but shrinking, like a craven, from their dictates; following pleasure headlong, and eventually led into crimes of the

* For a full account of this admirable institute, see "Dublin Review," vol. ix, p. 331, *et seq.*

blackest die, by the total absence of all self-control. Take Kyrle Daly's character in what way you will, it is infinitely preferable; yet I will venture to say, nine out of ten of those who read the book would prefer Hardress Cregan, just because he is a fellow of high mettle, with a dash of talent about him."—pp. 288-9.

Neither his own reflection, nor the arguments of his friends, could remove or weaken this conviction; and at length it obtained such a hold upon his mind, that, before he left home for the purpose of entering the monastery, he not only destroyed the greater part of his unpublished manuscripts, but actually wrote to one of his publishers, to purchase all the copies of his works which he could discover still unsold.

He entered the order of Christian Brothers as a *postulant*, on the feast of the Nativity of our Lady (September 8th), 1838, and on that of St. Teresa (October 15), he was admitted to the religious habit of a novice in the brotherhood. We have before us, while we write, a manuscript, found among his papers after his death, containing meditations and resolutions made by him during his first spiritual retreat. It is a precious little volume, an affecting monument of the profound piety of the writer. Not that it is marked by any of that lofty spiritualized eloquence, which some might expect from a mind like his. It is solid, simple, unpretending, practical; full of humility and self-distrust, yet instinct with Christian hope; without a breath of that vague and unsubstantial generality, which is too often mistaken for fervour, even by the best instructed, but, on the contrary, descending to the every day duties of the religious life, and embracing all the smallest and most practical details of the fundamental obligations of the Christian.

But it were presumptuous in us to analyze the sentiments of this admirable young man. By kindred spirits they can be better felt, than we could hope to describe them; and we shall content ourselves with a few short extracts taken either from his own letters, written from his convent, or from conversations affectionately recorded by his brother.

"Those miserable years I spent in London! Whatever it may prove for the next world, it has been to me, through God's infinite mercy, a complete specific for this; nor, poor, and sluggish, and dastardly, as my own efforts have been to correspond with his High graces, would I exchange the peace of heart they have procured me, for the fame of all the Scotts and Shakespeares that ever strutted their hour upon the stage of this little brief play which they call life; let people twist and turn their brains about on which side

they will, and as long as they will, there is, after all, nothing absolutely worth thinking upon but saving their souls. 'One thing is necessary;' all the rest, from beginning to end, is such absolute trash, that it seems downright madness to give it a moment's care."

* * * "Religion is, indeed, the paradise on earth; experience alone could teach it. The world will not believe us when we tell them so, and they won't come themselves to make the trial." * * *

"Indeed, no one has, or can have, an idea of the happiness of life, in a religious community, without having actually experienced it. It is a frequent subject of conversation with us here, at recreation hours, to guess at the causes which make time fly by so rapidly, that the day (though we make it a pretty long one by always rising at five) is ended almost before we feel that it is begun." His letters are full of such expressions. In another, he says, "I would despair of giving you any idea of the perfect liberty of mind and happiness one feels in the religious state (when it is not one's own fault), and which it is in his power to increase every day and every hour. I could write volumes about it without being tired, but it would be of no use attempting it; to be known, it must be tried. The worst of it is, the thought that one will have to give an account of all those graces, and to show that he made good use of them, which, alas!—but I'll stop preaching."—pp. 464-5.

It was an instructive picture—Gerald Griffin in the habit of a poor monk; the admired of the highest circles of the land, toiling unseen at the work of an humble charity school; the mind which long had dwelt in the loftiest regions of literature, and whose native language seemed to be eloquence and poetry itself, chained down to teach, in one unvarying round, that, as he playfully writes, "o, x, spells ox; that the top of a map is the north, and the bottom the south, with various other 'branches;' as also, that they ought to be good boys, and do as they are bid, and say their prayers every morning and evening!" And yet, in the duties of this humble sphere, he found the peace and happiness which he had sought in vain from the triumph of genius and the praise of learning; the guileless words and grateful looks of his little pupils were dearer to his soul than all the admiration his pen had ever won; and it "seemed curious even to himself," he writes to a quondam literary friend, "that he felt a great deal happier in the practice of this daily routine than he ever did while he was roving about the great city, absorbed in the modest project of rivalling Shakespeare, and throwing Scott into the shade."

But, alas! even our holiest hopes are doomed to disappointment. Brother Gerald survived but by two short years his

entrance into religion, having scarcely completed the sacrifice when he was called to receive its reward. In June 1839, he was transferred from Dublin to the South Monastery at Cork; and, before twelve months had elapsed, his remains were laid in the quiet cemetery of this humble brotherhood.

Peace to his soul!—Nearly four years have since passed. In the selfishness of our sorrow, we have scarcely yet learned to cease from repining. But we have long felt its injustice. His brief career was full of usefulness. “Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time.” He was sent among us to fulfil a high destiny, which, with God’s blessing, he has accomplished,—to teach a great lesson, which he taught generously and well. It is ours to watch, that, in our own case, it may not have been taught in vain.

ART. VI.—*The Life of William Bedell, D.D., Lord Bishop of Kilmore.* By H. J. Monck Mason, LL.D., M.R.I.A., Librarian of the King’s Inns. London: 1843.

MANY undoubted facts recorded by Mr. Mason, if viewed according to the principle laid down in his preface, would show the History of Ireland in a very different light from that in which it is generally seen by those to whom his work is inscribed. The work is inscribed to a portion of the Christian public of England; because, besides the literary honours which gild his title page, Mr. Mason is moreover secretary of the “Irish Society for promoting the spiritual instruction of the native Irish in their native tongue”; and that society is so zealously and liberally patronized by Englishmen, that gratitude, not less than the claims of country, compelled him to dedicate to Englishmen his memoir of their countrymen, the great Protestant patron of the Irish tongue, William Bedell, Lord Bishop of Kilmore. Mr. Mason puts forth some solid principles; and whether his Protestant readers be English or Irish, let us hope that they will not interpret those principles by his example, nor allow themselves to be seduced into as wild a scheme as was ever broached by fanatical folly, in the face of stubborn facts and the clearest lessons of experience.

“We should look to history,” writes our author, “as a record of experience, to be consulted for our instruction and exhibited for that of others; and it appears to me, that nothing would be more likely

to promote the due support of the great cause of the scriptural education of the people of Ireland in general, than the exhibiting, from their commencement to their last results, those enlightened principles of national instruction, which, partially developed by the foresight and faith of our ancestors, remain to be expanded by the wisdom and piety of the existing *Irish Church*. The seed of the word, *first thinly* scattered by Bishop Bedell in a manner congenial to the native soil, has *lately* taken firm root downwards, and already borne fruit upwards; and it will be a great incitement and encouragement to continued exertions, united with prayer to Him who first gave us this seed [Bedell?] that he will water it with the dew of his blessing, if an instance be clearly set forth of prudent zeal and of patient perseverance in the history of that excellent prelate; and if we be enabled distinctly to perceive that by following up his measures we may reasonably hope for the final and full establishment of peace and prosperity, flowing from the spreading of genuine Christianity in Ireland."

Before we allow ourselves to be carried away by the *full and final flowing of this spreading*, we will look to history as a record of experience; and history says, through Mr. Mason, that though several generations of established ministers had preceded Bedell in Ireland, none had preached Protestantism in the Irish tongue. We should look to history as a record of experience, and learn that though in 1634—one hundred years after the Reformation—the seeds of Protestantism were first thinly scattered by Bishop Bedell, in the Irish tongue, so ungenial was the Irish soil, so unpropitious the climate, so unskilful or indolent the husbandmen, that the seed lay two hundred years on the surface of the earth, and was at last forced into sickly vegetation by the profuse outlay of English money. The conclusion to which these recorded facts lead ordinary observers, is decidedly hostile to Mr. Mason's society; for if the principles of national instruction can be developed by the wisdom and piety of the existing *Irish Church* only, why hope that the existing Irish Church will attempt or can effect what the Irish Church of the three past centuries could not accomplish? Are the Irish people less intelligent? the premiums of apostacy the same? or the Catholic clergy less numerous or less zealous? Mr. Mason knows well that the real strength of the Irish society is English gold—not the wisdom or piety of the Irish State Church. We do not insinuate that he has any pecuniary or personal interest in promoting the delusion of the English public, by the exaggerated reports of the Irish society; but suppose that the cases of some Irish Catholics on the relief lists of the society are not fictitious—

that the apostates are sincere—not compelled by landlord tyranny or hunger to do violence to their consciences—not July Protestants, as they are generally called and profess themselves; yet, we ask, is it charitable to take money from the English public for Irish sectarian purposes, while masses of the English people are, if parliamentary reports do not deceive, sunk in the most deplorable ignorance? The doctrines of a Redeemer, of a future world, and even of the existence of God, are doubted or unknown in some of the mining and manufacturing districts of England; the religious and social edifice there totters to its foundation, and at such an hour are thousands of English money to be squandered, in furnishing a waste Irish establishment with sweepings from the old and massive dome of the Catholic Church in Ireland? or in plain earnestness, if the perversion of a few Irish Papists be such a pressing charity, why not draw the requisite funds from the revenues of the established Church? What may be Mr. Mason's sense of filial propriety, we know not; but were our Church spread throughout the land in rich glebes, were she in the receipt of £800,000 a year—the richest sinecure in the world—Columbanus' *Penitentiary* has not a penance severe enough for the scribe who libelled her charity and exposed her to the ridicule of foreign lands, in the caricature of a Croesus or a Mammon with a beggar's bag on her back. But Mr. Mason has special claims on English charity. He is none of the falsely called liberals of the present day. He is an Emancipation Act repealer; and considers that all British Protestants who aided in carrying that act, are bound in justice to repair the evils it has inflicted on the Irish established Church.

"There is," he says, "perhaps no opinion, that manifests more our entire ignorance of Satan's profound artifices and consummate insidiousness, than that which has of late years crept in upon the judgments of some of the best men in Great Britain—that popery has changed its character with the times. This opinion originated in a practical ignorance of its working, and a blind reliance on its assertions; for even reflecting persons forgot, or believed not, that the system is one of equivocation from first to last. English-bred gentlemen and Protestants, generally men of truth themselves, and, therefore, unsuspecting the want of it in others, credited everything that was advanced, and thus were led to seal the death warrant of *England's Protestant independence*. They have, many of them, however, at length found out this truth—that popery in the nineteenth century is the same in principle that it was in the tenth; the selfsame ingenious system of error, with this addition, that it is

now more set off with all the gloss of Jesuitism spread over it to dazzle and pervert. 1. Its buoyant ambition, which nothing can ever suppress; its establishing wherever it flourishes an *imperium in imperio*, chiefly by means of its confessional, the more powerful as it operates through the conscience, and with the sanction of eternal motives. 2. Its encouragement of ignorance, for ever shunning, as it does, the light. 3. Its falsehood, by which it lives, and thrives, and reigns in everything, justifying the means by the end. 5. Its slavery, and all such consequences that naturally flow from it, must ever make it *to be* dreaded by the true patriot or the statesman, while the Christian of any reflection or experience, must abhor it. 6. In its certain results of leading the devout to idolatry, and the indifferent to infidelity."

Why have we soiled our pen with these vulgar calumnies against our Church? Certainly, not because Mr. Mason shows the slightest claims to originality in imaginative sketching, or even third-rate talent in blasphemous caricature; but we wish to introduce Mr. Mason, the secretary of the Irish Society, in his true character, drawn by himself—a true Cromwellian incrustation of Irish Protestant prejudice. We shall adduce his evidence on the true character of English government, and of the English Church in Ireland, in past and present times. Vivid must have been the truth which made him see in English governors, gross, tyrannical injustice, and gross profligacy in so cordial an enemy to popery as the Irish Establishment. We are not unjust to Mr. Mason in identifying this memoir with the Irish Society, and a new system of war against a portion of the Irish Catholics; for he never intended that his work should be regarded in any other light, than as a manual for a new race of Protestant Evangelicals, who renounce the axe and the deliberately-created famines of Elizabeth,—the perjured judges of James and Charles,—Cromwell's massacres,—William's perfidy, and the immoral and impious codes of Anne and of the Georges,—and assume, not from love of their Catholic brethren, not from choice, but from necessity—the spirit of Bishop Bedell. Bishop Bedell is the war-cry and the model,—Bishop Bedell, the only hope of the spread of genuine Christianity, and of the full and final establishment of peace and prosperity in Ireland! Now, a cursory glance at the different chapters shows, that one-third of them have no more connexion with Bishop Bedell than with Mr. Mason himself; but, still anxious to supply all due information, and place it under the patronage of his hero, he makes Bedell's life an epoch in which all imaginable topics of Irish history

are irregularly concentrated. So numerous are the subjects discussed, that we at first imagined Mr. Mason had read much on Irish affairs, and only sought an occasion to drop out his knowledge, without any other object than the relief of the disburdenment; but when we regard him, not only as biographer, but as secretary, of the Irish Society, and writing biography for the Irish Society, his heterogeneous mass begins to assume a definite shape, defying, it is true, all recognized rules of biography, but pointing, significantly enough, to the grand object—the Irish education of an intelligent race of Evangelicals, who, with the aid of Bishop Bedell, are about to strike the death-blow of Irish Catholicity. Does the biographer, in an introduction of fifty heavy pages, describe the religious and political state of Ireland, from the Invasion to the Reformation?—it is that the young Evangelical may understand the process by which the anti-Saxon element was ground into the Irish; if, ascending still higher, he gazes on the golden rising of Christianity in Ireland, it is to display the sources of our Celtic veneration for the past;—does he describe the breaking out of the Irish Reformation? he teaches the young missionary to curse, not admire, the patriarchs who stamped “the brand of Cain” on the brow of their infant Church;—when, finally, he speaks of the foundation of Trinity College, and of its subsequent history; of the provostship of Bedell, and of the long, long line of Protestant lights, who rose and disappeared between 1641 and 1841, he proves that Bedell was the solitary sunny day of the cheerless winter:—that he stood alone; and that Trinity College and the Established ministers bequeathed to the youths of the Irish Society, all the glory of adventurous discovery, in opening, through numerous and wide-spreading Irish channels, a salutary circulation for stagnant Irish Protestantism. This filial duty is discharged by Mr. Mason, not because he seems naturally inclined to matricide, but because he admires Bedell. For the relief of our readers, we have classified the subjects of the memoir. Mr. Mason will speak frequently for himself, and develop the deep concerted plans, and painful operations of the Irish missionary education—an education, which, on several points, strikes so completely out of the beaten path, and cuts away so many rusty Irish prejudices, that, at first sight, we could scarcely recognize any Primate Boulter charter-school, or Kildare-street affiliation. The war will be carried into the heart of the Catholic camp. The following extract shows, that the priest’s parlour affords

no greater security than the labourer's cabin against the modern proselytizing teachers :—

“It does appear manifest, from the degree of success which attended Bishop Bedell's efforts to *instruct* and convert the Roman Catholic clergy, that there is a great deficiency somewhere, in these our days, respecting this point ; for the number of the latter [days ?] who have of late years been persuaded of the errors of Rome, have not in the entire country amounted to as many as were induced to do so by the arguments of Bedell alone. This fact . . . is somewhat difficult to be accounted for. It cannot for a moment be attributed to the truth being on the opposite side. . . . Neither can it be said entirely to arise from the vast increase of watchful jealousy, narrow instruction, and other circumstances of cunning and deception, by which the character of young priests is now beset by Jesuits, and the other machinery of Rome. . . . One cause still remains,—the parochial ministers are not in the habit of entering into kind, intelligent, Christian discussions, with the Romanist priests of their respective parishes. Were this to be more universally attempted, although, in the great majority of instances, the overtures would certainly be rejected ; yet, surely, sufficient opportunities would remain for bringing to conviction tenfold more than the number, which is recorded to have been tempted by the reasonings of Bishop Bedell. The attempt, as it is one of duty, would, doubtless, be blessed, but to what extent, we cannot calculate.”

The parochial clergy, who learn their duty from Mr. Mason, will probably adopt his historical opinions. Those opinions so perfectly harmonize with the universal and indignant feeling of Ireland at this momentous crisis, that whenever a parochial clergyman is heard to tell truth of the *Saxons*, there is reason to apprehend he is an emissary of the Irish Society. The following is certainly a new lesson in the education of the Irish Protestant parson :—

“In the conduct of the British to the native Irish (after the Invasion), the conciliatory manner was entirely laid aside, and that of the conqueror assumed ; from the outset an arrogant contempt of the aboriginal inhabitants was conceived by the foreign invaders ; the English princes and courtiers not only treated the people as subjugated, but insulted their persons, and made scorn of all their habits and predilections : thus they laid the foundation in the minds of the indignant natives, of that antipathy to the English name,—that detestation of the Sassanach or Saxon foreigner, which has been the most remarkable and influential prejudice in the genuine Hibernian, ever since the period of Henry's invasion. *This prejudice did not in any, the least degree, originate in a difference*

of religion, for it existed many centuries before the Reformation had caused two discrepant modes of faith to conflict with each other in the land; and, in fact, it was to the invading English that the Popish authority was finally indebted for its full and uncontrolled establishment in Ireland. We must look much deeper, to their proud, and domineering, and insulting conduct, for that root of bitterness which has plentifully produced, through a succession of ages, such acrid fruits."

Such are the historical views of Mr. Popery-hating Mason; but is it not a deplorable instance of human inconsistency, that the man who can thus indignantly depict Anglo-Norman tyranny in Ireland, sighs for the re-enactment of the penal code, and calls the Emancipation Act the death-warrant of English independence, signed by English-bred gentlemen in their fatal ignorance of the real character of Irish Catholicity? What does Mr. Mason see, in the Irish of the present day, that peculiarly adapts them for insult and oppression? Have we not the same feelings as our fathers? and if injustice alienated their affections from British government, should not injustice—undisguised exclusion from the equal privileges of British subjects—produce the same effect to-day? Mr. Mason's English readers behold in the preceding description, the perennial source of that persevering and indignant sense of British wrong, which, descending with ever accumulating accessions from father to son, has swelled into that sea of trouble, which at this hour agitates Ireland,—to carry her, we fervently pray, into her haven of repose. Doubtless the ire of Mr. Mason against the Anglo-Norman invaders was not a little inflamed by *the fact*, that it was to the invading English, Popery was finally indebted for its full and uncontrolled establishment in Ireland. This horrid form of Irish Popery has so disordered the faculties of our Doctor of Laws, that it makes him set down in the same paragraph two assertions, as contradictory as Catholic truth and Mr. Mason's calumny. "Irish prejudice against the invaders did not in any *the least degree* originate in difference of religion;" the invaders and invaded therefore professed the same religion, and yet the invaders enforced Popery on the invaded. Had the latter been the case, does Mr. Mason assert, in defiance of his own theory and principles, that hostility, bitter hostility, would not have originated in difference of religion? In truth, it is a hopeless attempt to bind him even to his own principles. Let us hear him, on the

birth, growth, and maturity of the Catholic Church in Ireland, since these topics also form a portion of Irish Society education. The plan has nothing singular to recommend it, but its dullness, having already, since the days of Ussher, led many people astray :—

“ In treating of the primitive purity of the Irish Church and of its doctrines, and the introduction into it of the corruptions of the Romish, it will be necessary very much to combine those two subjects, as the insinuation of these errors into the original faith was gradual, and took place at different periods : there are shades of colouring, imperceptibly blending between the lucid truth of Scriptural Christianity and the dark falsehood of apostacy. It will clearly appear, that all the Irish Christians in the first centuries, and down to almost the year of our Lord 600, agreed with each other in their tenets ; and that their tenets were all scriptural, and most of them in direct opposition to the modern creed of the Council of Trent.”

We omit a detail of the arguments by which Mr. Mason seeks to appropriate the glory of Ireland before the year 600. Abilities immeasurably superior, and erudition more extensive, were squandered by Ussher in the hopeless attempt to prove that the Church, which covered with monasteries the six hundred islands of our lakes, bays, and rivers—the Church, which extended the authority of the Roman See to the Scots, the Saxons, and the islands of the north—is the same as the Church which unroofed the monastery, or transferred it to the lordling. Take these specimens of the controversial acumen of a doctor of law,—St. Patrick’s grandfather (a Frenchman) was a priest ; therefore, Irish priests could marry : the “ nativities” of the saints were the days of their birth, not their death ; and, therefore, the oblations made at their tombs were birthday solemnities, and not prayers to the saints : or “ the Irish disputed about the precise time of celebrating Easter, and, therefore, were Quartodecimans. We shall take our Doctor on his own Irish principles, and shew, without descending into details, the impossibility of his genealogy of Irish Catholicity,. Irish Popery began to be introduced in the year 600 ; it was firmly established in 1172 : the intervening period of 572 years is a period of transition ; neither Protestant nor Popish, but something between both. But how does he prove that all Irishmen agreed in the same creed before the year 600 ? Solely by stating that he finds no evidence of dispute or dissension. Now we defy Mr. Mason to point out the slightest dissension, at any one period

of our history, on those doctrinal tenets of our Church, in which we differ from Protestants. Why does he not lay his finger on the precise page of Irish history in which Popery first appears? had it not been the primitive faith of Ireland, its later introduction would have been a matter of notoriety; for if ever there was a nation in which opinions, totally destructive to their primitive faith, could not be introduced without opposition, and in total silence, that nation is Ireland; since even Mr. Mason himself constantly dilates, and founds the hopes of the Irish Society on our Celtic clinging to the past, and exceeding veneration for our apostle St. Patrick: who, then, can believe, that when a hostile creed was introduced, we laid aside our Celtic nature and Christian reverence for St. Patrick? Had *he* taught there is *not* a purgatory—the Eucharist is not the body and blood of Christ—the invocation of saints is idolatry, would our Celtic sires have listened with calmness to the innovator who taught the contrary, and subdued, with such magic influence, both Christian principle and national character, as to change both the substance and the course of the stream of tradition, without leaving even a single ripple on the surface to indicate, to present or future times, the place or period of the change? These speculative arguments are scarcely more than the application, the statement of facts; for all Ireland, from the centre to the sea, was agitated, and held councils in the north and in the south, and sent deputies to Rome, on matters comparatively so unessential as the fashion of the monk's-hair, and the period of the celebration of Easter; and the same zealous adherence to the past would have operated with tenfold force if those dogmatic and practical tenets, which distinguish Catholic faith from Protestant opinion, had been attempted to be enforced on the people, or been, at any period (save when introduced by St. Patrick), novelties in Ireland. Mr. Mason must give up his punning on lucid apostacy and lucid Christianity; must resign to other eyes the calm and glorious rising of Christian justice over Ireland, and turn the filial sympathies of his missionaries to a baleful orb; revealing, in scenes depicted by himself, the true character of the Irish Reformation—scenes in which Protestant senses are not shocked by Lenten water-cress or ashes; hair-shirts or pilgrim's penitential staff, by preaching, song of cloistered nun, or pale monk's printing pen; or other Roman tastes or loves of Patrick's youthful spouse; but scenes of legal wickedness and blood—muskets' and

cannons' roar, and tortured victim's scream; rich livings for horse-boy vicars, "warm nests" for tongue-tied rectors, among slaughtered natives and priest-hunting governors—Hear how he describes it—

"Such was the state of national feeling in Ireland (as described above), when an attempt was made, in the sixteenth century, to introduce the reformed religion into that country. There was no reason to suppose that a change might not have been effected in the creed of its native inhabitants, notwithstanding the existing prejudices in favour of the Roman Catholic faith, had nothing but their prejudices stood in the way. * * * It is rather probable that the preaching and reading of the Gospel would have succeeded, as it did in England, *from this fact, which is nowhere denied*—that even without it, during a portion of Elizabeth's reign, the Roman Catholic bishops, priests, and people were *generally complied* with the enacted Reformation. * * * This was the case at the commencement of Elizabeth's reign, and it continued for some short period of time. The movement, had it been assisted with the proper impulse, might possibly have gained ground; but failing of that in its origin and progress, the people quickly responded to the call of their usual agitators. * * * It is, however, much more probable that the peaceful acquiescence which first followed the introduction of the Reformed religion into Ireland, was but the calm preceding the hurricane—insincere in the priesthood and the better educated, and superficial in the mass of the people—enforced by temporary fear in both. . . . and . . . it is useless now to conjecture what might have been the result of the preaching of the Gospel by the peaceful ministers of its author, had it been sufficiently resorted to; for *the experiment was scarcely attempted*; and the efforts to inculcate Protestantism in Ireland may be asserted to have been associated from the very commencement, and now most unfortunately blended with all the circumstances of national jealousy above mentioned. It originated in England, was imported by its government, and was attempted to be forced upon the people by the parliament and by the state, in the usual manner of proud contempt * * * and therefore it was that Protestantism received at its very birth the mark of Cain upon its forehead, and was avoided with suspicion and odium."

We cordially concur in Mr. Mason's indignant reprobation of the tyrannical and sanguinary means by which this enacted Reformation was consummated. We leave him the melancholy pleasure of dreaming what glorious visions might have been realized from an experiment which was never attempted. We deal not with such pleasures of imagination, but with facts; and since it is a fact trumpeted by Mr. Mason himself, that the *experiment* of preaching and reading the Pro-

testant gospel was never attempted during the reign of Elizabeth, what means the "very general compliance" of the Irish nation with the enacted Reformation, during a portion of the reign of Elizabeth? Could people comply with what they knew not? could they know what was not preached? could they preach who did not know the language of the people; or take even the first step for translating the English prayer-book for full thirteen years after the accession of Elizabeth? True—Mr. Mason confesses that this supposed general compliance was insincere in the priesthood and better educated; superficial in the mass of the people; enforced by temporary fears in both; and only the calm which precedes the hurricane. But the undoubted fact is, that there never was at any one period of Elizabeth's reign, any general compliance, superficial or external, or of any kind, of the Irish nation with the *enacted* Reformation; Ireland did not pause to deliberate, or gather courage for that contest which triumphed in '29. She indignantly spurned the enacted Reformation the very moment she was aware of the real nature and intended enforcement of the smuggled enactments of 1560. The Reformation was enacted by the artifice of the speaker of the Irish Commons, who, being in the reforming interest, privately got together, on a day when the House was not to sit, a few such members as he knew to be favourers of that measure. The absent members, who were opposed to the reforming interest, having understood what passed at that secret convention, did, soon after, in a full and regular meeting of the parliament, enter their protest against it; upon which, the Lord Lieutenant assured many of them in particular, with protestations and oaths, that the penalties of that statute would never be inflicted; which they too easily believing, suffered it to remain as it was." This account Archdeacon Lynch had from many trustworthy persons contemporary of the event; and Sir Christopher Nugent asserted publicly before the king, the traditional report that this statute was passed in the fraudulent manner above mentioned.* Even had these smuggled enactments been publicly passed, they would have regarded the pale only; and no layman, and but few priests of the pale could understand them; the English language being, as asserted by Mr. Taylor, and, as our journal has already proved, almost universally unknown outside the walls of

* O'Connell's Memoir of the Irish, &c., pp. 141-2.

Dublin. For many years after her accession, Elizabeth had no royal officer to enforce her will in Connaught, Munster, or Ulster. She dared not restore all the *bishops* deposed by Mary; she was compelled to give up, in the case of Loftus of Armagh, the statute of 1560, changing the law on the *congé d'élire*, and to leave the Catholic bishops of towns, as of Limerick, for many years, undisturbed possession of their sees. If there was a calm, therefore, during the first years of Elizabeth, it was not the calm of acquiescence in the enacted reformation, but the calm of Elizabeth's compulsory suspension of the persecuting statutes. Mr. Mason cites Parsons, the Jesuit, to prove, that many of the Irish frequented the churches; but Parsons speaks of England; and by Mr. Mason's own authority we proceed to prove that the Irish nation did not, and indeed could not, comply with the enacted Reformation in its public worship or its *sacraments*; imploring, at the same time, the attention of any Irish Society man who may read our proof, to the godly example of the fathers of the Reformation, and the zeal of the young Irish establishment for the Irish language, previous to the arrival of Bedell—

“In the Act of Uniformity, the stat. 2 Eliz. c. 13, by which the use of the English Liturgy, and a strict conformity to it, are enjoined, a clause is introduced, reciting that English ministers are not to be found in Irish churches: that the Irish people did not understand the English tongue; and that the Church service cannot be celebrated in Irish, as well for the difficulty of getting it printed, as that few in the whole realm can read it. The wise remedy proposed is, that if the minister of the Gospel cannot speak English, he may celebrate the Church service in the Latin tongue (114) (Dr. Mant proves that the Latin union was not made, and about thirteen years after her accession, Elizabeth and her ministers be-thought themselves),—that the Reformation in England had caused the principle to be laid down in the articles of her Church, that ‘it is a thing plainly repugnant to the word of God and the custom of the primitive Church, to have public prayers in the church, or to minister the sacraments, in a tongue not understood by the people.’ Stung by her conscience, or the remonstrances of her ministers, ‘Queen Elizabeth sent over a fount of Irish types in the thirteenth year of her reign, in hope that God, in his mercy, would raise up some to translate the New Testament into their mother tongue.’ And it was ordered that the prayers of the Church should be printed in the Irish language and character, and that a church should be set apart in the chief town of every diocese, where they were to be read, and a sermon preached to the common people in their own language (106). These orders were never fulfilled during

Elizabeth's reign ; for the types on their arrival were entrusted to John Kearney, treasurer of St. Patrick's, Dublin, and Nicholas Walsh, chancellor of the same, who was afterwards Bishop of Ossory. This prelate commenced a translation of the New Testament, but having been prevented from finishing it, (by his being prematurely murdered, by one Dollard, against whom he had issued a process of adultery), it was continued by Nehemiah Donnellan, Archbishop of Tuam, assisted by Mr. Kearney, and completed by William Daniel, or O'Donnell, who was afterwards successor of Donnellan in that see. The translation was published, A.D. 1602, (not at the expense of the Church or of the archbishop), but of the province of Connaught, and of Sir William Usher, the clerk of the council (284). . . . The Book of Common Prayer was also translated by Daniel, Archbishop of Tuam ; and printed 1608-9, at his expense (286)."

Thus, after a gestation of the unusually long period of nearly half a century since her union with the state, the Established Church presented to Ireland a deformed prayer book* in the only language understood by nine-tenths of the Irish people, whose churches she had seized, whose property she plundered, and whose priests and bishops she proscribed as heretics, and hanged as traitors. Was there ever such a cruel mockery of common sense, such an outrage on the feelings and rights of a nation, such a profane and shameless prostitution of the sacred name of Christianity as this *enacted* Irish Reformation?

But where was Trinity College? It was founded, as all know, in the year 1593, and founded principally for the instruction of the Irish through the medium of the Irish tongue. In our remarks on this college, we renounce all previous information, and confine ourselves rigidly to the authority of Mr. Monck Mason. But, alas! for the glory of old mistress of Europe! Such is the character drawn by Mr. Mason, that could we suppose Catholics guilty of the cunning devices of which he accuses them, we might suspect that Mr. Mason himself was a Catholic in disguise, who, under the name of the Librarian of the King's Inns, Dublin, struck a mortal blow at the fame of the national University. Suppose a foreign Catholic, issuing from the waste and cheerless aisles of St. Patrick's cathedral ; we follow him to Christ Church, and behold him amazed and motionless, gazing on the blocked-up windows, the profane statue, the musty grey dead wall, cutting off the head from the church, the sanctuary from the people. Memory is busy picturing to him the solemn yet cheerful cathe-

* It was imperfect, and had not the Psalms.

dral of the continent—the lamp burning brightly in evening twilight, or dimly seen when noontide rays reflect on pillared aisles, and massive porch, the hues of God's own heavenly arch. His ear listens in vain to catch the murmured prayer as a relief from the commercial bustle and worldly din of the great city around him. While he settles his account with the sexton, he scarcely masters his emotion, and mutters as he departs—"Churchrates; churchlands; richest Church in the world; minister's money; government grants; tithes; what can they have done with their money?" Full of these questions, he hurries along, never distracted by the bustle of Dame-street, or even by his Irish friend's remarks on King William's new coat; and fetching a deep sigh* as he turns his eyes from the porticoes to the left, enters the squares of Trinity College, where on inquiring who are those with Huguenot faces, whom he sees straggling from an obscure Lecture Hall, he is informed that they are about to digest the lava of a No-Popery-struck Irish professor, not paid by the college, but set up by subscription, to give vent to the sulphureous and brimstone piety of a section of Irish Protestants. Our foreigner retires to his lodgings vowing the exposure of the University; and were he one of those unscrupulous Jesuits, the creatures of Mr. Mason's fancy, the following paragraphs are drawn up in a twinkling, with all the talented ingenuity peculiar to the order, and published under Mr. Mason's name, or inserted with his permission in the life of Bedell. The first paragraph soothes the poor victim to hold his neck quietly; the second speaks for itself:—

"The University seems to have been the sole overflow of English propriety that for several centuries poured abundantly into this island from the sister country. It has been from its very commencement, a verdant spot in the midst of a parched wilderness, where somewhat of the peaceful, the refreshing, and the encouraging was ever to be found; and its present state of flourishing prosperity demonstrates the prudent foresight of those who first projected this great measure. But (ah! *but*) its progress to this state of prosperity has been lamentably tardy. Its efficiency has always been far short of what it might have been, under regulations more politic and enlarged. . . We have stated that the instruction of the natives, with a view to prepare them for the ministry of the Gospel, was originally provided for in the University of Dublin, and encouraged with a special endowment—the ancient native places—which were continued until very lately, although entirely perverted from their original object,

* "Qui soupire n'a pas ce qu'il désire."—*French Proverb.*

and their funds are now appropriated to some other purpose. They appear to have been particularly alluded to in King James's letter. Still the prejudices against the native tongue were so strong at the time, that they prevented any serious and continued attempts by the heads of the college, to make it instrumental as a medium of religious instruction. Those persons who entertained the absurd idea that they could expatriate by mere legislation, a beloved language from a country in which they could scarcely exercise any efficient act of power, would not be likely to admit that there could exist any good policy in having its teaching publicly adopted in the University : therefore, while a few inducements were holden out to the mere Irish to come there to be instructed, and they were even, though but faintly, encouraged, to employ the native tongue in their future ministry, it was never imagined or provided that this language should be cultivated in the same manner as the classical tongues. No establishment of a professorship or appointment of premiums appear to have been made ; no continued facilities of lectures, or of grammars or other elementary books officially provided ; the little that was attempted was inefficiently done ; and such efforts soon languished and expired. Some wiser men endeavoured at intervals, of themselves or through their influence, to introduce a little policy into the system in this respect ; but it was always a struggle against opinion too strong for any permanent result. For a century, therefore, the question was scarcely mentioned ; even at this enlightened day, when their mistaken notions have been very much removed, nothing on the subject has been attempted by the rulers of the college, or of the state ; and it has been left to a few private individuals to subscribe a fund, and to labour much in endeavouring to procure that a professorship of the Irish language be founded and endowed in the University, and a part of the endowments allotted from its funds."

Are the rulers of the college prepared to countenance the muffled enemy and rabid proselytizer who thus levels to the comprehension of every beardless wrangler, or shallow-brained bigot, the following scathing sarcasm on the Protestantism and moral principle of the university? The college which was specially endowed for rearing a native ministry, and, through hatred of the native language, not from love of Popery, did not do so, either had no religious convictions, or sacrificed these convictions to national hate or state expediency. Now Mr. H. J. M. Mason, LL.D., M.R.I.A., Sec. I.S., doth solemnly declare, that Trinity College,

* The statutes declared that thirty of the seventy scholars of the house should be Irish, and of the poorest "*modo digni sint*," Their stipend was 3*l*. annually, that of the others only 10*s*.

through hatred of the native language, did not rear a native ministry, the world knows that Trinity College was never a friend of Popery; and, therefore, in true collegiate style, Trinity College either never had religious convictions, or sacrificed those convictions to national hate or to state expediency. But Mr. Mason, exalting himself against the enlightened experience of three centuries, thinks that it is possible and prudent to employ the Irish language as a cover for the proselytizing action of landlord tyranny, or the barefaced bribery of the poor peasant, whom hunger compels to barter his conscience for gold. Mr. Mason thinks that it is consistent with the history and the dignity of the college to set herself down in her old age to hatch a sable brood, and send them forth full fledged from her venerable chimneys and time-hollowed trunks, to prove the developement of their thieving propensities by the number of rotten twigs, or bruised and scentless blossoms pilfered from the exuberant Roman growth of our Irish-speaking districts.* Let us hope, that whatever sympathy may be in the college for the language and history of Ireland, will not be turned into a channel which it never took before; nor diverted from the enduring fame to be acquired by the continued publication of the Irish documents which have so long mouldered on the shelves of the university library.

Trinity College† was the first scene of Bishop Bedell's labours in Ireland; and thus, to the relief of our readers, and to our own, after chasing Mr. Mason through all the topics of Irish history, worthy of remark, as illustrating the sources of the Irish society's political and religious inspiration, we arrive, at length, at the grand figure of the work,—a figure, the like of which, notwithstanding all its faults, has seldom appeared in the annals of the enacted Reformation. All the lights of Irish and foreign research within Mr. Mason's limited command, are profusely lavished, to bring out into brilliant distinctness the features of moral and intellectual greatness with which fancy decks his hero. Bedell was of respectable English family, was sent to Cambridge at an early age, chosen fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in 1593, and, in

* "The mere Irish multiply fastly," says Mr. Mason, in a note, p. 120, "and this fact proves that the time for action is not passed"!!!

† When he came to Trinity College, Mr. Mason as usual starts off with a description of the ancient literary renown of Ireland. The third cause of this renown, was, he says (p. 97), Ireland's freedom from the influence of popery, in the seventh century. And yet this man of truth has, in page 66, "certainly in the 7th century, popery preserved much influence in Ireland"!!!

1599, took out his degree. From Cambridge he went in "character of preacher," to St. Mary's, Edmondsbury, Suffolk, whence, in 1604, he accompanied Sir H. Wilton to Venice, as chaplain to the embassy of King James. We do not regret that we cannot follow Bedell to Venice, because he was a very different man from his right reverend Irish colleagues,—because his love of justice won the esteem of our poor countrymen, though it could not seduce them from their religion; and we were, therefore, almost sorry to find that Mr. Mason has laboured, successfully laboured, to prove that Bedell was the bosom friend and counsellor of the famous, or infamous, Fra Paolo Sarpi, an excommunicated Venetian monk, who, for many years, said Mass, in which he disbelieved,—who wrote six hundred palpable lies in his history of the Council of Trent,—who held treasonable correspondence with the enemies of his native land,—who taught that political leaders should be taken off by poison,—who has excited the loathings even of the "English-bred" Protestant Mr. Faber, in his *Foreign Churches*. The acquaintance of an unfrocked monk of that character, together with the fact that Bedell did in Ireland gather around him two or three fallen priests, whose reformation ended in marriage, proves that poor Bedell's virtues had some of the properties of the medicated bit of linen, that gathers to itself the stray putrid humours that are in the sound body, though not of it. Proselytizers, when not mere traders, such as those of Dingle and Ventry, are always blind in proportion to their sincerity. The world is laughing at them, and at the forlorn and silly means by which they endeavour to relieve the humiliating sense of their spiritual sterility. It was so with Bedell. In 1612, he returned from Venice, bringing with him the *History of the Inquisition* and of the Interdict, whose translation he published, together with the Latin translation of the two last books of the Council of Trent, contributing thus, unfortunate man! to swell the circulation of apostate lies and Protestant slanders. He remained in Edmondsbury until 1615, in which year he removed to the parsonage of Horningsheath, Suffolk; the gift of his friend, Sir Thomas Jermyn. In this parsonage, he remained for many years in obscurity, because he was a Calvinist, in the matter of grace and decrees, and taught that the Calvinists differed from the Church of England in Church government only, nor would he use the bows and gesticulations that then grew so much in fashion (85). These opinions

were, however, a recommendation in Ireland; and, on the 30th of May 1626, Bedell was promoted to the office of Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, by the king's mandate,—the most reverend chancellor's recommendation,—the vice-chancellor, Dr. James Ussher, approving of him,—and was admitted and chosen by the unanimous consent of the fellows, on the 17th of August (124). He had not, however, been long in this dignity, when he resolved to resign it; for he was at first generally supposed to be utterly unfit for the government of the college; and some of his friends plainly expressed their fears that he would add another to the catalogue of discreditable provosts, his predecessors, who were all notoriously unqualified for their situation (138). In fact he was quite unprepared for the rough and thorny path which he was to tread among the rude broils of such careless men as the heads of the college, who had not even a communion-table, nor decent furniture for the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper (135). He could not support himself by packing, siding, bandying, and skirmishing with great men (139); and these degrading acts were necessary, because the collegiate body was a band of factious and uncivilized persons (139). He was involved in many broils, arising from what Mr. Mason calls the vicious principle of election, in which favour and influence were so exclusively attended to, that Bedell found himself under the necessity of apologizing to the primate for fearlessly discharging his duty in a just and independent manner.* Finally, a man of that virtue, which Mr. Mason gives him, must have had innumerable difficulties, where the exercise of honest principle and independence was not at all understood, and a straightforward course was constantly impeded by the allowances of a corrupted law of opinion in an unenlightened and unprincipled age (144). In order to correct those evils in their source,—

"Bedell, believing that the charter of Elizabeth had not only erred in giving to the fellows too great liberty in the matter of election, and failed in establishing a sufficient authority in the head of the college; but had also led to much confusion, turbulence, and abuse, by conferring upon the board full power of making and repealing statutes, collected them, with alteration, into a complete body, drawn up principally after the model of Emmanuel College, Cambridge: this code is nearly that which now regulates the university,

* "The fellows were so factious, that nothing could please them which came from their superiors; and so idle, that they would not take the pains to do the like themselves."—p. 144.

but the statutes were not fixed by charter, and by the proper authority, until the thirteenth year of Charles II, although they were finished and read in the chapel, on Sept. 8th, 1627. The fellowships were made tenable for life, the power of enacting and repealing statutes reserved to the crown,—the increase of fellows and scholars, the former to sixteen, the latter to seventy, approved,—and the office of provost established to be donative in the crown."

As King James had already charged the college with not performing the trust reposed in them, viz., the breeding up the *natives* in civility, learning, and religion, Bedell attempted to employ the funds for their intended objects, and—

"On his return to Ireland, in June 1628, he immediately caused the following statute to be enacted, on June 28 :—'That an Irish lecture is to be read publicly in the hall, when all the *natives*, who have 3*l.* a year, are enjoined to be present, as also at Irish prayers in the chapel, upon holy-days.' It was also ordered—that the natives should lose their weekly allowance, if they were absent from Irish prayers upon the Sunday; and shortly after his promotion another order was made through his influence, which is thus recorded :—'An Irish chapter to be read in the Testament, by one of the natives at dinner in the hall, and so to continue between twelve of the most proficientest, until the rest be able to perform it, which we enjoin them all within half a year, on default thereof to be deprived of their native's stipend.'"

These regulations, together with the translation of the Psalms, are the principal proofs given of Bedell's attempt to struggle against the overwhelming opinions and prejudices of the college on the subject of the Irish tongue. Mr. Mason assures us that the students followed the example of their superiors, and were "a wild and irregular band." They were wild, indeed, as Mr. Mason himself tells us. Among the punishments inflicted by Bedell, were the following :—

"August.—'Rawley, for drunkenness, to be denied further maintenance from the college; especially, having added to his fault the knocking of Stranck his head against the seate in the chapel.'

"Sept. 5.—'Booth, for taking up a pig of Sir Samuel Smith's, and that openly in the day time, before many, and causing it to be dressed in gowne, inviting Mr. Rollo and Sir Conway (who knew not of it). Condemned to be whipped openly in the hall, and pay for the pig.'"

Having filled the office of provost for something more than two years, Bedell was, through means of his tried friend Sir Thomas Jermyn, and the zealous seconding of Laud, promoted to the united sees of Kilmore and Ardagh, and

lost no time in removing to his new stall in that Augean stable, the Irish State Church. He arrived in Kilmore in 1630. But alas, his cares had only commenced. His united dioceses were situated in a country exclusively Irish, and were not exempt from the disorders of the whole Irish Establishment. The Irish sees had been scandalously wasted by the profligacy of the first Protestant bishops. Several were reduced to 50*l.* a year, as Waterford and Kilfenora, and others, and some to five marks, as Cloyne and Kilmacduagh (167). Bedell found that the revenues of his sees had been so excessively dilapidated, that he was compelled to enter a suit in a court of law against Mistress Moigne the widow, and Roger Moigne the son, of his predecessor, who had leased out the episcopal lands for the longest possible term; had taken very great fines, and reserved inconsiderable rents; had sold some perpetual advowsons, and on the ruins of these two plundered bishoprics had founded his family, and purchased a signory for his son.* Bedell succeeded in recovering a portion of the spoil from the heirs of the episcopal plunderer. But on whatever side he looked, corruptions and disorders of all kinds opened a wide field for his energy. He found the cathedral church of Ardagh, one of the most ancient in Ireland (and said to have been built by St. Patrick) together with the bishop's house there, both down to the ground: the church of Kilmore without bell or steeple, font or chalice; the parish churches all in a manner ruined and unroofed and unrepaired; the people, saving a few British planters here and there, (who were not a tenth part of the population), (171), determined Catholics; and the people wretchedly poor, from paying double tithes, to their own and to the Protestant rectors. Nor did he find much consolation in the character of his clergy. Carte, whatever we may think of his *vis consequentiæ*, states "that as scandalous livings naturally make scandalous ministers," the clergy of the Established Church were generally ignorant and unlearned, loose and irreligious in their lives and conversations, and very careless in ob-

* This bishop signed the declaration against toleration in 1626; and in a congratulatory letter to Ussher, on his promotion to the primacy, gives some instructions on the best means of preserving ecclesiastical property! This precious document of hypocrisy is found in vol. i. of Dr. Mant's "History of the Irish Church." May we be allowed to ask, is it Irish kindness to strangers which has so long saved his lordship of Down from the severe castigation so richly merited by that same slanderous "History of the Irish Church?" It is a continued tissue of lies against the Catholics of Ireland.

serving uniformity and decency in divine worship. They were the mere backwoodsmen of Saxon civilization. The clergy of the United sees of Ardagh and Kilmore were not an exception. Mr. Mason tells us (p. 236), that Bedell found their morals openly scandalous for drunkenness, gross ignorance, and all sorts of profligacy. They were thirty-two in number; of whom Bedell believed seven or eight in each diocese to "be of good sufficiency," but who were not able to speak the Irish language, nor perform divine offices nor converse with the people, though many of them held two, three, four, or more vicarages a-piece (p. 171). Was there ever such an outrage on common sense as this enacted Irish Reformation?

The natural cleanliness of Bedell's taste led him to use a scythe in his garden; but first, in order to give to authority the weight of example, he resigned the see of Ardagh, resolved to rid one little corner of the Establishment of scandalous pluralities. It was by no means unusual for Protestant bishops to hold dozens of benefices for their own use, and Lord Strafford, in his correspondence with Laud, irreverently threatens a purge for the Archbishop of Cashel, who kept sixteen vicarages (p. 158). As the prelates yielded to the snares of family aggrandizement and ambition, of nepotism, luxury and pride (p. 175), and as what Mr. Mason calls the Roman innovation of the union of Irish sees (Lord Stanley must be a Roman), gave a fuller scope for the development of vicious propensities, the inferior clergy generally followed the example of their superiors; but we will not conceal what Mr. Mason tells us, that Bedell's clergy followed his example and resigned their pluralities, with the exception of Dean Bernard, chaplain and afterwards biographer of Primate Ussher. A violent altercation ensued. The dean publicly traduced Bedell in his grace's pulpit in Cavan; but Bedell ended the dispute by wishing the dean "to become an humble and modest man." Non-residence was, of course, another plague-spot of the Establishment. The united sees of Ardagh and Kilmore had, besides the two deaneries and archdeaconries, sixty-four benefices in the year 1622. Of these, twenty of the incumbents were non-resident, who, possessing at a moderate average two benefices each, leave fourteen residents, serving their churches in person or by the assistance of ten curates. Of the whole number, *two* were of the country by birth, and how many could speak Irish, after twenty years of almost uninterrupted peace, in dioceses ex-

clusively Irish? Ussher's visitation book tells that the same number—two—"were capable of reading service in the Irish tongue." Was there ever such a downright mockery as this enacted Reformation? (p. 168.) Bedell bound all his clergy by oath to reside.

But the giant injustice yet remains. Corruption had crept into the administration of all things sacred, so that they were shamefully exposed to sale; and there was scarcely anything in the diocese that was sound (p. 169). Corruption was enthroned in every ecclesiastical court in the land. "I have been wont (Bedell writes to Ussher) to except one court, but trust me, my lord, I have heard it said among great personages here, that my lord primate is a good man, but his court is as corrupt as others." (p. 187). In his own court Bedell found the people harassed and religion scandalized by oppression and extortion; excessive fees taken in his name for every thing done, his officers *making it their business* to draw people into suits, and keep them so long, that for three-pence worth of the tithe of turf, they would be put to five pounds charge!! (p. 196); and excommunication going about in so sordid and base a manner, that as a spiritual it was despised, and as a temporal punishment justly and universally regarded as an intolerable tyranny. By such means Dr. Allen Cooke, Bedell's chancellor, had earned amongst the shameless a disgraceful eminence. He was much "cried out against" and known among the Irish by a scandalous nickname, expressive of his public contempt of all appearance of justice. Bribes went about barefaced; and penance was every day exchanged for money, (184), because Dr. Allen Cooke, having purchased his place from his predecessor, believed he had a right to its profits. Bedell resolved to eradicate this abuse, but looked in vain to his right Rev. colleagues for sympathy or support, for, to use the very words we find in Mr. Mason (188), Ussher saw the necessity of cutting off many abuses, but tolerated abominable corruptions, though he apprehended that they would bring a curse and a ruin upon the whole constitution. Though Bedell stood alone, he adopted the bold measure of sitting in his own court in place of his chancellor, who instituted a suit, and obtained a confirmation of his right, with £100 against him from the lord chancellor, because, as the latter confessed to Bedell himself, the lord chancellor's father had left only a registrar's place to his hopeful son, who was therefore bound, for his own interest, to uphold the power

of the ecclesiastical courts ! What a remarkable proof, truly exclaims Mr. Mason, of the want of principle in that age, when chancellor Bolton thus shamelessly and gratuitously confesses his guilt to the man whom he had robbed. Such were the "features and mien of British justice" among the Irish ! Bedell, however, impugned the authority of the Chancellor in another way, by denying the validity of his patent (in which 500 Latin words were found hanging in the air without a verb). The suspended chancellor appealed to the primate, who quashed the matter, by inducing him to appoint a surrogate. But the primate himself came into direct collision with Bedell on the subject of the triennial visitation. Bedell receiving the visiting mandate with indignation, flung the bull out of his hand, and trampled it under his feet, but to no purpose ; for he had the mortification to see the disgraceful scenes of that and of the king's visitation enacted before his face,—scenes, both of which, says M. Clogy (Mason's favourite authority) were "a heathenish jubilee, in which for days and nights they did abandon themselves to such excesses and riots, as if they had come out of the bottomless pit !!! and were posting to that visitation ; and the poor clergy paid for all, under pain of heresy or excommunication, which they carried under their girdles, *haud ignota loquor.*" (p. 202.) Thus did the filthy scum of Luther and Cranmer's unearthly cauldron overflow poor Ireland, burning her to the bone, and wasting her to this hour.

Mr. Mason says that Bedell did all in his power. "Formerly," in *ordaining*, the poor applicant, says M. Clogy, had to pay so much to the bishop, so much for his wife !!! so much for the chaplain, so much for the secretary ; and so from the cook and butler ! to the grooms of the stable !! and all the rest !!! so that the poor minister did not know how to come so well provided as to satisfy so many cravers. All this Bedell suppressed, and endeavoured to make his unwieldy mother rub her eyes and rise out of the kennel, by holding in his diocese a diocesan synod for the little reformation of his clergy. But, poor Church !! even that stir of your chain made Protestant Ireland tremble for your existence. The penalties of premunire, star chambers, and high commissioner's court, with other state-forged fetters, and, above all, the terrible Strafford, arose in frightful prospective, ready to crush Bedell to the dust ; but, at the earnest request of Ussher, he was allowed to escape as a harmless, well-meaning, but misguided man. Our readers, who wish, can consult Mr. Mason

(p. 216) on these diocesan statutes. We select but one, which illustrates the influence of the domestic virtues of Bedell's clergy on the discharge of their public duty. "All the ministers subscribed all the statutes, except Dr. Faythful Teate, who objected to the tenth, which was 'that women should sit without the chancel apart from the men;' because Dr. Faythful Teate had lately ordered a new seat for his wife within the chancel, and was loath to remove it." Who does not admire your conjugal faithfulness, Dr. Faythful Teate?*

We hope that the numerous and influential party to which Mr. Mason refers in the following, will not countenance him or his society in the persecution of the poor Irish. He speaks of Bedell's opinions on the high and low Church split of the Establishment:—

"Finally we must perceive, from every part of Bedell's conduct, how very different were the high Church principles, by which he was so manifestly swayed, to those which are now becoming fashionable in England; and which, in fact, are but a more luxuriant second bloom of those that he had disapproved of to his hindrance, when an humble pastor at Horningsheath; and we must also observe, that he formed no precedent for persons, who now ransack antiquity to enable them to *urge upon the consciences of men, on the authority of the Fathers and of tradition*, opinions and ceremonies which our fathers had rejected, and our Church by implication condemned; and who putting them forth also as matters of vast consequence towards the perfection of a Christian Church, imitate the requirements of Rome herself, in the demand for implicit faith in their importance. Before Bedell would have ventured to press any such matters upon the minister of an English Church, as a dogma which he should believe and inculcate, he would certainly have inquired whether or not it were in the bond; or at least, if argued that it were to be implied from it,—Is it written in the great text book, from which the draft of the human contract was originally made? Nor would he upon lesser warrant than this have raised questions to distract the peace of the Church—to tempt to a breach of its unity by schism; or what is still worse, to contribute to the widening of that aperture, through which there is danger that a current of apostacy will set in, and a deluge of spurious Romanism inundate the plains that have been redeemed from spiritual stagnation, [oh!] by the labours and the blood of so many worthies of the English Reformation."

We are not at all certain that we understand Mr. Mason,

* This account of the corruption of the Irish Establishment is taken exclusively from Mr. Mason. We are unwilling to stir up that sink—Strafford's correspondence with Laud, and some of the Irish prelates.

perhaps his "bonds," "drafts," "text-books," "his apertures," "deluges," "Protestant plains" and "stagnation," disorder our judgment. But, we ask, is not the authority of the Fathers and of tradition a better authority for dictating opinions to the consciences of men, than the Anglican Church, which, in Mr. Mason's own principles, can, even on indifferent matters bind the consciences of its ministers? (p. 250).

Mr. Mason assures us that at the time of Bedell, a superstition universally prevailed among our countrymen, that by the special interposition of St. Patrick, the devil could not speak Irish. We do not stop to inquire what were the unclerical, the unchristian, the savage acts of the reformers by which the Irish were thus induced to believe that the reformers received their mission from below. Bedell resolved to prove at all events that he and his clergy were not wicked spirits incarnate, and assumed that character of Protestant patron of the Irish tongue in which Mr. Mason studies to exalt him. He learned the language himself, though he was sixty years of age. It was a very simple way of proving to the natives that *he* was not a devil; an imputation, which, if we believe Mr. Mason, must have sadly detracted from the efficiency of the Ardagh and Kilmore clergy; for Bedell found all other relations, except that of receiving the tithes, snapped asunder, between parson and flock. He collected around him, as we have already stated, a few apostate priests, for the priests all knew the Irish language, and proved how well they could use it. He had Irish service every Sunday in his cathedral; drew up a short catechism to be printed on one sheet, with English and Irish on opposite pages; translated some homilies of St. Chrysostom and St. Leo, in praise of scripture; and prepared himself for the fatal work which raised a storm against him that even his doggedness could not resist. Several millions sterling had been swallowed up by the State Church since the accession of Elizabeth. Priests, friars, and bishops had been strung up on gibbets, or sunk in the sea, for coming to preach Christianity to the Irish in the only language which the Irish understood; and yet this State Church, which came to oppose scriptural light and private judgment to popish darkness and the authority of the Church, had not yet translated the scriptures into the Irish tongue. Bedell resolved to translate them. He had already, in 1634, with great difficulty, succeeded, against the violent opposition of Bramhall, Bishop of Derry, in inducing the Irish convocation to pass the following canons: 1. "That every beneficiary and curate shall

endeavour that the confession of sins, and absolution, and all the second service (at or before the communion to the homily or sermon,) when the people all or most are Irish, shall be used in English first, and after in Irish, *if the ordinary of the place shall so think fit*, which he scarcely ever did, as Mason himself confesses. 2. That where the minister is an Englishman, and many Irish in the parish; such a *clerk* may be chosen as shall be able to read the parts of the service which shall be appointed to be read in Irish, *if it may be*; and 3rd, when all or most of the people are Irish, they shall provide the Bible and two books of common prayer in the Irish tongue, as soon as they may be had." But they had no Bible in the Irish tongue; and forty years of infamy were yet to elapse before they had one. Bedell resolved to translate the Old Testament, which, with the exception of the psalms, had not yet been attempted. He had, however, already given too much alarm to authorities in Church and State, and to anti-Irish prejudices, by even the few and abortive measures above mentioned. An outcry was raised against him, not because he provoked the Catholics by intolerance—for as far as we can learn, he did not persecute, though he bribed—but *because his measures were contrary to the interests of the English in Ireland, by his endeavouring to make the conquered and enslaved Irish, capable of preferment in Church and State, which was the portion of the conquerors, which no man did ever so much as once attempt before his lordship* (275). Thus did these right rev. gentlemen put their principles in their pockets, and maintain English interests in Ireland at the expense of their own sworn articles. Even Ussher told Bedell not to be building castles in the air (269). Ah! well may Mr. Monck Mason, LL.D., pen the following condemnation of Church and State (268), &c.&c.

"It may be added that the Church and State were in this point of view diametrically opposed to each other in their manner of acting towards the poor Roman Catholics, who were kept out of the only path which led to conformity, by the exclusiveness of the former, and yet were required to practise it, by the enactments of the latter; while the state was absurdly contradictory to itself also, in passing laws with many penalties, which were never promulgated in the language of at least one-half (nine-tenths) the population of the kingdom."

Not disheartened by the opposition of his brethren, nor by the determined adherence of the Irish to their beloved Church, Bedell selected, by the advice of Ussher, a Mr. King (who had formerly been a Catholic), to translate the Bible. Every

day after dinner or supper, writes M. Clogy, the bishop read a portion of the translation, comparing it with the Hebrew, the septuagint, the English version, and Deodati's Italian translation. He was assisted in his work of correction by Dennis O'Sheridan, an apostate priest; and so strenuously did he labour, that he finished the translation in two or three years, sent for types to Holland, and resolved to print it in his own house, and at his own expense. But the inconsistency of the establishment had not yet been made sufficiently palpable. An opposition much more formidable than that which he had met with four years before, set in from the members of his own creed and rank against the translation.* In 1633, Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, had been chosen chancellor of Trinity College, Dublin, and he, as well as Strafford, joined, or rather led, the opposing party. Believing, as it was pretended, that the translator was a weak and contemptible man; and fearing that the work would be exposed to the scorn of the nation, if such a man were known to be its translator, they fomented the jealousy of the *Reformed Divines* against the Bible, and one of them, named Bailey, was put forward to crush both the unfortunate translator and his imprudent patron. A scandalous information having been lodged in the high commission court against King, who it was contended had thereby forfeited his benefice, Bailey came down to Kilmore with a grant under the great seal, and violently took possession of the benefice. Bedell remonstrated in vain—he solemnly accused Bailey of a violation of his oath not to hold more than one vicarage, but Bailey, relying on Church and State support, was deaf to remonstrance, applied to the Prerogative Court for a dispensation of the oath, obtained it, and defied his bishop, who, thereupon, excommunicated him. Bailey appealed from the sentence to the Primate's Prerogative Court. Bedell at first declined the jurisdiction of that court, but when at length he appeared, he was not attended to, was treated with the highest contempt, and declared contumacious, while his perjured opponent was absolved from the excommunication and confirmed in this benefice. The wretched translator—he was almost eighty years, not appearing, as by law he was bound, was taken *pro confesso*, deprived of his ministry and living, and fined £100, decreed to be attached and imprisoned, and delivered over to a pursuivant, who “haled” him by the head and feet to horse-

* Anderson's *Historical Sketches of Native Irish*, p. 62.

back, and carried him to Dublin. Here he was detained in prison for four or five months, and denied the privilege of purging his supposed contempt by oath, though he was so sick (it was stated) that he could not appear in court. Bedell's right rev. colleagues of the High Commission Court did (he tells us) some of them pity King's case, but advised him simply to submit himself and acknowledge his sentence just. Even Primate Ussher, who had recommended King, abandoned him and his patron, and informed the latter that this last measure—the translation of the Bible—had so inflamed the indignation of Protestant piety, already sufficiently excited by the attempted abolition of pluralities, and of non-residence, that the *successor of St. Patrick in the primatial see* deemed it no longer prudent to assist his reforming lordship of Kilmore (292).^{*} Thus, with the unanimous consent of Church and State, and of the English interest in Ireland, “*was that great work, the translation of God's word, mortally wounded through the side of its translator,*” the unfortunate King. Such was Bedell's complaint to lord Strafford, one hundred years after the Reformation!! Praise be to heaven, the zeal of our clergy, and the devoted attachment of their flocks, have resisted the active rage of proselytism, and the enactments of an infernal code: Providence, however, to remove temptation and to confound error, sometimes took the direction of affairs visibly into its own hands; compelling the passions of the enemies of our faith to forward the interests of His Church, by contradicting their own sworn principles, and exposing themselves, in their true light, to the Irish people, as an English garrison for English interests, in an English conquest, and not as the members or heads of a Christian Church. Such was visibly the case in this abortive attempt to translate the Bible into Irish. Can we be surprised, that these facts (taken exclusively from Mr. Mason's memoir) have wrung from him the humiliating confession, that the Irish Protestant Church was a spiritual sinecure, a secular corporation, the unscrupulous slave of State?

“The Protestant reformation never extended to Ireland, except merely to the Church Establishment: certainly not as a great revolution of mind, connected with the understandings and feelings of the people. To effect this, no Bibles were circulated, or made accessible to the public, as in Great Britain; spiritual teaching through the pulpit, or any other means, was entirely neglected: the native

^{*} Anderson's Historical Sketches of the Native Irish, p. 63.

language was not issued as a medium of instruction : the nation was commanded by the English government to become Protestant, and for that very reason remained obstinately Popish. When, therefore, Bedell was called upon to exercise his ministry here, the island was almost entirely Popish [and continued so after him, thank God!] and its Protestant establishment had as little effect on the religion of the people, as a chariot, lashed upon the deck of a ship, has in promoting her course. Its powers, its machinery, might, perhaps, have been excellent, but it was entirely impotent, and it rested in its fetters above an element, wherein its usefulness could not be exercised or its value experienced."

Strikingly irreverent confession of the spiritual imbecility of the Irish State Church, from the lips of her pious child, Mr. Mason! Who questions the abstract beauty of the illustration, by which a felicitous fancy fetters that State engine of English make, and lashes it to the deck of the tempest-tossed vessel? But shall the brilliancy of his imagination deprive us of our senses, and of his facts? Does it give a faithful picture of State Church influence on poor Ireland's troubled and fatal course previous to 1641? Is it true that the Irish Church and its machinery were not an integral part of the vessel of the state?—did she not wring tithes from the people?—recusants' fines?—fines for christenings and for marriages?—where were the Dr. Allen Cookes and the abominable corruptions of her ecclesiastical courts which made men pay five pounds expense for three pence worth of the tithe of turf?—where was the declaration against popery, signed in his own house on the 26th of November, 1626, by Dr. James Ussher, and the assembled *archbishops* and *bishops* of Ireland—some of them the very men who, twelve years after, persecuted Bedell for translating the Bible,—thus, with one hand consigning to eternal torments nine-tenths of the Irish people, and with the other, locking up the sole *Protestant* remedy which could save them? Are these the proofs of an impotent imbecility and fettered energy? Oh! that Mr. Mason had imaged things truly—what woes had been averted from Ireland,—what horrors from the Christian name, what disgrace from humanity, if on the poor storm-beaten and pirate plundered "*Erin*" the state engine and its machinery had hung harmless in their fetters between deck and clouded sky—had not been plied incessantly—plied by parson hands for sordid gain—straining the convulsed vessel down the cataract, and strewing the abyss with the fragments of her wreck.

The last scene of Bedell's life discloses unutterable woes to Ireland, and proves how little she deserved them. He died during the first stage of that revolution which swept from the earth the old proprietors of the soil,—dismantled every fortress, every castle, in the kingdom: forced the puritan trooper into the monastery and the cathedral, or left them blackened ruins, and brought down on this wretched land all that inexpressible accumulation of horrors embodied by traditionary lore in the "Curse of Cromwell." A curse which forced upon Ireland the most desperate and fiendish spirits of the republican army—aliens in language, aliens in blood, aliens in religion; rebels to their king, rebels to the son of the author of their fortune, rebels to every nobler feeling of humanity; but as a body, both themselves and their descendants, the ever consistent slaves of sordid self. They made Ireland what she remains to this day; not a solid and pilared edifice, suiting the convenience and gratifying the lawful pride of its occupants, but one of those castles in whose walls, rent by Cromwell's cannon, the yawning chasm almost severs the foundation from the aristocratic battlements; a miracle to every passenger that they have not long ago crumbled to the earth, and buried in their ruins the foolish owner and the wretched herd which he had sheltered beneath them.

As a pretext for the intended extermination of the Irish Catholics, and afterwards for the parliamentary plunder of their properties by the infamous Act of Settlement, Cromwellian interest and lying maintained that this Irish convulsion of 1641, was a rebellion for religion and a massacre without mercy. The lie still lives; and when the Orange organs of a furious faction point out the apparent parallel between the present crisis and 1641, in the Scotch disruption, the Anglican movement so similar to Laud's, and the universal and just discontent in Ireland, do they not rake up the old lying terrors of 1641, to prove that Ireland now seeks blood, in order that they and *all whom it may concern* might have a pretext for shedding her's in torrents? Does not even now a leading Oxford doctor (Mr. Palmer), an Irishman, affix (filthy bird) on his native land the charge of murdering 160,000 Protestants, that is, some hundreds more than were in all Ireland in 1641? Mr. Mason is more candid. He has, it is true, some vague flourishes about massacre and extirpation—for such bloody spectres hover unbidden around the pious Protestant pen, when it tells of 1641—but he

cautiously abstains from mentioning numbers. He could not do so, because the materials of his new work evince the humanity, honour, and inviolable fidelity to plighted faith which distinguished our poor countrymen, as well as the frightful political oppression which drove them to tread the path which they had seen taken by Scotchmen, with infinitely less provocation. We give, without comment, the following extracts:—

“It is surely of the greatest importance, that the national character of a population so immense as that of Ireland, should be well understood; and yet, there is none which, for a long period of time, has been so much misconceived. The natives of that country, although they are so easily excited to turbulence, are not in the least degree influenced to it by a democratic and disloyal spirit; *they have never exhibited the slightest tendency to it in any part of their history, but quite the reverse*: all their impulses are of an aristocratic nature—veneration for religion,—reverence for antiquity and establishment (not the Irish)—respect for family, rank, station—they have no regard for upstarts—and readily condescend to the old cast, as they call them. In the *Rebellion* of 1641, in the midst of the most ungovernable fury, the most barbarous massacre, the most ruthless carnage (sops for Cerberus), which, as a storm or a flood, rushed over the entire country, the manner and the person of the beloved and venerated Bedell, remained for a long time, like the native towers, unaffected by the hurricane— . . . the insurgents could not destroy, what they had regarded with affection and gratitude. . . . To do justice to the Irish people; and in answer to those who deny them those qualities, it must be remembered that they are reciprocal; and we might as reasonably expect the reflection of a mirror, without an original object to produce it, as gratitude and veneration to discover themselves in the hearts of those who have never been treated with benevolence and sympathy: and had there been many more such individuals as Bedell, among the English who were resident in Ireland, there would, doubtless, have been many more exceptions to the general havoc.”

Mr. Mason, of course, throws much blame on the priests, regrets that Bibles had not been distributed, and assigns the spiritual despotism of Rome, and the desire of restoring the ancient dynasties, as the grand cause of the rebellion. But let us see, can we discover from him any other cause:—

“The Protestant clergy were generally a very inefficient, uneducated, and demoralized set of men (334.) Among the prelates there were, doubtless, some eminent persons—Ussher, Bedell, Bramhall; but by far the greater number of their brethren were worldly and time-serving men. The Protestant laity, where the ever-prevailing

influence of intermarriage had not made them become Irish and Popish in their sentiments, generally lived in a state of ignorance of their own doctrines, and of bigoted intolerance of those of others. They assumed an offensive superiority over the Papists, grounded on the mere circumstance of their being the dominant party. The number of those whose conduct was affected by this scriptural creed was small, and their character, not so prominent as to become the subject of history. The government of the country was of the worst possible description; and after that the celebrated Strafford had been recalled, weak, disordered, uncertain, and destitute alike of knowledge, principle, or means. Its general object was to carry Protestant ascendancy in Church and State with a high hand, and to be intolerant to the Papists in both. They who looked into the character of Sir W. Parsons and Sir John Barlow, who were appointed Lords Justices in 1640, conceived, not without reason, that they by no means wished to crush the rebellion in its beginnings, but were secretly desirous the madness of the Irish might take its free course, so as to gratify their hopes of gain by sure and extensive forfeitures."

But why follow this uncompromising Protestant and Emancipation Act repealer further in his general vindication of the Irish of 1641. Let us come to Bedell. The conduct of the Irish to him and to his family, proves how well the Irish could respect disinterestedness and honesty in a religious opponent, who had done every thing in his power by mild means to pervert them, but without success. We transcribe, without distinction, from Mr. Mason, Burnet, and Carte;—

"The county of Cavan was raised at once, and in a more regular manner than the others. Phelim M'Hugh M'Shane O'Reilly, representative of that county in parliament, was, for his parts, activity, and experience, made chieftain of these septs, and his nephew Mulmar being high sheriff, he caused him to make use of the authority of his office to convene all the county together and order them to meet in arms. They seized on Loughoughter and all places of strength, excepting the castles of Keilagh and Crohan—places built by two Scottish knights, Sir Francis Hamilton and Sir John Craig, by whom they were bravely defended until June 1642 (p. 344). It may be easily imagined how much Bedell was struck with that fearful storm that was breaking on every hand of him, although it did not break upon himself. His house was in no condition to make any resistance, so that it was not any apprehension of the opposition that might be made to them that bound them up [the rebels]. Great numbers of his neighbours also flew to him for shelter. The Irish expressed their esteem for him in such a manner that he had reason to ascribe it wholly to that over-

ruling power (Irish gratitude) that stilled the raging of the seas and the tumults of the people. They seemed to be overcome with his exemplary conversation, and the charity that he had upon all occasions expressed for them ; and they often said that he should be the last Englishman that should be sent out of Ireland (p. 346.) When the *rebels* in Cavan were informed that the Irish had been disappointed in their designs upon the castle of Dublin, they took the extraordinary step of applying to Bedell to interpose with the Lords Justices in their behalf. This Bedell very willingly undertook to do. The chief rebels also promised to lay down their arms and to restore the English to their possessions. The petition was as follows :—‘ Whereas we, his majesty’s loyal subjects, have of long time groaned under many grievous pressures, by the rigorous government of those who respect more the advancement of their own private fortunes than the honour of his majesty or the welfare of us his subjects ; and notwithstanding the remonstrance of our agents sent from parliament, we find ourselves of late threatened with far greater and more grievous vexations, either with captivity of our conscience, our losing of our lawful liberties, or utter expulsion from our native seats, without any just ground given on our parts to alter his majesty’s goodness continued to us, of all which we find great cause of fear in the proceedings of our neighbour nations ; and do see it already attempted upon by certain petitioners, for the like course to be taken in this kingdom for the effecting thereof in a compulsory way (alluding to the avowed intention of a large section of English Protestants to exterminate the Irish Catholics). In the preventing therefore, of such evils ; for the preservation of his majesty’s honour and our own liberties ; we thought fit to take into our hands such forts, as coming into the possession of others, might prove disadvantageous and tend to the utter ruin of the kingdom. And we do hereby declare, that we harbour not the least thought of disloyalty to his majesty, only we desire that such a course may be settled by the parliament of Ireland, whereby the liberties of our consciences may be secured unto us, and we eased of other burdens in civil government. As for the mischiefs that have happened, we, with the noblemen and gentlemen and such others of the several counties of this kingdom, are ready to cause restitution to be made, as in part we have already done.’ (p. 352.)

We have given this document to show the secret of Bedell’s power. He saw the miseries of the people, and did not hesitate to draw up this exposition of their wrongs. It was signed by many chief leaders among the Irish, and by Edmund O’Reilly, that was the most cunning artificer of them all.

“ During the time of the bishop’s residence at his palace in Kil-

more, he received a very extraordinary message from the *titular* (Catholic) bishop of the diocese, who had come to reside at Cavan. His name was Swiney; his brother had been converted by Bedell, and was for some time entertained in his house. The Catholic bishop wrote a letter to Bishop Bedell, requesting to be admitted to lodge in his house, and assuring him that it would enable him to protect and preserve him. [Mason as well as Burnet misrepresents the motives of this offer, but let the facts speak for themselves.] Bedell answered his reverend and loving brother, Dr. Swiney, that he preferred declining the proffered protection. Were it not for the assertion of M. Clogy, it might be presumed that Swiney was not induced to make this *strange offer* from unworthy motives, but from one which influenced him not to give him any disturbance, although he must have had it in his power to do so; *for it appears that from the 2d of November* (the date of Bedell's answer) *to the 18th of December following*, Bedell, together with all that were within his walls, enjoyed such a quiet, that if it were not in all points a miracle, it was not far from one."

At length, on the receipt of peremptory orders from the Supreme Council of Kilkenny, Bedell was removed to the Castle of Loughoughter, a few miles from his home. The crowds collected around him at home were considered, naturally enough, dangerous to the Irish, and Bedell was unwilling to abandon them. In the castle, where he remained for three weeks, he and his sons and fellow-prisoners prayed and preached after their fashion, without the slightest molestation; and when he was, on the 17th of January, exchanged for some prisoners taken from the Irish in a sally by Hamilton and Craig, he was allowed to take shelter in the house of his convert, Denis O'Sheridan; who, though he continued to profess the Protestant religion, enjoyed perfect security in a country from which Forsythe, a Scotch Catholic laird and planter, had been expelled. Bedell died, after a short illness, in Sheridan's house. The following is the well-known account of his burial:—

"On the 9th of February he was buried, according to the directions he himself had given, next his wife's coffin. The Irish did him unusual honours at his burial, for the chiefs of the *rebels* gathered their forces together, and with them accompanied his body from Mr. Sheridan's house to the churchyard of Kilmore, in great solemnity; and they desired M. Clogy to bury him according to the office prescribed by the Church, but it was not thought advisable to provoke the rabble so much as perhaps that might have done; so it was passed over, but the Irish discharged a volley of shot at his interment, and cried out, in Latin, 'Requiescat in pace ultimus

Anglorum ;' may the last of the English rest in peace : for they had often said that as they esteemed him the best of the English bishops, so he should be the last that should be left among them."

History has not a parallel for the following instance of Irish inviolable fidelity to plighted faith, under the greatest provocation ever given to poor human nature. Treaties and securities and protections had been broken in all parts of Ireland by the Protestants, and the neighbouring counties of Meath and Louth reduced to burned and uninhabited deserts by Sir Charles Coote and Tichbourne governor of Drogheda:—

"You may, perhaps, desire to know what became of Bedell's children after his death. They continued at Mr. Sheridan's house until the 15th day of June 1642, on which day we marched away above 1200 men, women and children, about 2,000 *rebels* accompanying us for our life guard, according to the articles of our agreement. The Scots (who had been compelled to surrender to the Irish) had about 300 horse, under the command of Sir Francis Hamilton and Sir Arthur Jules. The country had orders to bring us provisions for money, as was articulated, which they did in great plenty. On the 22nd day of June, Sir H. Tichbourne, the governor of Drogheda, met us with a party of horse and foot within ten miles of that town, and conducted us safely. The rebels that conducted us took solemn leave of us, being sore afraid at the sight of our English forces. They hasted away ; they never offered us violence ; but were very civil to us all the way, and many of them wept at their parting from those that had lived so long peaceably among them."

The fate of Bedell's Bible ; the subsequent abortive attempts to use the Irish tongue as an instrument of perversion ; the total failure of Achill ; and the commercial speculation of Dingle and Ventry, we must defer to some future, but we hope not distant, day. And now to resume, rapidly, our views of Mr. Mason. An enthusiastic but indiscreet friend of the Establishment, in his overflowing zeal to remove the curse of barrenness which oppressed her, and open a channel for the healthful circulation of her doctrines, he inflicts an injury, for which the revived memory of Bedell can never compensate. For the uncertain prospect of distributing a few corrupt Irish Bibles to peasants who deride him, he deliberately holds up to public scorn the whole Irish establishment. His censure is not only severe but universal ; blackening not one generation, nor two or three dioceses, but involving, in the same sweeping and withering condemnation, the whole Irish Church, from the

moment in which, by bullet and bayonet, she intrenched herself in Ireland, to the day that she fixed herself, as firm as stringent laws can make her, on the necks of the landlords of Ireland.

Did we wish to shew to the world the friendly and gentle feelings of our national character; did we wish to shew how Irish attachment to the Catholic faith has resisted the benevolence and justice of the well-meaning proselytizers, as well as the constant operation of bigoted and tyrannical laws, our first witness would be Bishop Bedell: did we wish to arraign the Protestant Church, and shew, in her example, how a Christian society can renounce all claims to Christian decency; and, through subserviency to state policy or party prejudice, forget her most solemn, self-imposed, and plainly admitted obligation and primal condition of her existence, our first witness would be Bedell, lord bishop of Kilmore. Had we proved that bishop Bedell was everything which Mr. Mason fancies him—that he was, in his way, zealous, and enlightened, and consistent; anxious to act according to the sworn principles of his Church, and unwilling to have inscribed on his tomb, that he lived and died in a practice plainly repugnant to the Divine law, and to the usage of the primitive Church—we would, by the very fact, have proved that the Irish Establishment was neither zealous nor enlightened, nor consistent, nor anxious to act according to her sworn principles, nor ashamed of letting those who run read her condemnation in her own sworn articles. With surprising industry and painful minuteness, Mr. Mason, from various sources, details the clearest evidence that what Bedell did, no other person did; that, before his time, a knowledge of the Irish language would have been deemed a degradation by the great majority of the established ministers; that because he valued that language, he was exposed to the hostility of the greatest ornaments and highest authorities of Church and State; and that, after his death, it was (with the exception of one layman,) almost entirely neglected or despised. Singular destiny of the biographer, who cannot reveal a single bright phase in the character of his patron, without exposing, in the same light, the deepest shades of his Church. The monument to Bedell's fame is not a monument to the fame of the established Church.

Do we, then, grieve that the Establishment did not follow Bedell's example? Do we regret, that when no other language but Irish was known by the people, the Establishment knew no more Irish than was required in the demand

for tithe? But we are not judging the Establishment; we give Mr. Mason's principles in Mr. Mason's own words: and though the plain principles of morals were forcing themselves on our minds, when we read Mr. Mason's account of pastors exacting money for a religion which they could not preach, we leave the disagreeable task of pronouncing on the zeal or guilt of such pastors to Mr. Mason himself; and with the greater pleasure, because he appears utterly unconscious of the havoc he is making. Dazzled by the sunny dream of spreading the effulgence of scriptural light over benighted Ireland, he perceives not that his own work is the antidote to his errors; for who would forsake the living spring for the lazy pool, or abandon, for the sickly hot-house exotic, the shade of the secular oak which, for fourteen centuries, has overshadowed our land? Mr. Mason does not perceive this, but, like a froward and naughty boy bursting into mamma's gallery of family paintings, riding his hobby over the fragments of prostrate statues and upturned busts, and daubing the fairest and most costly pictures, what cares he for the havoc, since he has sported his hobby, and indulged his whim?—what cares he for statues, once objects of admiring eyes and reverent tongues, but now prostrate in the dust?—what cares Mr. Mason for the fame of an Ussher, who long resisted, and in the end but faintly aided, Bedell?—for the frown of the great Bramhall, the idol of the Irish convocation, guiding his conscience by the act of parliament that abolished the Irish tongue?—for the “*high-souled*” Strafford, “haling the translator of the Bible by the head and heels to horseback;” and on horseback to Dublin prison? or for that long list of historical Protestant names, which eat and drank calmly of the richness of the established Church, without ever troubling themselves about the Irish tongue? Fortunate Mr. Mason! who belongs not to a superstitious creed; were you a slave to the superstition that brings back the spirits of the dead to scourge their tormentors, there is scarcely, through the wide extent of Ireland, an episcopal vault, or rector's monument, or curate's humble slab or green sod, that would not send forth its indignant tenant to scare the bold and irreverent defamer who, under the mask of a friend, proclaims to the world that *all* lived and died in the habitual violation of their sworn duty.

We are not sure that by our remarks on Mr. Mason we may not have wounded the exquisitely sensitive charity of some of our Irish Catholic friends; but with our whole soul we rejoice that “the Irish Catholics, three times since the

Reformation restored to power, never persecuted a single person ; blessed be the Great God !” * Strong in our feelings of admiration of that conduct of our countrymen, strong in the repudiation, by our prelates, of all state-link establishment, we exercise, without scruple, the sacred right of self-defence, and draw from Mr. Mason’s own work, the materials of his refutation. We find him, with his pick, and his plummet, and his scaling-ladder, and all the implements of siege and assault, skulking beneath an old Irish impregnable bulwark of our Church ; and our only regret is, that some lustier arm does not shower down his own missiles on his head. We warn him of the fate of his predecessors ; we shew him the desperate line of tactics into which he draws his establishment : if she must fall, let her fall as she has stood, the enemy of the Irish tongue : let her not, without character, without hope, without even the human grace or dignity of state-serving consistency, engage in a forlorn attempt, in which even success would be infamy. But while we denounce the proselytizers who would make the Irish peasant’s love for his language a snare for his conscience, Mr. Mason himself cannot prize more highly than we do the eminent services of several Protestants, who spurned the anti-national prejudices of their Church, and, to their own immortal credit, helped to save the wreck of our national literature. His delight cannot be more sincere than ours, on hearing, that on the lists of the Irish Archæological Society are found the names of whigs and Tories ; of radicals and repealers ; of Protestants and Catholics ; of priests and parsons ; of Trinity College and Maynooth ; of Dr. Lingard and Dr. Todd ; of Established bishops and of Catholic bishops ; of Lord Roden and of Daniel O’Connell ; all combined in the noble exertion to save from ruin Irish historical documents dispersed through all the libraries of Europe. Since God has permitted that one million of Irishmen will not kneel around the same altar as seven millions, since they are not likely to agree on the form or decoration of the temple of the constitution, let them build for themselves a classic temple, in which the learned of Europe may read the monuments of Europe’s primitive tongue—a temple removed from the tumult of the platform and of the senate—a temple in which the Irish Catholic, while he cautiously guards the purity, the integrity, of his faith, shews the mildness of his

* O’Connell’s Memoir, p. 34.

charity, and the sincerity of his admiration of his persecution-hating fathers. We have no hostility to the Irish tongue; many a time has our love of that tongue, pictured, in almost living detail, scenes which would startle Mr. Mason himself: the men and women of the green isle—the Saxon and the Celt—the high and the low—the learned and the simple—the priest and the layman, all speaking the Irish as their mother-tongue—the critics and the worshippers of oratorical genius, from every quarter of the globe, studying, in that tongue, the “rivals or victors” of Roman and Grecian fame; and so little did we dread a contest between ourselves and the Establishment on this Irish ground, that common prayers, and homilies, and biographies in the Irish, numerous as the drowsy beetles or gnats of summer eve, would not give us alarm. These were, indeed, but day dreams, the creations of the inspiring solitudes of Glendaloch, or of Shannon’s sigh over the tombs of Clonmacnoise; but without any enlivening aids of association, we feel for the Irish tongue a reverence, shall we say it? somewhat akin to that with which we regard the relic of a martyr. It was, it is true, a tongue of Babel to our divided fathers; but then it has always preached and professed undying devotion to Rome: it worked almost miraculous changes in the old Norman barons, making them more Irish than the Irish themselves; and who can despair of its talismanic power to make men tell truth, love Ireland, and hate injustice, when it makes even Mr. Mason—who calls our faith, “darkness gross and palpable,” “full flood of superstition,” “anti-Christian Babylon,” &c.—write the following—O, that our rulers would listen to this incautious burst of honesty:—

“It was, as we have seen, the misfortune of Ireland to have incurred, from the very commencement of her connection with England, the contempt of her invaders; from the period when first the despicable John plucked the beards of the submissive chiefs, to the last instances of neglect exhibited towards her by British parliaments, she seems to have been practically treated with contempt; her laws, her manners, her dress, and even her language were despised; and repeated acts of parliament were passed, with a vain expectation of exterminating them all, as being little short of barbarous (113). *No nation was ever more unfortunate in its government, both as to temporal and spiritual [he speaks of Protestant] matters, or has more severely felt and clearly exhibited the fatal results of ignorance or indifference in its governors.*” (50).

In what does this language differ from the harangues which

so often raised the Irish war-cry against England through the moors of Offaly, the wooded glens of Dismond, or the justice-loving mountains of Wicklow and Tyrone? Strange allies for the Irish Establishment.*

ART. VII.—*History of St. Andrews, Episcopal, Monastic, Academic, and Civil; comprising the principal part of the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland from the earliest age to the present time.* By the Rev. C. J. Lyon, M.A., formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge, and now Presbyterian of the Episcopal Church, St. Andrews. Edinburgh, 1843. 2 vols. 8vo.

SUCH is the promise-giving title of a very peculiar publication, inscribed to "the Right Reverend the Primus and Bishops of the Reformed Catholic Church in Scotland;" meaning thereby the heads of the Scottish Episcopal clergy, who, with some of the members of their communion, have affectedly assumed to themselves this ridiculous appellation. The awkward and ungainly attempts of the few who constitute their *suite*, to wriggle themselves into a *quasi-consequence*, by the selection of a few "primitive doctrines" with which they trick out their homilies, have given rise to numerous absurdities, and have occasioned several otherwise worthy and discreet individuals among them to write themselves down specimens of the *genus asinine*. We are far from being disposed *repentine*, strictly to classify our "presbyter" with those who, draining the Circean bowl, have undergone a metamorphosis so very decided; but, as "there is not a more fearful wildfowl than your lion living," we feel in some respects that "we ought to look to it." We trust to find him, on the whole, "a very gentle beast, and of a good conscience."

In so far then, as a man's writings afford an indication of the man himself, we should opine that our *magister artium* is one of those good-natured individuals who, with a favourable but unlucky estimate of their own abilities, think themselves called upon to enter on a task for which nature has denied them nearly every qualification. The circumstance of his

* *Note.* It appears from a document in O'Connell's "Memoir," p. 94, that when the Reformation broke out in Ireland, the English language was spoken only in half the counties Meath, Dublin, Louth, Wexford, and Kildare; and that even in these half counties, Irish was the language of the mass of the people, as it was of all Ireland, with the exception of the cities and walled towns.

being pinned down to a petty *locale* in the "East Neuk of Fife," seems to have inspired our lion with a topographical *furor* to trace the limits of his den, and a restless desire to reap historic renown. Accordingly, in pursuit of this golden fruit, the "presbyter," taking together sundry volumes most patent to the million, and devoting his energies to scissors and paste, with a due admixture of adhesive plaster, has produced what Wotton appropriately terms "a gathering and disposing of other men's stuff."

Most unquestionably it was in an evil hour when "Charles James Lyon, formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge," first bethought him of the fame of antiquarian authorship; but still more ill-boding was it when he stumbled upon Wyntown and Tytler, and the recondite emanations from the Bannatyne Club. For, so far from attaining to the merit of a Milner, he has not even rivalled the collections of a Chambers.

Now with this redoubted expositor of the *Reliquiæ Divi Andrewæ* let us have a few words. Small space, indeed, is left for our remarks, which may rather resemble a sheet of *corrigenda* than a disquisition demanded by the "History of St. Andrews;" yet, nevertheless, "we will play the lion too." It may be premised that he entertains a most holy hatred of Presbyterianism, and affects a paternal compassion for the "errors and corruptions of the Church of Rome," of whose doctrines, discipline, and service, he displays, by the way, a truly abominable ignorance,—and so, between these extremes, he manifests no little mental tripudiation.

The very commencement of the book savours of the peculiarities of "reformed Catholicism." Suppose a stranger, desirous to know something of the seat of the ancient Scottish primacy, its general aspect and prominent features, were to turn for information to Mr. Lyon's publication, what would be his agony, on referring to it on this important particular, to be told that "it would be superfluous to say much on this subject. They who have never been at a place cannot form a clear idea of it from mere description; and to those who have been there, description is unnecessary!" But if, not discouraged by this preliminary rebuff, he proceeds a little farther, he will be equally astonished to find that out of some nine hundred pages of which this cumbrous compilation consists, about *fifteen* only are devoted to that which ought to be most prominent in a work professedly topographical,—the account of the city itself, so unceremoniously used by Mr. Lyon as a peg whereon to suspend his tattered integuments!

Having dispatched with such unexampled brevity the "Locality of St. Andrews," the presbyter proceeds to its "Traditional Origin and Early History;" and therein,—obliging us by his literary acumen,—is pleased to question the existence of the works of Gelasius, Tubaculus, and Regulus, by what he doubtless considers a palpable hit at the well-known Dempster. It is not our duty here to defend or impugn the veracity of this extremely useful author, neither shall we too sedulously probe Mr. Lyon's bibliographical acquirements; but we beg leave to say, that if the eye of that gentleman fails to discover the works referred to, he has only to thank his friends the *reformers* of the Catholic Church, that they are not equally accessible with the volumes of Tytler and Hailes. The remark which Mr. Lyon makes, when speaking of reliques, is truly applicable to the good man himself; "our ancestors seem to have believed too much; and we, in this enlightened age, *certainly believe too little.*" "Well roared, lion!"

Like others of his clan of prying "reformed Catholics," our compiler "cudgels his brains" to small purpose on the Culdean mystery. He appears to have waded through the late Dr. Jamieson's concrete rubbish on these irregularly-trained Christians; but, as in some other instances, he does not favour us with an acknowledgment of the mine wherein he excavated. He discovers, however, that if the Culdees "derived their purity from their early intercourse with the missionaries of the Roman see"—(whence else could they derive anything?)—"there is reason to think that they retained it, in general particulars, after that Church had departed from it." This is one of the many gratuitous assumptions of the "impurity" of Rome indulged in by Mr. Lyon, upon whom one would think that "the mark of the beast" had been set. We suspect that his intimacy with Rome resembles that of one of his own tribe of parsons, who, while inveighing, *more solito*, against Roman corruptions, had the candour to admit to us, that he had never even seen a Breviary or a Missal!

The parish church of St. Andrew, founded by bishop Turgot, contained no fewer than thirty altarages, of which many of the foundation charters are still preserved. "Yet," concerning these, quoth the sapient Mr. Lyon, "it is remarkable that none of the charters are older than the beginning of the fifteenth century; which is a proof that it was only from that time that the abuse of hiring a chaplain to say masses for the dead began to prevail." There is no printed copy of the Bible of earlier date than the close of that century, which is a proof that it was only from that time that the Christian

religion was known in the world: such, according to Mr. Lyon's reasoning, would be the fact; but, were he at all an ecclesiastical antiquist, he would be aware that simple history affords evidence complete of the foundation of obits long antecedent to the eighth century, and that traditional history carries back the practice to the very earliest period of the Christian faith. So that the "hiring of chaplains," as he vulgarly terms it, is as perspicuously part and pertinent of the doctrine and practice of the Church, as the Apostolic Succession, concerning which he and his "reformed Catholics" make so much work. However, he in some measure compensates for his blunders, by the good feeling he brings to bear upon the sacrilegious perversion of these and other foundations at the Deformation; upon which he bases a theory, "that sacrilege has ever been punished in the present life, and chiefly by the failure of male issue," and gives in his Appendix (No. LV) a variety of examples in support of the hypothesis; while he remarks, that "the inference he deduces by no means involves a defence of papal abuses, but merely, that what has been solemnly granted to God, cannot be taken away from Him without sin and punishment". That terrible Popery! The truth is, Mr. Lyon would wish that the property of the Church, which was confiscated by the heretics of the sixteenth century, should be recalled from the paws of the Presbyterians, and delivered, not to the original owner, but to his brethren of the Episcopal communion, the poverty of whose provision he so frequently and emphatically denounces. The subject of Mr. Lyon's theory may be illustrated by the following curious extract from a forthcoming volume of *Collections for the History and Topography of the Counties of Aberdeen and Banff*, to be presented by lord Aberdeen to the Spalding Club. It relates to the Abbey of Deer, and is taken from *A Short Abridgement of Britanes Distemper, from the yeare of God 1639 to 1649*. A MS. by Patrick Gordon, brother to Sir Alexander Gordon of Clennie.

"The relacoon of a wonderfull vission. (*Written between A.D. 1649 and A.D. 1660.*)

This was a fearfull presaigne of the fatall punishment which did hing over the head of that noble familie [of the Earl Marischal of Scotland], fortold by a terrible vission to his grandmother, efter the sacraleidgious annexing of the Abacie of Deir to the house of Marshall: which I think not unworthie the remembrance, wer it bot to adwyce other noble men therby to bewar of meddling with the rents of the church; for, in the first fundation therof, they were given out with a curse pronounced in ther charector, or evident of the first erectione, in those termes, *Cursed be those that taketh*

this away from the holy use wherunto it is now dedicat. And I wish, from my heart, that this curse follow not this ancient and noble familie, who hath, to ther praise and never dieing honor, continued ther greatnes, maintained ther honor, and both piously and constantly hes followed forth the way of vertue, from that tym that the valoure, worth, and happie fortoun of ther first predecessore planted them, and ever since the currage of his heart, strenth of his arme, and love of his contry, made him happily to resist the cruell Danes in that famous field of [Barrye], wher he gained to his nation a nottable victorie, to his contry a following peace, and to his posteritie both riches and dignitie, by that noble and high preferment to be Marishell of the wholl kingdom.

"George Earle Marshall, a learned, wyse, and upright good man, got the Abacie of Deir, in recompence, from James the Sixt, for the honorable chairge he did bear in that ambassage he had into Denmerk, and the wyse and worthie accompt he gave of it at his returne, by the conclusion of that matche, wherof the Royall stock of Brittaines monarchie is descended.

"This Earle George his first wyfe, dochter to the Lord Hom, and grandmother to this present Earle, being a woman both of a high spirit and of a tender conscience, forbids her husband to leave such a consuming moth in his house, as was the sacraledgeous meddling with the Abisie of Deir. But fourtein scoir chaldres of meill and beir, was a sore tentatione; and he could not weell indure the randering back of such a morsell. Vpon his absolut refusall of her demand, she had this vission. The night following, in her sleepe, she saw a great number of religious men, in their habit, com forth of that Abbey, to the stronge Craige of Dunnoture, which is the principall residence of that familie. She saw them also sett themselves round about the rock, to gett it down and demolishe it, having no instruments, nor toilles, wherwith to perform this work, but only penknyves; wherwith they follishly, (as it seemed to her,) begane to pyk at the Craige. She smiled to sie them intend so frutles ane interpryse; and went to call her husband, to scuffe and geyre them out of it. When she had fund him, and brought him to sie these sillie religious monckes at ther foolishe work, behold! the wholl Craige, with all his stronge and statly buildinges, was by ther penknyves wndermynded and fallen in the sea, so as ther remained nothing but the wrack of ther riche furnitoure and stufe, floting on the waves of a raging and tempestous sea. Som of the wyser sort, divining wpon this vission, attribute to the penknyves, the length of time before this should com to pass; and it hath bein observed, by sundrie, that the Earles of that house, befor, wer the richest in the kingdom, having treasures in store besyde them; but ever since the addition of this so great a revenue, they have losed ther stock by heave burdeines of debt and ingagement".*

* "Of the ancient and noble house of the Marischal, Mr. Riddell has remarked that 'after existing for several centuries in the male line, not only

Our topographer seems always sorely at fault in his Latinity, and does not appear even to know where to look for an Œdipus to solve his dilemmas. One of the first of his *sottises* is something amusing. In referring to the grant to the church of St. Andrew of a tract of land called the Boar's Chase, he refers to Boece's account of the transaction, which he affects to translate, but is strangely puzzled by one unfortunate word, not familiar to modern humanists—*Sella*. Boece narrates that the tusks of a celebrated boar, which had done great mischief in the neighbourhood, still remained, in his day, at St. Andrews,—“*Longitudinis enim sunt sexdecim digitorum, et latitudinis quatuor, relegati catenulis ad sellas Divi Andreae*”. This is rendered by Mr. Lyon,—“These are sixteen inches long and four broad, and are attached by small chains to the altar of the church—*ad sellas divi Andreae*”; and he ingenuously adds in a note,—“I am far from being sure as to the accuracy of the translation of ‘ad sellas.’ ‘Sella’ would signify a stall in the choir of the church. If we may venture to read ‘cella’, it might denote that the tusks were hung up in the cloister of the priory”. Now, had Mr. Lyon only turned to the archdean of Moray's inimitable version of the chronicles (nearly cotemporary with its original) in the old vernacular, he would have seen that the old name of the Boar's Chase, was the *Bair-rink*, and that the tusks were suspended neither on the altar nor in the cloister, but, “hingis now with chenyéis on the stallis of the queir, before the hie alter of Sanct Andros”. In a subsequent note, he groans over their loss, as much as if these *boar's* tusks had been his own grinders! With equal omniscience, we are kindly informed (p. 75) that a *tunic* is “a garment worn by a secular priest”. Oh dear!

But we have scarcely reached the fourth of his first volume, when Mr. Lyon commences his direct attack on “Romanism and its corruptions.” Like the rest of his brethren, this “reformed Catholic” deals in wholesale damnation of what he cannot comprehend; and, as he boldly joins issue with the enemy, it may gratify our readers to peruse the dogmatic theology of this presbyter of St. Andrews, who seems so deeply

talented, and distinguished, but retaining, even latterly, a considerable portion of their once extensive estates,—besides having the exclusive honour of founding a university,—this powerful family, like that of Winton, fell (in 1715) at one blow, under circumstances that did not call for so severe a retribution, and must ever awaken our sympathy and commiseration.”—*Remarks upon Scotch Peerage Law*, p. 120. Edinb. 1833. 8vo.”

versed in the history of councils and matters ecclesiastic. At page 102 he tells us that—

“A general council was held at Rome in 1215, at which Innocent III presided in person, and preached the opening sermon. It was attended by four hundred and ten prelates, including the Bishops of St. Andrews, Glasgow, and Moray, and the Abbot of Kelso. There, measures were agreed on for suppressing those religious sects known by the names of Waldenses and Albigenses, who had long persevered in refusing subjection to the see of Rome. There, too, proposals were discussed for the recovery of the Holy Land from the infidels; auricular confession was enjoined on all Catholics; and, instead, of a weekly celebration of the communion, which had been practised by the members of the Church of Rome herself for, at least, the first three hundred years of her existence, the laity were now required to communicate only once a year, namely, at Easter. Lastly, the doctrine of transubstantiation was, for the first time, submitted to the consideration of a general council, and a partial assent obtained to it, though it was not generally embraced till two hundred years after this; on which we may remark, in passing, that the corruptions of Romanism had their origin, not in the primitive, but in the middle ages of the Church.”

He proceeds in a note—

“The same remark holds good, not only of auricular confession, yearly communion, and transubstantiation, but of the adoration and invocation of angels and saints; especially the blessed Virgin Mary, images, and relics; papal supremacy; infallibility; elevation, adoration, and procession of the host; refusal of the cup to the laity; sacrificial masses for the living and the dead; purgatory; tradition as equal to scripture; indulgences, and the sale of them; lay baptism; burning of heretics; deposition of heretical kings; papal interdicts on a whole nation; forced celibacy; prayers in an unknown tongue; works of supererogation. I do not mention the ‘seven sacraments,’ because the dispute on that point depends on the meaning of the *word* sacrament: nor do I say any thing respecting ‘prayers for the pious deceased,’ because that, we know, was practised in the earliest and purest age of the Church. I do not specify the doctrine of ‘justification by works,’ because I believe no more is meant by it than what is contained in the Epistle of St. James. And, finally, as to the ‘burning of heretics,’ I am quite ready to admit, that when the Protestants got the power into their own hands, they made very nearly as bad a use of it as the Roman Catholics had done before them. But with respect to the other points above enumerated, they may rest on the decrees of popes or of councils, or on the questionable authority of a very few of the later Fathers of the Church; but they rest on no authority of Scripture; and, what is of no less importance to remark, they had no countenance from the Church

of Rome herself, during the first three or four hundred years of her existence. If that Church would renounce these errors, and become *what she once was*, it would be the duty of all Christians to unite themselves to her communion; or rather, she would then be one and the same with the Reformed Catholic Church already existing in the British dominions."

God forbid! We scarcely know which most to admire, the ignorance or the impudence of this puzzle-pated gentleman.

We mentioned that the *Chronicles of the good prior of St. Serf* was one of the chief foundations upon which our compiler reposed. But unfortunately he is one of those who—to use a vulgarism—"cannot let well alone;" he must play the philologist and explain some of Wyntown's words, evident to all the world, except himself. Of his capabilities as a lexicographer, and the benefit derivable by the public from their exercise, let the following instances suffice. At p. 127, in speaking of Bishop William Wishart's completion of the cathedral, Wyntown says—

"And out of his *ethchettis* hale
His kyrke he endyd cathedrale;"

to this word "*ethchettis*,"—palpable to the most obfuscated brain as *escheats*, or the forfeitures of vassalage, or penalties for offences committed within the diocese,—is appended the very eximious note:—"Out of his whole property, I presume!" This is bad enough, in all conscience; yet at p. 187, where Wyntown is again cited as narrating the gifts of Bishop Trail to the Church, among other treasures "*of gold bawdekynnys* he gave three;"—this word, which the merest tyro in antiquarianism knows to mean *cloth of gold*, is authoritatively annotated by Mr. Lyon—"bodkins"!!! Truly our lion seems for the nonce to have identified himself with Starveling the tailor. Yet this merely certifies his servile copyism, seeing that Macpherson himself (by whom the "reformed Catholic" has been misled), fell into the like preposterous blunder in his otherwise valuable glossary: and the error, if we rightly remember, was properly exposed by Dr. Jamieson in his meritorious "*Dictionary of the Scottish Language*." But the word is an old English one, and what it might be excusable in a Celt to blunder at is unpardonable in one "*late of Trinity College, Cambridge*." Another of his Wyntonian absurdities is exhibited in the notice of King Edward's residence at St. Andrews, anno 1303. Wyntown says that—

—"At Sanct Andrewys then bade he,
And held hys Lentyne in *reawty*."

Every body but Mr. Lyon would have seen that this merely means that his majesty kept Lent in *royalty*, or regal state: yet is his version of "*reawty*"—"i. e. Held his Lent in the regality of St. Andrews!!!" The paternity of this most wonderful absurdity is due to Mr. Lyon, not to Macpherson.

There is a quiet self-esteem and confidence in our "reformed Catholic" which occasionally peeps forth, and in no manner more characteristically than in the following note (p. 173): "'Cum triginta equitibus et eorum garcionibus.' Tytler translates thus, 'thirty knights with their squires.' Perhaps we should be nearer the mark were we to call the latter *grooms*. Even of these *equites* there were different ranks; for in a safe-conduct granted to Landel and others in 1352, they were to be attended 'cum ducentis equitibus ejuscunq̃ue status vel conditionis fuerint.'" Notwithstanding his questionable discoveries (some of them like those of Sir Harcourt Lees—*mares'-nests*), we are disposed to consider Mr. Tytler a somewhat higher authority than Mr. Lyon, and at least as capable of interpreting ancient muniments.

Mr. Lyon is sorely puzzled by the word "*ustrina*." This (p. 178) "he believes, contained fire for heating the thuribles or censors, and served also for keeping the officiating clergy warm in cold weather." Did the worthy presbyter never hear of a *malt-kiln*? Even had there been any doubt of the meaning of the word, we should have thought that, to a man of ordinary perception, its occurrence in the passage from Fordun, which Mr. Lyon translates a few pages further on (p. 196), might have suggested the import: for what can be the possible connexion of thuribles or stoves with "*granaries, mills, piggeries, barns, and stables?*" Even "*calefactories*," as he there renders it, is a word coined by himself, and unknown in the English language.

The acuteness of the suggestive faculty in Mr. Lyon is still more luminously exhibited in a quotation from Wyntown at p. 181. Speaking of Bishop Landel, the rhyming chronicler says—

"This byshop Williame de Landelys
Adorned hys kyrk wyth fair jewelis;
Vestmentis, bookis, and other moe
Pleasant playokis, he gave also."

There is no doubt that "*playokis*" is a corruption of some other word not now known; but the sense clearly is, that in addition to his benefactions, Bishop Landel gave other useful or elegant ornaments. This is implied by the word "*moe*,"

which Mr. Lyon overlooks, and gratuitously opines "playokis" to be "perhaps musical bells"!

But what shall we say to the following lamentable dullness? When narrating the revenues provided for the College of St. Salvator by Bishop Kennedy, its founder, he says,—“Out of the funds arising from the above sources, he provided for the maintenance of thirteen persons in all, namely, a provost, licentiate, and bachelor (who should all be in holy orders, and lecture on theology on certain days in the week), four masters of arts, and six *pauperes clerici*.” He then informs us that “these *clerici* were young men in, what Romanists call, the inferior orders of the Church; such as monks, sub-deacons, acolytes, &c., and who aspired to the higher orders of deacons, priests, and bishops.” A pagan Presbyterian could not show a more intense mental obscurity.

Equally painful is the next exhibition. We are told, on the authority of a MS. in the library of Edinburgh College, that Prior Bonar, who died in 1462, “is buried at the ‘*aspersarium*,’ where the *holy water is sprinkled*, under the brazen tablet, as appears by the engraved words—‘*sub sigillo æreo ut apparet ascullantibus*.’” (*Sic*, but the last word is an evident blunder.) Surely any one could have told him that the “*aspersorium*” is merely the stoup, or holy-water basin; that sprinkling is restricted to no particular spot; and that “*sub sigillo æreo*” evidently means under a monumental brass.

Another most deplorable instance of Protestant—we beg pardon—“reformed Catholic” error, occurs at p. 249, in a note to one of Mr. Lyon’s awkward translations, of a letter by king James IV to pope Julius II. The text bears;—“You evinced your paternal regard for us in no trivial manner, when, at the beginning of your pontificate, you healed our soul with the most ample remission of our sins,” and the note—“*amplissimo remissionis indulto*: perhaps plenary indulgence. But the sin which preyed most upon his mind was his having conspired against his father. He obtained pardon on the condition of wearing an iron chain round his waist for the remainder of his life, and by this his body was recognized among the slain at Flodden Field.” It would seem that the distinctive character of *reformed* Catholicity is incurable ignorance of every thing relating to *unreformed* Catholicity; and we have simply, in pointing out Mr. Lyon’s *chimeras*, to deny the possibility of the king’s receiving pardon upon any condition so ridiculous and unavailing. So, likewise, we repel with indignation the malicious meaning

given by Mr. Lyon to the word *indulgence*, when he says that "it gives a license to practise every kind of ecclesiastical irregularity without any fear of suffering" (ii. p. 101). Really, this is something much worse than ignorance; but we presume that slander is one of the many virtues of *reformed* Catholicism.

Mr. Lyon's innocence of antiquarianism, and his inadequacy to discharge the duties of historian, are peculiarly palpable even in the minutest details. For example, in narrating the legend of a seal—"S. Alexandri archiepi: Sancti Andree toti. Scotie primat. se. apl." he says, "the last words I have not been able to decipher." This any one could have done for him; but when, a few pages on, he gives the designation of an archbishop from a charter in which the two words so inexplicable (*legatus natus*) occur, it never seems to have entered into the worthy gentleman's head that these were the very *desiderata* he so frankly admits.

In a topographer, a certain degree of heraldic learning is absolutely required; at all events so much as to enable him to blazon in language suitable and intelligible the armorial bearings to which he may have occasion to allude. The Hepburns bear on a cheveron, a rose betwixt two lions rampant; but Mr. Lyon is pleased, in reference to a prior of that name, to denote them as "two lions pulling at a rose on a cheveron"!—(his brains must have been wandering on the kings of Brentford and their nosegay)—while the head of the crosier, over which the shield was placed, is acutely designated as the family crest; implying thereby a metamorphosis more strange than any recorded by the poet of Pontus. So also, subsequently, the arms of the family of Spens are given by Mr. Lyon as "a lion rampant under a bend, which has upon it a buckle between two mascles," instead of "a lion rampant, surmounted with a bend, charged with a buckle between two mascles." As old Randal Holme says, "It is rather a dishonour than a praise for a man to bear a LION on his shield, if he bear a SHEEP in his heart, or a GOOSE in his brain."

Our compiler, in quoting the veracious John Fox—of whose ponderous storehouse of lies even Protestants begin now to be ashamed—as to what he terms the martyrdom of one Henry Forrest, "who, a little before, had received the orders of Bennet and Collet," remarks, in a note,—“There is, probably, an inaccuracy here. He belonged to the ordo Benedictæ Collette, a devout female of Picardy, who estab-

lished an order both of monks and nuns in the fifteenth century. I am indebted for this explanation to a Roman Catholic clergyman." Mr. Lyon and his informant are equally mistaken, as they, and any one else, will find on referring to the important *Promptorium Parvulorum* recently printed by the Camden Society, *sub vocibus* "Bennet" and "Collet."

When the conspirators went to assassinate Cardinal Beaton, the porter of the castle, as is well known, attempted to frustrate their approach, by elevating the drawbridge, but was prevented by the activity of Lesley, one of the gang, and by them immediately stabbed to death and cast into the fosse. One would imagine that there could be no question as to this offence, but our historian kindly, and with all due gravity, informs us that "this was as much a murder as that of the cardinal himself!" By the way, impressions of the seal and counterseal of this Cardinal, which Mr. Lyon states he has never seen, are now before us, and doubtless may be procured from the ingenious artist from whom the "casts" which Mr. Lyon so frequently parades in his volumes were probably obtained.*

We are informed by our intelligent topographer that, "it is well known that, in the Roman Church, there are what are termed 'inferior orders,' below the rank of deacons; such as acolytes, exorcists, readers, and door-keepers. Persons in these orders may marry; but, if advanced to the superior orders, are obliged to relinquish their wives". Of what can the man be dreaming?

In discoursing of the supposed marriage of archbishop John Hamilton—foully murdered by the Knoxian savages—Mr. Lyon, while generously and honourably defending his reputation from the malignant attacks and confused accounts of partial and mistaken writers, seems to be a little "thrown out" by Douglas, the peerage writer, who states that Margaret, daughter of lord Sempill, married John Hamilton of Broomhill. In this, as in very many other points, Douglas was in error; for, on reference to Birnie's *Account of the Families of Birnie and Hamilton of Broomhill*, edited by Mr.

* We allude to Mr. H. Laing, of Elder Street, Edinburgh (formerly with the celebrated Tassie), of whose beautifully executed Scottish seals, ecclesiastic and civil, we have recently seen a complete set, and to whom our attention was directed by a notice in Mr. Turnbull's rare volume, the "*Fragments Scoto-Monastica*." No element in historical enquiries is so important as the study of seals, and the facility by which they may be procured is most favourable to the anxious archæologist.

Turnbull, we find that the name of the husband of Miss Sempill was *David*, not John. Had Mr. Lyon been aware of this book, he might have strengthened his expiscatory defence not a little: but, as it was, we believe, privately printed, it was less likely to have fallen in his way.

Even of his authorities Mr. Lyon appears to take a very careless and superficial glance. In one of his notes, he says, "I have never seen any seal of archbishop Burnet or his successor; but in the records of the Synod of Fife, lately printed, there is an engraving of two very old seals, having on them a representation of St. Regulus's church and tower, and, below them, the signatures of archbishops Gladstows, Burnet, and Ross." Now, on reference to the volume cited, we find, at first sight, that these seals are those of the Abbey, while the *facsimilia* of the prelates' signatures have been engraved (or, rather, lithographed) on the same leaf, merely for economy of space; and are distinctly noticed in the introductory matter. Besides, "two *very old* seals" were not likely to apply to signatures of the close of the seventeenth century.

Among others of Mr. Lyon's very singular hypotheses, take the following. Describing a fine silver mace, found in the tomb of Bishop Kennedy, he says, "behind each angel is a round turret, on the tops of which are symptoms of something having been burnt, probably incense, when the mace was carried in procession." Really this is downright nonsense. By the way, we are surprised that no engraving has been given by Mr. Lyon of this—judging as we best may from his description—very singular and beautiful ornament.

Mr. Lyon, having occasion to refer to a chapel in honour of the Assumption of our Lady, adds in a note, "That the body of the blessed Virgin was *assumed* up into heaven, soon after her death, is one of the baseless traditions of the Church of Rome." Whatever be the pragmatic assertion of Mr. Lyon, we can tell him that the traditions of the Church are more firmly based, and more abundantly evidenced, than his and his co-presbyters' visions of *their* apostolic succession and claim to membership in the Universal Church. It is marvellous, however, that the festival appointed for commemoration of this "baseless" event, is one of those retained in their calendar, and affected to be held in honour by those peculiarly favoured people, the "reformed Catholics."

But, reminded of the brevity of space allotted to us, we must cease to record the nearly endless monstrosities that stare us in the face in every page of Mr. Lyon's book. We

shall therefore terminate this teeming catalogue with a few of his manifold sins against Latinity and sense.

With a view to singularity, or under the most erroneous impression of the utility of such a practice, Mr. Lyon has thought fit to render, or attempt to render, into English, the various bulls, charters, letters, and portions of chronicles relating to, or bearing upon, his subject. This any one but himself would have justly considered to be alike unnecessary and inexpedient; but, possibly, the vain supposition that his octavos twain would become as greedily sought after as Summerley's guide books, by all visitors to his defunct metropolis, may have instilled and fostered the crotchet in his brain. As it is, between ungainliness and ignorance, his system presents a most *unique* aspect.

First, then, as to the awkwardness of his plan: we find charters commencing in this old fashion—"Innocent, *episcopus*, &c., to the abbots of Arbroath and Lindores, *salutem*;" "*Clemens, episcopus*, &c., to our dearly beloved son in Christ, the illustrious king of Scotland, *salutem et apostolicam benedictionem*;" "Most holy father, *felicitem*!" Then we have, in the course of such deeds, "The college shall celebrate mass, vespers, and *in cantu*;" "shall be instructed in the Gregorian *cantus et discantus*;" "there was a controversy between them on the one part, and M. of good memory, *clericus* of Pert, in the diocese," &c. Such, in some hundred instances, is the absurd effect of the new-fangled and irrational mode of publishing "evidents," by this *pert clerk*!

Next, as relates to his ignorance of ancient Latinity, we find instances of a nature truly remarkable. Thus, the common and official termination of a bull, "*sub sigillo piscatoris*," is rendered under the piscator's seal!" Then, "miracles had ceased, *as was to be expected*," "*ut credere fas est*;"—"the *hebdomarius* shall carry the cross *before* the epistle," "*ad epistolam*!" But, of all these the most monstrous, the words "*decimis ortorum*," the tithe of all garden produce, is, Heaven knows by what intellectual confusion, declared to be "the tithe of all CATTLE-BIRTHS!"

Moreover, the stock of *entertaining knowledge* prepared by Mr. Lyon, is augmented by his description of a *pittance*, in No. VIII. of his Appendix, devoted to a luminous exposition of the "method in which the canons of the priory passed their time." At dinner, he tells us, "only two dishes were allowed, excepting on particular occasions, when another, called a *pittance* (usually consisting of some delicate food), was added."

There is a horrible carnality in the ideas of this "presbyter of the Reformed Catholic Church." Who, amid his flourish of delicate *cates*, would discover the truth, that this "pittance"—*ce bel entremet*—was merely an allowance in one plate between two persons, differing from a *commons*, which was given upon a plate to each?

We have, in a most crude and undigested manner, hastily noted down a few of the many merriments which crowd the pages of this grave history. But while we have so done, and have manifested ourselves by no means blind to the author's, or rather compiler's defects, we willingly concede, and freely confess, that Mr. Lyon deserves all commendation for this laudable attempt to chronicle the renown of the metropolitan see of his native country. He had previously launched a pilot volume (destroyed by the brutalities of an abominable printer), indicative of his pursuits, which did not, we believe, meet with that encouragement which we hope, in spite of all things, will await the present. For, apart from the vulgarities of his sect about "Romanists," and "Romanism," the overweening conceit of his apostolicity, and his ill-founded literary pretensions, his general sentiments and feelings are evidently those of an extremely worthy and pious individual, desirous of discharging what he considers to be his duty, and anxious to support the Christian character in all practical points. His main and impelling idea is the elevation of the communion to which he belongs, despising presbyterianism and its absurdities, and entertaining a timorous respect for the Mother Church, in whose faith and discipline he has no reliance, because, like many others of his "cloth," he knows nothing about them. By such the lion's part may be done "extempore, for it is nothing but roaring." With every good feeling we incline to place Mr. Lyon among the "worthies" of St. Andrews; and, in parting, commend him, since he has a literary craving, to read much and think more; and then, "let him roar again, let him roar again!" The following *éloge* of St. Andrews, by Professor Johnston—strangely unnoticed by Mr. Lyon, may aptly terminate our hasty *adversaria*.

"FANUM REGULI, SIVE ANDREOPOLIS.

"Imminet Oceano, paribus descripta viarum
Limitibus, pingui quàm benè septa solo?
Magnificis opibus, staret dum gloria prisca
Pontificum, hic fulsit pontificalis apex.

Musarum ostentat surrecta palatia cœlo,
Delicias hominum, deliciasque Deûm.
Hic nemus umbriferum Phœbi, Nymphæque sorores
Candida quas inter prænitet Urania.
Quæ me longinquis redeuntem Teutonis oris
Suscipit, excelso collocat inque gradu.
Urbs nimium felix musarum si bona nôsset
Numera, et ætherii regna beata Dei.
Pelle malos pestes urbe, et quæ noxia musis,
Alme Deus, cœeant Pax Pietasque simul."

ART. VIII.—*Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the time of George III; to which are added, Remarks on the French Revolution.* Third Series. By Henry Lord Brougham. London: 1843.

WE read over this clever, querulous, eccentric volume, on its first appearance some months ago, without any idea of making it the subject of an article. But just on the eve of the publication of the present number of the *Dublin Review*, we happened to see, in one of the Orange papers, a laboured attempt to draw a parallel between the Repeal agitation and other popular movements of questionable character and tendency, especially the first French Revolution, and, what is worse, between O'Connell and the wicked men who mocked and scourged their fellow-beings, under the mask of friends of liberty and reform. This comparison has been, of course, frequently stated or alluded to in various anti-Irish speeches and newspaper articles; and as Lord Brougham has, in the volume before us, lent the power of his eloquence to enforce the same absurd notion,—sticking the torch of his once brilliant, and even yet bright but unsteady genius, down in the very mine of vulgar cant and slander,—we hope our readers will not be displeased with us for saying a few hasty words on this topic. Scope enough there is here for an outlay of extensive historical and political knowledge; but, as we have only a few hours to put our ideas on paper, we must be content with merely referring to facts, plain, public, and admitted. Perhaps we ought not to regret that we are now unable to do more; for where notorious facts will do (and they are enough, and more than enough for our present purpose), subtle disquisitions may only serve to obscure a case suffi-

ciently clear, and to encumber an argument sufficiently strong.

We write neither in the character of repealers nor of non-repealers. We have an historical question before us, and we examine its merits upon historical evidence. What *we* may think, has nothing to do with the truth of our premises, or the justness of our conclusions.

Well, then, what does Lord Brougham say ?—for to his sayings and insinuations we may confine ourselves, as, we believe, they comprise the substance of what may be found elsewhere. He says a good deal roundly enough ; much he conveys by hints, contrasts, and general descriptions. We wonder at this. We always took his lordship to be a very reckless sort of person, and, when once lashed into fury or enthusiasm, dealing his blows right and left, careless on whom they might fall, or how publicly. Perhaps he thinks it more becoming the gravity of his new character of historian and biographer, to exhibit his personalities without individual names. Be this as it may, his inuendos, if not explicit, are intelligible ; and we shall take them for all they are meant to mean.

About one third of the volume is taken up with sketches of the French Revolution, and of some of the chief actors therein. Some passages struck us as very happily conceived and expressed. We are not among the number of those who, because Lord Brougham is, as a public character, an inconsistent man, an unprincipled man, a vain man, an ambitious man, write him down at once as a man devoid even of common understanding. A solid reasoner he undoubtedly is not. General information upon a great variety of topics he possesses ; but to accurate and deep knowledge upon any one of them he has no claim. He has read the Greek and Roman orators, and translated the most famous of the Greek orations ; yet he is a poor sciolist in Greek, and his version is often flat and slovenly. He has written on some branches of natural philosophy, and has committed blunders which a Kerry schoolmaster would have avoided. He has composed some volumes on natural theology and topics connected therewith ; and, besides numerous inaccuracies, the best parts are little else than a diluted abridgement of what may be found in the ordinary text books used in Catholic colleges. He has published four volumes of speeches with dissertations and introductions ; and the dissertations are little else than panegyrics upon his own consistency ; and the finest sentiments in the speeches, he has, both

by word and deed, within the last ten years spoiled, laughed at, recanted, cancelled. He has written a work on political philosophy; we have not read it as yet, but we have no reason to think it more remarkable for accuracy and solidity than the rest. Of the style of his orations, *as* orations, we shall say nothing here, because we hope to have an opportunity of dwelling upon it more at large before the close of the coming year: but of his written eloquence, considered as *written* eloquence, it is often marked by the glaring faults of a certain mawkish mannerism. He has evidently emulated the loose, disjointed, long-winded, involved structure of sentences, which characterizes the writings of the seventeenth century, especially those of the Protestant divines. There is no doubt that in the writings of that period is found "the pure well of English undefiled." The words are pure, the meanings are proper, and for these they may be read and studied. But in arranging words, and still more in constructing sentences, their manner was more Latin than English. The words remain, their significations remain; but the rest was a peculiarity of the age, and has passed away, and, if we are to form our sentences according to their fashion, we may as well spell as they spelt, or revive any other of their obsolete customs. The language has not, we think, lost by the change it has since undergone. In many of these fine old writers there is, no doubt, more solid matter, more close reasoning, than in those of a later date; but their sentences are lumbering, long drawn out, entangled, and therefore often feeble, oftener obscure. In the writings of more recent times, there is more of simplicity, terseness, vigour. This will not be at once perceived by comparing extracts from our older writers with extracts from our contemporaries; for we know what the manner of the former was, and therefore we expect to find it so. But it will be seen by comparing a modern imitation of the former,—one of Lord Brougham's for instance,—with the latter. The truth of what we are saying would, we think, strike any one who read the correspondence, published some months ago, between his lordship and a Quaker, whose name we do not now recollect. The buttonless gentleman had of course his *thee* and *thou*, but the simple energy and clearness of his manner was manifest, when contrasted with the heavy, rolling, writhing manner of his more learned correspondent. But the topic has infected us, and we have fallen into one of the peculiarities of the old writers we are commenting on, by

digressing from our subject. So we return from Lord Brougham's style to his matter.

We have said that a large portion of Lord Brougham's book is devoted to the French Revolution, and the incarnate devils who presided in that storm of blasphemy and murder. Some pages are also devoted to another infamous character, and, according to Lord Brougham's shewing, their peer in many of their distinguishing qualities—the notorious John Wilkes. Here were themes to exhibit the peculiar powers of the noble historian; here the storm of his wrath, long gathering and pent up, might burst; here the winged shafts of his once terrible invective might be showered down; here the flood of his abuse, dark, turbid, foaming, might be let loose. To do him justice, he has not failed to turn his opportunity to some account. Yet we must confess that we have been a little disappointed. We felt that the invective, coming from such a master of the art, was not quite so hearty as we expected. We think he has been a good deal too lenient to some of his characters, and that he has taken needless pains to clear those from the imputation of some individual crime, whose whole existence was made up of the same or worse crimes. With this, however, we should never think of quarrelling, if Lord Brougham had confined himself to the French revolutionists. But no—he must needs turn his scowl, every now and then, in another direction. He must needs, while scourging the great enemies of God and man, hold up his scorpions, and shake them in the face of the brave, the virtuous, the long-suffering people of Ireland; and at the saintly priesthood, to whom their virtues, under God, are owing; and at the great and good man, dear to them as the pulse of their hearts, who has made them free, and who, if man can do it, will make them a nation. He cannot speak of the supineness with which the French submitted, during the reign of terror, to the decemvirs, without “warning” rulers of the excitability of the Irish people, and of their blind submission to their “spiritual and political guides.” He cannot speak of Marat, without telling us that the poor Irish are ready to give their confidence to persons “as base and execrable as he.” He cannot describe the impious, unprincipled Wilkes, without reading a bitter lecture on the voluble and versatile Irish (Lord Brougham of course is neither voluble nor versatile—not he!), and on a certain unnamed gentleman, who deceives them “grossly, clumsily, openly, impudently” (p. 193), and

whom nevertheless they cannot help trusting, honouring, loving.

For forty years has this gross, clumsy, open, impudent deceiver been living among them, mingling in their festivities, presiding at their assemblies, kneeling at their altars; instructing, advising, guiding, impelling, restraining; standing upon an eminence, with the searching gaze of a mighty empire fixed for ever upon him; every word and every gesture, every action and every omission recorded and canvassed; in the high courts of law, in the high court of parliament, in the high court of public opinion, in the high court of the press—the most powerful press in the world; by eloquent men, by learned men, by acute men; by the lower orders of society, by the middle orders, by the upper orders; by artisans, by merchants, by lawyers, by parsons, by proud barons, by mighty kings;—in all these, by all these, has this being without a name been accused and tried. For forty years has this trial been going on, and the first generation of accusers and witnesses and judges has passed away, and left room for another and another; and, after all this, the conviction is yet to come. His bitterest enemies have borne testimony in his favour; and they who would grind him as wheat, or burn him in a furnace, have admitted and maintained that he is a sincere man, an honest man, and all—all proclaim that he is a great man. They who know him best, whose interests are chiefly identified with his incorruptible virtue,—one of the purest hierarchies in the world, one of the most laborious, virtuous, simple-minded priesthoods in the world, and seven millions of the Irish people, have placed in his hands, without a shadow of misgiving, their dearest earthly hopes. Nor have they done so precipitately, blindly. They have tried him long, they have trusted him long, and he has never once betrayed them, and therefore they trust him again. He has the blessing of the Church, he has the prayers of the people, he has the confidence of both. Profane history has no example of this kind. This is the picture which jaundices Lord Brougham's eyes to look upon. He cannot bear the clear and golden light of such a fame, contrasted with the smoky glare of his own doubtful notoriety. Long has he toiled for such a fame,—are we wrong in supposing that it was the end to which so much labour was directed? and if so, “he has received his reward,” not indeed the reward which he looked for, but that which he has deserved. He, indeed, a friend of Ireland, of human liberty, of human happiness, for their own

sakes, and where they were not the means to power, to influence, to popularity! Let his sentiments and his conduct regarding Ireland for the last ten years and upwards bear witness. Call to mind his violent attack upon the good Lord Normanby (good at least relatively—good, whatever may have been his errors), for his attempts to soothe the afflictions, to raise the hopes, to win the hearts of the Irish people, by a systematic exercise of common humanity and common justice. On whose side has Lord Brougham been found, when there was question of coercing, when there was question of reaching a stone instead of bread, of reaching a serpent instead of a fish? Who have been for years the objects of his bitterest abuse? Who but the friends of Ireland,—those whom alone the Irish themselves look to as *not* their sworn enemies? Who is the choicest object of his slobbering panegyrics? Who but—

— “ The chief so coldly great,
Whom fame unwillingly shines upon ;
Whose name is one of th’ ill-omen’d words
They link with hate on his native plains ;
And why? They lent him hearts and swords,
And he, in return, gave scoffs and chains ! ” —MOORE.

Lord Brougham indeed a friend of Ireland! He talked when lord chancellor of the last chapter being soon to be torn out of the book of Ireland’s wrongs. One or two chapters forsooth! as if but one or two remained to be torn, where hardly more than one is yet cancelled. Black indeed is that dismal volume, and sad the story which it records; but, though old, it is not time-worn; though unfolded, its characters are not yet effaced. How can Lord Brougham speak with so much confidence of Ireland, as if he were inspired, in the very teeth of those who know her best, because they alone have had the opportunities of knowing her? His summers pass in delicious gardens and green fields, his winters glide away in the retirement of splendid libraries, or in the assemblies of the great—far, far away from lowly cabins, crumbling factories, deserted shops. He sees not, he has never seen, a land where wrinkles gather on the brow of youthful strength, where the roses fade from the cheek of youthful beauty; where the eye is dimmed from starvation, the tongue is parched from thirst. He has never seen a people to whom famine is familiar as the light of day, whose doom is poverty, whose heritage is slavery. He has no idea

of the condition of three millions of the Irish people, with clothing that makes a caricature of the human form; with dwellings either none at all, or not half so comfortable as an English farmer's pigsty; with food scant in quantity and in quality, such as the same English farmer would not throw to his hogs. O, 'tis a fine recreation for Lord Brougham, to weave his tissue of gorgeous diction, to throw off his brilliant metaphors,—as boys make soap-bubbles in the sun,—to talk “eloquent music” about liberty, and the cultivation of mind, and the progress of knowledge. But to see with his own eyes, as we have seen and see, to come into immediate contact with the state of society, on which he discourses so volubly—this would be indeed occupation for a true philosopher, a true friend of the people's liberty and happiness. Let him come over, and, in the garb of one of the pilgrims so common in some parts of the country, make a tour of the cabins of a single parish; let him enjoy for one month their once-a-day luxury of potatoes and salt; let him lodge for one month of nights under their dripping roofs, reposing on their imaginary pillows, and gazing at the stars. A month have we said! why he would not survive the very sight of such a life for a single week. He knows nothing of such matters, he does not understand them, he cannot understand them. Yet he dogmatizes about them. Who now is the “gross, clumsy, open, impudent deceiver”? Who is it that deceives himself and deceives every one else, save the poor people who are the butt of his sarcasms? These he cannot deceive. Would to God, it were in his power to deceive them, to lull them into a delusion, whereby they would not feel the miseries they endure!

Lord Brougham, therefore, when he dilates upon Irish grievances and the character of the agitation which has grown out of them, writes on a subject on which he has little information, and that little, like his knowledge on many other matters, very superficial and inaccurate. His feelings, moreover, are too deeply interested, to allow him to utter a sober opinion, even if he were not disqualified on other grounds. He has an insult to avenge. He has a grudge against O'Connell (we dislike writing the *Mr.* before this name), he has a grudge against the Irish people, he has a grudge against the only English ministry that ever attempted to treat that people with any thing approaching to kindness or fair play. It is vain for him to tell us, as he does in his introduction, that he endeavoured to prevent any bias of a party or personal

kind from influencing his opinions upon men or measures. When Dr. Lingard, for example, tells us in the preface to his history (that matchless history, whatever may be its occasional faults) that he made it a duty to divest himself of every undue prejudice, in the composition of his work, we can easily believe that, as far as human infirmity would permit, he has discharged his obligation. Because we know, from the history itself, as well as from his other writings, that he is a person of cool and sober temperament, and would be unlikely to suffer his passions to bias his judgments. But when Lord Brougham makes a similar profession, we may suppose him sincere, but we believe him to be unable to fulfil his promise. He is not the man to govern his sensibilities : so much at least we gather from his public conduct and published writings. The inferior parts of the human soul, as philosophers term them, are not unfrequently the dominant powers in his. His feelings are his judgments. Nature had never destined him for an historian ; his pursuits, his habits, his strong antipathies, have unfitted him for such an office. He can paint from imagination, or daub from imagination ; he can roll out black volumes of eloquent anger, like a factory chimney ; he can invest you with an atmosphere of adulation, as if you were in a hot-house. But you cannot depend upon his statement when he sets about telling a history, in which his feelings are in the least degree concerned.

Lord Brougham's testimony as to the parallel which he labours to prove between the French revolutionists, or English incendiaries, and the Irish agitators, is therefore *à priori* inadmissible. His authority is that of a man who writes on a subject of which he is grossly ignorant, and on which he has the strongest tendency to pervert the truth. But let us glance briefly (which is all we can or need do) at a few plain facts—facts which every one knows who knows any thing at all of such matters.

The French revolution and the Irish agitation ! The French anarchists and the Irish popular leaders ! The committee of public safety and the committee of the Conciliation Hall ! Strange combinations indeed ! Yet such is the power of imagination, at least of Lord Brougham's imagination. French revolutionists and Irish agitators ! Confusion and order, war and peace, cruelty and humanity, hatred and charity, revenge and forgiveness, vice and virtue, light and darkness, rational liberty and ruthless despotism ! How was the French revolution brought about ? We do not mean the

revolution simply as a *revolution*, but as it was a *French* revolution; not as a change from a state of slavery to a state of freedom, but as accompanied with its infinite horrors. What was it that converted the churches into pantheons, overturned the altars, trampled on the sacred vessels, butchered the priests in scores? What was it that abolished the Christian religion, abolished the worship of God, abolished the belief in God's existence, abolished the belief in the soul's immortality, canonized a prostitute, and wrote the sentence of eternal sleep on the portals of the tomb? What was it that erected a dictator, whose very name made men tremble in their dreams? erected the triumvirate, erected the guillotine? What was it that carried hundreds of innocent victims, every week, to execution—old men, whose grey locks had fallen off; old women, who might have seen their great grandchildren; boys in the flower of youth, maidens in the dawn of womanhood? What was it that choked up the Loire with dead bodies, so as to render it unnavigable; that hewed a channel in Paris which ran blood, not figuratively but literally, for many a night and many a day—if days they could be called that were so dark with crime? Whence sprang this monster of impiety, with its fruitful progeny of injustice and murder? From the seeds that were sown in the popular mind by infidel philosophers, for a century before. We are far from thinking this to be the sole cause, but it was *the* cause. It was the grinning Voltaire, the frantic Rousseau, the fiendish Condorcet, the flippant D'Alembert, with the rest of that infernal gang, who by their sneers, their sophistries, their false erudition, their folios for the learned, their pamphlets for the poor, their encyclopædias, their histories, their novels, their poems, their epigrams, gradually loosened the religious principle in the minds of the people, so that the first blast tore them up by the roots. Of the French revolution, as to its abominations, infidelity, sneering, mocking, bloodless, stony-hearted infidelity, was the father, the mother, the nurse, the tutor, the guide. Had there been among the guilty portion of the French people (for the guilty were, after all, not the majority) any principles of religion, with the respect for virtue, for age, for rank, for legitimate authority which it always produces and fosters, no doubt the constitution might have been changed, as it certainly required to be, and the intolerable sway of the aristocracy attempered by a just infusion of the democratic principle: but here the revolution would have stopped, and

whatever excesses might have occurred, would have been few and comparatively light, passing stains upon the surface, and not corruption fermenting in the very heart and boiling in the veins.

Turn we now to the Irish agitation, its sources, its development, its character. It is as if one passed from the groans and mangled carcasses of a battle field to the pleasant scenes of rural life, amid the song of the peasant, the carol of the birds, the repose of the green shade. It is as if one awoke from dreams of ugly devils with red eyeballs and gnashing teeth, and found himself in the midst of his brothers and sisters smiling over his slumbers. No outbreak, not the smallest symptom of tendency to an outbreak of impiety here, no blasphemy against God, no cruelty towards man, no war against religion, its ministers, its altars : but the reverse of all this ; the reverse to a degree such as never was witnessed in any similar movement, since the world began ; the reverse to a degree that makes our bosoms swell with pride that we belong to a people who have exhibited, in the eyes of all nations, so sublime an example of the influence of our holy religion—FOR THAT IS THE GREAT CAUSE—in at once subduing, invigorating, ennobling the soul of man. It is want of the true faith in its purity, and the consequent want of sound, predominant, all-pervading moral feeling, which converts good beginnings into evil endings, which, from intentions at first harmless, produces the bitter fruit of evil deeds, which sends men's minds, when once drawn out of their ordinary sphere, driftless and darkened into ways of injustice and barbarity. The Irish people are eminently a religious people. If they were not—if they had been unscrupulous, faithless, making a god of mammon, making a god of their bellies—they would not be as they are. It is true, though in a different and more consoling sense, what Gregg and other fanatics have said of them, that their squalid poverty is the result of their religion ; their popery, their pilgrimages, their beads, their hard fastings, their long prayers, their love of God, their singular devotion to His ever blessed Mother. Blessed be God ! we are a poor people, a lowly people ; and of this let us not be ashamed ; for our poverty, our lowliness, are to us the cross of Christ, in which we all should glory ; they are to us at once the testimony, the price, aye, and the reward, of our long uncompromising adherence to the true faith. Agitation has been going on among us for a long time,

and yet, what O'Connell stated, in one of his speeches, in the course of the present year, is strictly and most literally true; we *know* it to be true; that the number of confessions and communions among the *people* is increased immeasurably beyond what it was ten, twenty, thirty, forty years ago. The number of wrongs to person and property, the number of nocturnal meetings, of secret societies, of immoralities and abuses of every kind, has diminished. We need say nothing of the progress of temperance. Besides all this, the agitation itself has been a powerful means of dissolving factions, of extinguishing pernicious jealousies and feuds, and thereby blending the people in a more universal brotherhood of charity; not a canting, French-revolution charity, but genuine Christian charity. These are facts. Explain them as you will, they are facts—facts—facts. And they do not merely furnish data for our argument; they *are* the argument itself. Agitation has existed among the people of Ireland for years upon years; and the people of Ireland have been advancing,—mind, advancing—during all this time, in habits of peace, of observance of the laws, of mutual forbearance and charity, of private morality, and, as the foundation of all, in attention to the duties of religion. They have advanced in everything except—but we must not pass beyond the limits of historical, into the regions of political disquisition.

Here we might very well stop; for as to what remains of Lord Brougham's parallel, it is enough to say, that if the agitation be what we have shewn it to be, the agitators themselves cannot be what Lord Brougham would insinuate they are. But the comparison between the Irish agitators (O'Connell being evidently, in at least one passage, the person principally designed) and—how can we write such names in the same page together—Robespierre, Marat, and Wilkes, we cannot pass over without saying a few words upon it. We might only mention such a monstrous absurdity to laugh at it; if any of the ludicrous could be allowed to disturb the more serious feelings which so shocking a slander must awaken in every generous mind. But, before we proceed farther, let us extract some of the passages, which form our text, from Lord Brougham's book. We ought to have transcribed them earlier; but we hope the hurry in which we are compelled to write will excuse us, to our readers, for an omission which it is now too late to supply in the proper place.

To his statement (p. 25,) of the chief means (intimidation

practised by a few over the many) by which the reign of terror was established and upheld, he subjoins a note, in which he plainly compares these proceedings with those of the Irish leaders, telling us that "the Irish demagogues [Lord B. never was a demagogue!] speak of addressing three and four hundred thousand persons, in places where the whole population amounts to less than half the number." This is Lord Brougham's style of history. The numbers who composed the "monster meetings," to which Lord B. here refers, were not merely inhabitants of the places in which the meetings were held, but made up also of persons from the surrounding districts, multitudes of whom came from a distance of twenty or thirty, or even forty, miles.

"Can anything more strikingly or more frightfully impress upon the mind a sense of the mischiefs which may spring from popular enthusiasm, when bad men obtain sway over a nation little informed, and unable or unwilling to think or judge for itself; ready to believe whatever it is told by interested informants, or follow whatever is recommended by false advisers, acting for their own selfish ends? That no such scenes [as those of the reign of terror] could now be renewed in France we may very safely venture to affirm, though much mischief might still be wrought by undue popular excitement. That in this country [England] such things are wholly impossible needs no proof. . . . But this security arises wholly from the people's habit of thinking for themselves, and the impossibility of any one making them act upon grounds which they do not comprehend, or for purposes in which they have no manifest interest, &c. . . . It is impossible to say the same thing of all parts of our people; it would be most false to assert, for example, that the *Irish people are safe from such influence*. On the contrary, they manifestly *do not think for themselves*; they certainly are in the hands of persons who need not take the trouble to give sound reasons, or *any reasons at all*, for their advice. [Did Lord B. ever read any one page of the speech delivered by O'Connell, in February last, in the discussion in the Dublin corporation; or of the very able argument of Mr. Staunton, on the same occasion?] The Irish people are excited and moved to action in the mass, by appeals to matters of which they do not take the pains to comprehend *even the outline*, much less to reflect on the import and tendency. They are made, and easily made, to exert themselves for things of which they have formed no distinct idea, and in which they have no real interest whatever. They leave to others, *their spiritual and political guides, the task of forming their opinions for them*, if mere cry and clamour, mere running about and shouting, can be called opinions. They never are suspicious of a person's motives, merely because they see he has an interest in deceiving

them. They *never weigh the probabilities of the tale*, nor the credit of him who tells it. They may be deceived by the same person nine times in succession, *and they believe him just as implicitly the tenth*; nay, were he to confess that he had *wilfully* deceived them to *suit a purpose of his own*, they would consider this a *proof of his honesty*, and lend an ear, if possible, *more readily to his next imposture*. A people thus uninstructed, thus excited, thus guided, are most deeply to be pitied; and the duty is most imperative of their rulers, by all means, and without delay, to rescue them from such ignorance, and save them from such guides by every kindly mode of treatment which a paternal (?) government can devise. But such a people, especially if the natural goodness of their dispositions were not outraged by scenes of a cruel kind, would easily be moved to witness and to suffer the grossest violations of justice; would let themselves be hallooed on to the attack of their best friends [meaning, of course, Lord B. in particular,] by any wily impostor that might have gained their confidence; and *would suffer men as base and as execrable as Marat to usurp the honours of their Pantheon*."—pp. 101-103.

The following extract is perhaps still more *pointed*; though, to shew the *whole* of what is meant to be conveyed in the allusion contained in the following extract, we should quote the greater part of what precedes;—

"Never man more pandered to the appetites of the mob than Wilkes; never political pimp gave more uniform content to his employers. Having the *moral* and sturdy English, and not the *voluble and versatile Irish*, to deal with, he durst not do or say as he chose himself; but was compelled to follow, that he might seem to lead; or, at least, to go two steps with his followers that he might get them to go three with him. He dared not deceive them grossly, clumsily, openly, impudently—dared not tell them opposite stories in the same breath—give them one advice to-day, and the contrary to-morrow—pledge himself to a dozen things at the same time; then come before them with every one pledge unredeemed, and ask their voices, and ask their money too, on the credit of as many more pledges, for the succeeding half-year—all this, with the obstinate and jealous people of England, was out of the question; it could not have passed for six weeks. But he committed as great, if not as gross, frauds upon them; abused their confidence as entirely, if not as shamefully; catered for their [i. e. the *sturdy and moral* peoples'] depraved appetites in all the base dainties of sedition, and slander, and thoughtless violence, and unreasonable demands; instead of using his influence to guide their judgment, improve their taste, reclaim them from bad courses, and better their condition by providing for their instruction [as Lord B. does.] The means by which, &c., &c., &c....he who, in the recesses of Medenham Abbey, and *before many witnesses, gave the Eucharist*

to an ape ; or prostituted the printing-press to multiply copies of a production that would dye with blushes the cheek of an impure."—p. 193,

Very much more we might extract to the same effect, and in the same allusive, or, as rhetoricians technically term it, "suggestive style"—a style of which some critic remarked, in reference to a certain celebrated work, that it reminds one of a person who dares not look you full in the face. Let us take one rapid glance at the *facts* on which this parallel rests.

Having grouped together, in the space here marked by asterisks, as vividly as we could, the leading, public, undisputed facts in the respective careers of the miscreants of French revolution and English sedition, on one hand, and of the liberator of Ireland, on the other, we could not help blotting out our work and tearing it in pieces. Such names, such deeds, put side by side, even by way of contrast, in the same picture, shocked our own feelings so much that we could not transcribe what we had written ; we could not look upon it, we could not suffer it to remain. There was insult, irreverence, pollution in the very thought that such a vindication might be needed by any human being with a mind above that of an ape, with a heart above that of a tiger. No, not even in an Orange lodge, not even by Fox Lane, would such a vindication be needed ; not even by Lord Brougham himself. His judgment may be stifled under the weight of his jealous rage : he may wish, he may fancy, as poets fancy, the resemblance he paints, but he does not believe it, he cannot believe it ; if he does, he is mad, and of his madness there can be no doubt.

No—no, O'Connell, whose one public sin—his duel—has been for him (if we may use a phrase consecrated to a most awful subject) "a happy fault ;" happy to himself, by having been the means of preventing many another ; happy to others, through the influence which the strains of his eloquent contrition have exercised over them, by putting a crime, which men like Lord Brougham had ennobled, in its true light ; O'Connell, from whose lips has never fallen a word that might not be uttered in a virgin's ear ; O'Connell, who has never counselled or tolerated, in all his public life, a single crime against God or man ; O'Connell, whose domestic affections (one of the surest tests of a good heart) are well known to be of the warmest kind ; who is loved to adoration by the members of his own family ; O'Connell, who, after moving

in a thick atmosphere of religious indifferentism, has always held fast by "the rock of Peter," has never been ashamed to avow, in the teeth of scorn, ridicule, abuse, his faith in all its integrity; O'Connell, who gives a bright example to all the youth of Ireland (which would to God they did all imitate!) by receiving the holy communion once every week and frequently oftener—but where should we stop in our enumeration? O'Connell, who, when he departs to a better world (distant may that day be!) will be mourned for, not only by his own, but by every civilized nation in the world, and for the repose of whose soul the solemn dirge of the Church will be chaunted, and the "clean oblation" offered up on a thousand altars from the rising to the setting sun. O no, this man, good as great, whom bishops love to bless and priests to pray for, whom statesmen look to for counsel, and the poor for protection, and the afflicted for consolation, and the slave for freedom, and the joyous for mirth, and the grave for wisdom, and all men for an example—him it would be an outrage upon our own feelings, an insult to himself, an insult to the people of Ireland, an insult to every honest man in the world, to name for the purpose of proving that he is not to be numbered among those whom Lord Brougham so graphically describes, and whose character may be summed up by saying that the whole human race, men of all countries, of all creeds, of all grades of intellect, of all political parties, have agreed in denouncing as below humanity in all the worst attributes of human nature in its worst condition, "the very scum of the earth's scum."

A hundred things we have yet to say, but we cannot say them. One little remark, however, we must make, and but one.

Lord Brougham holds (p. 10) that the price of the French Revolution "had been assuredly heavy, but *not too heavy compared with the blessings it had purchased.*" This is Lord Brougham's doctrine.

O'Connell's doctrine—one of the "fundamental articles" of his political creed, one which he has preached "in season and out of season," and one as familiar to the minds of the Irish people as the words of the catechism, is that no extent of human liberty is worth the price of a single drop of blood unjustly shed. "The man who commits a crime gives strength to the enemy."

These golden maxims formed the substance of one of his latest addresses to the people. They have always been the

burden of all his speeches and addresses. They are as common proverbs, as common rules of life, as household words, popular as the name of O'Connell himself. Nor are they mere sounds, like Lord Brougham's fine sayings, dwelling in the memory, but seldom sinking into the heart or worked into action. They are among the very causes, some of the very Catholic appliances, which have helped to preserve or to improve the moral dispositions of the people. They are practical principles, they *have* worked, have produced their effects.

Lord Brougham gives it as his deliberate opinion, that the ten thousand times ten thousand crimes of the French Revolution were not too heavy a price for liberty. O'Connell's whole life has been spent—all his genius (beautiful as the morning star, brilliant as the noon-day sun), all his learning, all his wisdom, all the workings of his mighty mind, all the exertions of his majestic frame have been expended, and *most successfully* expended, in discouraging, in sweeping from the face of the earth, bloodshed, injustice, rebellion, violation of law; expended in fixing in the people's minds the sublime Catholic truth, that the least crime is too great a price to pay for the greatest of human blessings. Who now is it whose avowed principles come nearest to the practices of Robespierre and Wilkes?

But we must conclude, and yet it is with difficulty we can drag ourselves away from saying many things that yet crowd upon us for utterance. But we must conclude: and in concluding, we pray that the sacred—for they are sacred—truths we have just repeated from O'Connell's lips, from the lips of our fathers and teachers in the faith, may be more and more deeply engraven upon the very hearts of the people. We are thoroughly convinced that it is by unshrinking profession of real Catholic truth, and earnest cultivation of pure Catholic morality, by avoiding crime, by obeying the law, by abhorring all illegal combinations and all violent means, whatever be the end, that Ireland will be made what a bounteous Providence destined her to be. By these she will not fail to become free and happy; her progress perhaps gradual, and even slow, but still sure: without these her every effort will only tighten her bonds, or give her a victory more disastrous than defeat. Her blue mountains, her green fields, her majestic rivers, her mild skies, the bravery and the genius of her sons, the beauty and the modesty of her daughters, these indeed ornament her; but *omnis gloria ejus filiae regis ab intus*,

her true glory, beside which every thing else is as deformity, is in the name she bears—unsullied for a single moment from the day she first won it—the name of CATHOLIC IRELAND; is in being the “joyful mother of children” whose hearts are resting places for peace and charity, and purity and patience to meet and dwell together. O rather, a thousand times rather, would we behold her once more with the thorny crown upon her head, and her limbs fastened to the earth, and the fires of persecution kindling around her, than see her, for all the power, for all the glory of this world, casting away one leaf of that unfaded wreath which the hand of her own apostle, fourteen hundred years ago, wove around her brow. But of this, under the blessing of God and the protection of His holy Mother, we have no fear whatever. Clouds may still hang upon the horizon, but “there are bright days in store for Ireland;” and well may we say in the words of her own dear bard—

“— Of those past ages dreaming,
When glory decked thy brow,
Oft I fondly think, though seeming
So fallen and clouded now,
Thou’lt again break forth, all beaming—
None so bright, so blest as thou !”

ART. IX.—*A Voice from Rome*, A.D. 1842. London: 1843.

WE should not have thought of noticing this small pamphlet, consisting of letters lately published in the *English Churchman*, were it not that we consider it a type, a representation, of a certain class of views, which we are inclined to treat with respect, though sometimes, we own, it is hard to do so.

In England, we believe we may say, that there are three different systems or ideas of the Catholic Church.

The first is the true one, to which we of course hold with all our souls: that the Church in communion with the Holy See alone represents Catholicity, and that she alone has the prerogative of being the Spouse of the Lamb, and as such “without spot or wrinkle;” that they who would have truth and holiness, must come into her as she is, without haggling or pretending to make terms, or Donatist-like, holding out till she may choose to alter or modify herself to their taste.

The second is that peculiarly happy conception of Catholicity which sees all its attributes and characteristics in the Anglican establishment just such as it is; which would not for the world disturb an atom of existing things, would not think of transforming the lawn into the cope, or the table into an altar, nor of interfering with the arrangements, domestic, ecclesiastical, or civil, of the clerical body. This is the comfortable theory of public meetings on religious subjects, and of Church societies of all sorts; and may be considered as under the special patronage of the bench of bishops and other dignitaries. Such phrases as "our truly apostolic Church," "our apostolic branch of the Catholic Church," "our pure and primitive Church," are its tocsins and its watchwords. Far is it from our intention at present to disturb their slumbers, who sleep comfortably on this system. It is to the upholders of the third that we wish principally to address ourselves. This is a sort of middle course, not the old (we trust exploded) *via media* system, but one which would fain have a Church moulded between present Catholicity and present Anglicanism. It considers the tone of the one too high, that of the other too low; and it would lower the one and screw up the other, till both accorded upon a middle note. To what extent each change should be carried, whether Rome should relax more than England strains, or whether the task should be equally divided, is by no means a settled point. For we suspect, that if those who wish for unity upon this theory were asked first to settle among themselves the amount of curtailments, modifications, and changes of every sort which would satisfy them on our parts, no two would be found to agree upon the exact line which we must descend to, to meet the alterations in an ascending direction, which they would ask from their own establishment.

And now to our reason for noticing the little work before us. It is the production of one belonging to the last of these classes, and is characteristic of many persons in it. Its purport is to hold the balance between the evil (as its author deems it) and the good, which Rome presents to a two-years' observer. We have heard lately of several English travellers, engaged in the occupation that has given birth to these pages; of persons who go about—not as formerly, to gaze on the wonders of modern art, and explore and sketch the remains of ancient grandeur; but to pause, pencil in hand, opposite any memorial of rustic piety, or the more devout than scientific images on the walls of the Suburra or of Trastevere, and

there, to the astonishment of passers-by, note down the rude and simple rhymes inscribed under them; who enter churches and basilicas, not to venerate the memory and relics of apostles and martyrs that repose therein, but to spy about, beside and behind the altars, to detect any lurking tablet that proclaims an indulgence. These memorials are carefully noted down, and published as documentary evidence of the corruptions of the Apostolic Church and See. With such materials our author has filled upwards of thirty pages; while, as a set-off, to show his impartiality, he gives us in half that number, an account of the countless and boundless charities of that city, which is as great in the practice of the third, as she is in the mastery of the first, theological virtue.

Now what is the practical conclusion to which such modes of investigation and their accompanying course of reasoning are meant to lead? Clearly this: "Rome *may* be the first and mother Church; she *may* hold all the prerogatives granted to Peter; she *may* have right indisputable to the veneration, the love, nay the obedience, of all men and of all Churches; she *may* be the true and rightful centre of unity, to which all should cleave; she *may* have been the only preserver of many great doctrines, the only deposit of many holy traditions; she *may* alone have nourished heroic piety, ascetic fervour, virginity, mortification, the spirit of martyrdom; she *may* have exclusively produced down to our times real saints, like St. Charles, or St. Teresa; she *may* unrivalled present the pattern of Christ's Church in its universality and its oneness; all these I concede to her as clearly her right; but so long as the Pope allows these doggrel inscriptions to remain on the walls, and does not recall his concession of those certain indulgences, I, A. B., pronounce that all those claims go for nothing; I set up my judgment against that of the Apostolic Church, and having settled in my mind that these things are idolatrous, superstitious, &c. I declare that it is better to forego all the privileges of communion with the Church, than yield to her teaching and assurance that they are not so, or believe myself more likely to mistake and misunderstand than her." Such is the conclusion—shall we say it?—to strain at such gnats of abuses (taking them at their very worst) and justify one's self for swallowing the camel of schism, aye, and with a good hunch of heresy upon it!

But, alas! how easy it is to make for ourselves excuses, when we cling to an error. These, and such other, topics are put forward by many persons, as pleas and reasons for their

not joining the communion of the Holy See, as bars to the possibility of the Anglican establishment's being again united to it. Let us therefore come to terms. Let us suppose that His Holiness were to accede to their wishes, and order an abundant application of whitewash to the obnoxious localities, so as to efface every inscription which any of these theological tourists may consider objectionable; were to withdraw every concession of indulgences more ample than they would approve of, and forbid by stern laws any one to wish his neighbour in salutation, the blessing or prayers of our Redeemer's Mother (for these form one head of accusation); let us, in one word, assume that all the grievances pointed out in the "Voice from Rome," or other such works, were at once redressed—does any one imagine for a moment, that the English Church would at once rush repentant to the arms of her offended Mother, or that the crosier of Canterbury, which assumes to be that of St. Augustine, would be laid at the feet of St. Gregory's namesake and successor? It must be the merest delusion, to imagine that these are the obstacles to unity: a thousand prejudices, a thousand passions, a thousand interests, and what is worse than all, but cannot be numerically described—an utter deadness of feeling, an insensibility to the claims or importance of religious unity in those who occupy high places, and a cold political idea of a Church, in her rulers, secular and ecclesiastical; these form obstacles which *no* concessions on our part could at present remove. Let those, then, who really desire unity, look for it themselves and for themselves. We would recommend to them the epistle addressed by St. Augustine to a nun, who being a convert, was so greatly shocked at the disorders which she thought she had found, or even had really found, in the lives of Catholic ecclesiastics, that she was thereby tempted to return to her former schism. Now that great Father does not attempt to deny the truth of her allegations, but strongly exhorts her not to allow these apparent evils to lead her astray to a schismatical communion, in which she could not have salvation. "Si enim de isto sæculo exires separata ab unitate corporis Christi, nihil tibi prodesset servata integritas corporis tui." And further he tells her concerning those whom she felt inclined to rejoin:—"Ab ea (Ecclesia) vero separati, quamdiu contra illam sentiunt, boni esse non possunt; quia etsi aliquos eorum bonos videtur ostendere quasi laudabilis conversatio, malos eos facit ipsa divisio."*

* Ep. ad Feliciam, Ep. ccviii. tom. ii. col. 776, ed. Bened.

The persons with whom we are dealing, cannot consider these sayings hard from us; for they take great pains to make out our Church to be not only corrupt, but idolatrous, in order to screen themselves from the imputation of schism. We, in return, must deal plainly with them; and they must not be more sensitive than they wish us to be. We know that many persons unfortunately adhere to the Anglican system on other grounds—equally untenable, but at least not unjust nor unkind to us—who would not allow the imputations of this class of persons to be valid. With these we are not *at present* dealing; we have in mind those who sit in judgment upon the Church, and rely on their own partial views for justification of their remaining out of her Communion.

However, we feel disposed to treat even them in a more goodnatured tone than some of our remarks may seem to indicate; for, really serious as are the charges made against us, we can afford to be good-humoured under them. This outcry about abuses, and particularly about idolatry, or the peril of it, has been a standing war-cry of the Church's enemies from the beginning; and we may very calmly listen to it, after the indignant castigations it has received from St. Jerome. Eunomius, Porphyry, Vigilantius, were loud, in their day, in denouncing the honour shewn to saints as excessive, superstitious, and idolatrous. They were, in this respect, the Protestants of the earlier ages. They employed the very arguments now urged against us; they spoke nearly in the same words. There is consolation in this; and we feel almost a pleasure in having to speak on behalf of our poor and ignorant brethren, as that father did in defence of "the ignorance and simplicity" of some pious men, and women more particularly, in his time; and ask, with similar feelings, "*Idololatræ appellas hujusmodi homines?*"* And in order to carry out our intention of keeping a good temper in our discussion, we have a mind to pursue it entirely by the pleasant mode of historical narration. We mean to add rather to the budget of facts, which the industrious collectors of the class we are dealing with love to gather. We will try to match their narratives by others no less interesting or curious; and then leave our readers to judge which has the best of it.

We may imagine, if we please, some Persian gentleman, of ancient days, going on his travels, through Christian countries,

* Adv. Vigilant, Op. tom. ii. p. 394. Ed. Vallarsii.

with that instinctive horror of idolatry, and of worship through visible symbols, which became one accustomed to feed his piety only on the ethereal subtlety of the solar rays; most anxious to collect all possible evidence why *he* should not be a Christian. It is true, he understands very little of the languages of the countries through which he passes, and cannot be supposed to enter much into the habits, the ideas, and the feelings, of their inhabitants; but, with the help of a dictionary, and a *valet de place*, he can make his way; and, at any rate, he can see what the people do, and read their books and inscriptions. What place does Christ hold in their worship?—How does God appear in relation to men? Surely, we could easily imagine him struck with the prominent place which the martyrs occupy in all the worship, in the thoughts, and words, and feelings, of Christians; whether clergy or laity, learned or simple. Not a town does he come to but he finds the church most frequented, nay, crowded with worshippers, to be that of some martyr; while smaller oratories, in every direction, are favourite places of prayer, because they commemorate some other saint, or contain a portion of his ashes. Not an altar does he anywhere see, which is not consecrated by their relics. Before them hang lamps, garlands, and votive offerings; around them are palls of silk, and richest stuffs; their shrines are radiant with gold and jewels; the pavement of the temple is covered with prostrate suppliants, with the sick and afflicted, come to ask health and consolation from Christ's servant: the pilgrim from afar, scrapes, with simple faith, some of the dust from the floor or from the tomb; the preacher, aye, a Basil, or a Gregory, or a Chrysostom, or an Ambrose, instead of cooling their fervour, adds confidence, earnestness, and warmth to it, by a glowing and impassioned discourse in its favour.* And if he afterwards goes and interrogates these holy men, who, he might think were carried off by their eloquence and the heat of discourse, what is their real belief, as he cannot bring himself to go as far as they seem to do, in veneration of saints and relics, he receives some such answer as this:—"What! will you not reverence, but rather contemn, those by whom evil spirits are expelled, and diseases cured; who appear in visions and foretel in prophecy; whose very bodies, if touched, or

* See *inter alia* the Homilies of S. Chrys. on SS. Bernice &c. tom. ii. p. 645, ed. Bened.; of St. Basil in xl. Mart. tom. ii. p. 149, ed. Bened.; of St. Gregory Nyssen on St. Theodorus, tom. iii. p. 580, ed. 1638.

even honoured, are gifted with as much power as their holy souls; the drops of whose blood, or the smallest symbol of whose sufferings, have as much efficacy as their entire bodies?"* Or what will he say if one of these grave and learned men shall say to him, by way of extolling the glory and merit of the martyrs:—"perhaps, as we were purchased by the precious blood of Jesus...so some may be purchased by the precious blood of martyrs?"† Surely he may, at first sound of such words, exclaim, that the saints are made equal to their Lord, and that this must be a sad and an idolatrous departure from what He may be supposed to have taught. And if he stops his ears, and does not admit or accept of explanation, what must we expect from him but a most mistaken report?

Again, he looks about him. At Antioch he finds the church of St. Barlaam richly decorated with paintings; but all representing the life and death of the saint: Christ is introduced, but as if in illustration, or by chance, into the picture.‡ At Nola he finds a magnificent basilica, literally covered with mosaics and inscriptions, full of the praises of saints, and especially martyrs.§ At Rome he sees the basilicas of the apostles, of St. Lawrence and others, adorned with similar encomiastic verses. Surely if he sends forth "a voice from Rome," it will be to proclaim that, *to him*, all this seems excessive reverence, and, if you please, worship, of men, no matter how holy. We should like to know how some great Father would have answered him; for that answer would just serve our case at present. If he descend into the catacombs, the favourite retreat of devout Christians, what does he find? Martyrs everywhere, their tombs hallow each maze of those sacred labyrinths, and form the altar of every chapel. Their effigies and praises cover the walls; prayers for their intercession are inscribed on their tablets. He goes into the houses of believers; memorials of the saints everywhere. Their cups and goblets are adorned with their pictures; for one representation of our Saviour he finds twenty of the blessed Virgin, or of St. Agnes, or St. Lawrence, or the apostles Peter and Paul.¶ What shall his "voice" pro-

* St. Gregory Naz. Or. ii. adv. Julian, Op. tom. i. p. 76, Par. 1609.

† Origen Exhort. ad Martyr. Op. tom. i. p. 309. Ed. De la Rue.

‡ See the homily probably by St. John Chrysostom, in St. Basil's works, tom. ii. p. 141. Ed. Garnier.

§ S. Paulini Op. Ep. xxxii. Ed. Murat. p. 194.

¶ See Buonarrotti's Osservazioni sopra alcuni Frammenti di vetri antichi.

nounce these? What encouragement will it give to his brother fire-worshippers to embrace the Christian religion? Once more, we should have liked to see St. Jerome's answer to it.

Certainly, if we had nothing remaining from the early Church except the Liturgy, the ancient Christians would stand before us just as we do before others, when they look only at our solemn worship. In fact, the two Liturgies, theirs and ours, are the same. An Anglican fancies that so far, and no further, are we conformable to the practice of antiquity; and he will agree with us; unless he takes objection to the prayers for the departed, and the commemoration of martyrs, invariably found in every ancient Liturgy, as in ours, though carefully expunged by the wicked pretenders to reform the perpetual practice of the Church of God—those who spoke of the Spouse of Christ as Pilate did of her Lord: “*emendatum ergo illum dimittam.*”^{*} But, fortunately we have plenty of other documents to shew us what the belief and practice of the ancient Fathers was on extra-liturgical matters, such as form the staple of publications like that before us. We have their homilies, to which we have already referred; but we have what, in this respect, is even more interesting, a great body of familiar and anecdotic matter in their epistles and biographies, which, more than anything else, enable us to judge whether those great and holy men thought and felt Catholicly or Protestantly; or, if you please, Romanly or Anglicanly. The evidences of popular religion (such is the term which Tract 90 most unfortunately brought into vogue,) are sought, now-a-days in documents such as would and could only be similarly preserved. The conversion of M. Ratisbonne, for instance, will have probably to be found in after ages, in the letters and brochures of the present day, or in some collection of edifying histories; and many of the verses and descriptions which so much scandalize our modern traveller will possibly fall before a change of taste, or *edax vetustas*; and unless found worthy of a place in the laborious collection of some Fabretti or Muratori, posterity will only know of them through the gleanings of curious pryers into such matters for controversial purposes. In like manner, many of those lesser feelings, those more homely sentiments and thoughts, which were interwoven with the every-day religion of the ancients,

^{*} Luc. xxiii, 16.

those tales which simple piety recorded for edification, not for evidence, are not to be sought in the solemn records of public deeds, nor often in earnest treatises on great dogmatical controversies, but in the unbosoming of friend to friend in familiar letters, or in the narrative of private virtues and domestic histories. If much of these has been lost, sufficient remains to shew us the great men of the Church bending from their doctor's chair to the warm-hearted simplicity (called, in our age, credulity) of their poorest children, believing and proclaiming, with unsuspicious confidence, tales of wonder, whereby God seemed glorified in His saints; and telling them in such manner, that they form most interesting tests for ascertaining with whom their feelings and belief accorded—Rome or England; trustful, faithful, joyful Rome, or doubting, suspecting, moody England.

But we are not acting up to our promise. Let us, therefore, come to the point. In proof that the blessed Virgin is "worshipped as the mother of mercies, temporal and spiritual," the author before us appeals to the Baron de Bussière's account of M. Ratisbonne's conversion from Judaism, "which he distinctly attributes to the immediate operation of the Virgin Mary; for he relates, that it was effected by her actual appearance to him." (p. 16). Now what is meant to be granted, and what to be doubted here, we do not know. We suppose no one doubts that M. Ratisbonne, from a Jew, did become a Christian, and has become a religious; having abandoned home and friends, and given up a long-cherished alliance. Any one might as well deny that Sir R. Peel is prime minister. That he went into the church of St. Andrew a Jew, and came out a Christian, is attested upon evidence as certain as any fact can well be—that of trustworthy and honest men, who saw him and spoke with him before and after. For the change something must account. That it was a *true* conversion from Judaism to Christianity, with great temporal sacrifices, is clear; and such a conversion must have been the work of Divine grace. How communicated, is the question? The only witness can be the convert. He tells us it was through an apparition of the Mother of God, who instructed him in the mysteries of our holy religion. Are we to believe that a person is chosen by the Divine goodness for an object of a most singular act of grace, at the moment that he devises and tells an abominable falsehood, to rob Him of the glory of it, and give it to another; by feigning a vision of the blessed Virgin? What does the

author of the "Voice" mean to throw doubts on? On the apparition, as for such a purpose impossible? Or on the consequences drawn from it? Surely not on the latter; for if the vision was true, it was right to consider the blessed Mother of God, not as the source, but as the channel, of a great "spiritual mercy."

If he wish to insinuate that it would be derogatory to God's honour, or incompatible with His revealed doctrines, to believe such a mode of communicating grace and religious instruction possible; and, consequently, that the whole must be a figment or a delusion; we will, in answer, relate another similar story, in which not a Jew, but a bishop, was the party, and we will premise that we have it on the best authority.

The person to whom we allude was a young man of singular piety and virtue. Left young an orphan, he devoted his youth to study, in a celebrated university. There his assiduity in learning was only surpassed by the purity and innocence of his life, which stood the test of severe trials, and escaped the snares laid for him by profligate companions, jealous of his virtue. Having made himself master of all profane learning, he entered on a course of sacred studies, under the most celebrated professor of the day, and soon made considerable progress. He was, however, while yet young, put into orders, and even named bishop, before he considered himself well enough grounded in theological knowledge; though probably his humility led him to exaggerate his deficiencies. He found himself quite unequal to the task of preaching the divine word, and on the eve of his first undertaking this duty, he lay sleepless on his bed, in agitation and anxiety. Suddenly he saw before him a venerable figure of an old man, whose countenance, attitude, and garb, bespoke great dignity, but who, at the same time, appeared most gracious and affable. Terrified with this appearance, he leapt from his couch, and respectfully asked him who he was, and for what purpose he had come. The old man replied, in a gentle voice, that he had come to calm his doubts, and solve his difficulties. This declaration soothed his fears, and made him look towards his visitor with a mixture of joy and awe; when he perceived that by steadily pointing with his hand towards the other side of the apartment, he seemed to wish to turn his attention in that direction. Thither he consequently turned his eyes, and there he beheld a lady of peerless majesty, and of more than human beauty, so resplendent, that his eyes could not bear the brightness of the vision, but he

must needs bend them and his countenance down, in reverential awe. Thus he listened to the conversation of these two heavenly beings, which fully instructed him on the subjects whereon he felt anxious, and at the same time informed him who his gracious visitors were. For the lady, addressing the other by the name of the Evangelist John, requested him to instruct the youth in the mystery of heavenly piety; and he replied, "that he was ready to do even this, to please the Mother of his Lord, seeing that she desired it." And accordingly he did so.

Such is our counterpart to the narrative objected to by our author respecting M. Ratisbonne's conversion. Now before giving the names of our authority for this wonderful history, or of the person to whom it refers, we will only beg our reader, if not sufficiently versed in ecclesiastical biography, at once to answer both points, to say to what Church or religion he considers either the writer or the subject of this anecdote belongs. Could he believe us if we told him that it happened to Bishop Ken, or Bishop Wilson, or Archbishop Laud, or that we had transcribed it as gravely told by some Anglican clergyman in a life of any of them? We are sure he could not. The idea of a Protestant bishop's learning his faith from a vision of the blessed Virgin, would be deemed repugnant to every principle and every feeling of the religion. But were we to tell the reader that the bishop spoken of was St. Alphonsus Liguori, or even St. Charles, and the narrator an Italian monk or priest, he would at once allow that such an account from such a pen, concerning such a person, was perfectly consistent with the principles of both; and though, if a Protestant, he might declare that he does not believe the story, he will acknowledge that it does not surprise him to find it in such a place. It must be then a Catholic, and not a Protestant, who thought or said he saw such a vision; and it must be a Catholic, and not a Protestant, who has recorded it as believing it. And so it was. The bishop who thus learnt his faith was St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, only little more than two hundred years after Christ, and the recorder of the vision is the brother of the great St. Basil, St. Gregory, bishop of Nyssa.* This would have been a nice anecdote for our ancient note-taker upon the doctrines of Catholics.

We do not intend to pursue any very regular order; but just to pick up a few incidents, such as may show us how our

* De Vita S. Greg. Thaum. Op. tom. iii. p. 545, ed. Par. 1638.

fathers in the Faith thought upon matters whereon we are so censured. And as we have begun with the saints, and the wonders wrought by them, we will say a few words more concerning them. Let any one take the trouble to read any of the miracles recorded by St. Augustine in the twenty-second book of the City of God, and let him apply the criterion we have already given, of asking himself in what class of modern religious writings he would expect to meet with similar occurrences. Take, for instance, the history which he gives of a certain poor tailor at Hippo, named Florentius, who being in great want of clothing, and having no means of procuring it, went to the church of the Twenty Martyrs, and prayed aloud that he might be clothed. Some young men, professed scoffers, overheard him, and followed him, jeering him as though he had prayed to those twenty martyrs for fifty-pence to buy a coat. The poor old man, however, going his way, found a fish cast on shore, yet alive, which he sold, and a gold ring was moreover found in it, and given to him by the honest purchaser with these words: "See how the twenty martyrs have clothed you."* Now we are pretty sure, that many a poor Italian would, in his distress, do just what Florentius did, go to some church of the B. Virgin, or of some saint, and kneeling before the shrine, pray as he did. And we are equally clear that a party of English Protestant youths overhearing him (the *adolescentes irrisores* now-a-days of Catholic practices) would make as good a joke of the matter as did the young Hippo fashionables. So that it requires little to settle the *dramatis personæ* of St. Augustine's anecdote on transporting it to modern times, and give Catholic and Protestant each his part. And no doubt either an ancient or a modern collector of proofs, that the saints are made conveyors of "*temporal* mercies" in the Catholic system, would find the history equally applicable to his purpose—with this exception however, that, as St. Augustine gives it among other proofs that the *Christian* religion is still evidenced by miracles, the ancient traveller would have turned it against Christianity, as the modern one would against Catholicity; so completely are the two identified.

Let us take a case bearing more minute comparison. In a little work containing the history of the Medal of the B. Virgin, commonly known by the epithet of *miraculous*, there are many extraordinary but well-attested cases of conversion

* Op. tom. vii. p. 668, ed. Bened.

of hardened unbelievers through the prayers of their friends, and the application of that blessed symbol, to the unconscious sinner. These to flesh and blood, to the dull sense, and the cold heart of the present generation, are hard to believe, and they are either silently rejected or openly scoffed at—would to God if by our adversaries only! For instance, a soldier, we are told, in the military hospital at Paris, is on the point of death, and rejects every succour of religion. In vain the sisters of charity who attend him, in vain the good curate make every effort to bring him to a right feeling on the necessity of making his peace with God. He rejects every offer, and at last with violent oaths and brutal rage, imposes silence on the subject. Reduced to extremity, the pious sisters have recourse to prayer to the B. Virgin, not expecting him to survive the night; and place a medal secretly in his bed. He sleeps tranquilly, and on awaking mildly sends for the curate, receives the sacrament with great devotion, and dies in peace.* This is only one instance out of many; often they are pious relations, a daughter or a wife, that procure the grace; in every one we read of most fervent prayers poured out to God and his B. Mother. Those who would join in the "Voice from Rome," cannot be much edified, nay, on the contrary, are likely to be shocked and scandalized by such a narrative. "What efficacy can there be supposed to exist in a mere symbol thus placed, like a charm" (so they would say) "near, or on, a person heedless or unconscious of its presence? Who can believe that 'spiritual mercies' will thus be granted upon prayers to a saint? We must enter these down in our note-book, as the deceits or the delusions of popery."

Be it so, but we must have a corresponding one to enter into the tablets of our ancient enquirer, and here it is: "There was a man at Calama of high rank, named Martial; advanced in years, and having a great repugnance to the Christian religion. He had a Christian daughter and son-in-law that year baptized. They entreated him, with many tears, to become a Christian; but he positively refused, and drove them from him with violent indignation. His son-in-law bethought him of going to the chapel of St. Stephen, and there praying for him, to the utmost of his power, that God would give him grace to believe, without delay, in Christ. He did so, and with many sobs and tears, and with the ardour

* Notice Historique, sixth ed. p. 76.

of sincere devotion. Departing, he took with him some flowers from the altar, and, when it was night, placed them at the sick man's head. He slept: but, before daybreak, he called out, requesting that they would send for the bishop, who happened to be with me in Hippo. On hearing of this, he begged that some of the clergy might be sent for. They came; he declared himself a believer; and, to the astonishment and joy of all, was baptised. So long as he lived, he had in his mouth the words, 'O, Christ, receive my spirit;' though he did not know that these were the last words of the blessed Stephen, when stoned by the Jews. They were, likewise, his last, for he soon expired."* Here, then, we have our parallel; each part of the modern narrative has its counterpart in the ancient; and if one is to be rejected, so is the other. There is, in both, an obstinate infidel, or sinner, who will not be converted to God: there are pious persons who pray to the saints; there is a badge or symbol of their intercession—for the flower from the altar means the same as the medal;—in each case it is placed in the bed of the unsuspecting patient; and, in both instances, he awakes at morning to ask for God's minister to administer a Sacrament of forgiveness. Yet, the one narrative is of France, in the nineteenth century; the other of Africa, in the beginning of the fifth (A.D. 427). How comes it that such accidental coincidences should be found, with such distances of time and place, save as fruits of one tree, as plants of one seed, as evidences of one system? And do not they who find fault with such evidences, in our times and countries, equally censure them in others; and thereby place themselves in the awkward position of scoffers of Christianity—not of what they are pleased, in the later instances, to nickname Popery?

We could carry on much further this comparison between miracles which are considered the production of modern Catholicity, and such as are recorded with perfect confidence by ancient writers, and in every instance draw the same conclusion—a conclusion which goes quite as far as dogmatical texts from homilies or treatises, to prove the identity of ancient and modern Catholicity in those matters on which the latter is most harshly treated, as being a departure from the former.

Connected with the subject, there is a point on which we wish to touch, as being one of common reprehension not only

* S. Aug. lib. xxii. cap. viii. De Civit. Dei. tom. vii. p. 668.

in the little work before us, but in many others of a similar tendency. We allude to that species of partiality which seems to be shown at a given time, to a particular sanctuary, in which some shrine or image is found, through which God is thought to work more wonderfully than elsewhere. Such, at this moment, is the shrine of St. Philomena, at Mugnano, or the church of St. Augustine, at Rome. It would be easy to bring together many passages from ancient writers, that show the prevalence of a similar feeling and its consequent practice; indeed the book and chapter in the works of the holy doctor just named, to which we have more than once referred, will furnish proofs of the peculiar regard in which certain places consecrated by relics (as the oratories of St. Stephen) were held by him. But such feelings of veneration, confidence, and attachment towards one saint and his sanctuary, are by no one so well represented as by the learned, the holy, and the truly amiable St. Paulinus. Few of the Fathers let us more delightfully into the secrets of the Christian life and the Christian heart in ancient days, than the bishop and poet of Nola. A patrician by birth, the scholar of Ausonius (who compares him to the ancient classics) by education, a poor monk by choice and vocation, the delight and friend of St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, Sulpicius Severus, and all the great and good men of his day, the admiration of the whole Church, he exhibits in his letters a simplicity of faith, a tenderness of affection, an innocent playfulness, a cheerfulness, and an unaffected humility, which most pleasingly combine with the depth of his devotion, and the richness of his sacred learning. There are few of the fathers who gain more upon our every day and homelier feelings, and make themselves more familiar with their readers than he does. But throughout his works he is the servant of St. Felix, the glorious martyr of Nola. Near his tomb, though himself a native of Gaul, he resides, a poor hermit by choice (having sold all and given the price to the poor) and priest, afterwards bishop of the see. To celebrate the anniversaries of that saint, by poems and festivities; to build a basilica in his honour, and adorn it with mosaics and verses; to make his friends love him and believe in his power, and bring them to visit the shrine of his father and patron, as he styles him—seem his most pleasing occupations. How Catholic his language every where to Catholic ears! How *Popish* it must sound to Protestant! By way of example: the "Voice from Rome" cries out against the following occurrence, or at least

the feelings it excited. A young woman is run over by a cart (an empty one, but Roman carts are not very light even when empty) close to the church of our Lady, attached to the hospital of the Consolazione, while holy exercises were going on within. She escapes what every one considers an imminent danger of death; and the people cry out "è un miracolo della Madonna!" This is brought as a proof that temporal blessings are sought from the Blessed Virgin. It so happens that St. Paulinus relates a something similar accident, and reasons much in the same way as those poor Italians did. Fortunately, he had no English Protestants near. A person of the name of Martinianus was coming to him with letters, or rather with a message; and on his way from Capua to Nola, a distance of about twenty miles, he met a man with mules returning home, after discharging their loads—just as one may now meet them among the Tusculan hills, after they have taken wine to Rome—so he wisely bargained for a ride, which was given him cheap.

"Nactus vacantem sarcina mulum (ut solent
Jumenta revocari domum)
Parvo breve pef iter ære conductum sedet."

When about half way, the mule took fright and grew restive. Martinianus (who had lately been more of a sailor* than of a horseman) was thrown, and flung to a distance. But, though he fell among stones and thorns, he was neither bruised nor scratched. How did this happen? St. Paulinus has no difficulty about it. Had he been expressing it in prose, and in Italian, he would have said, "è un miracolo di San Felice." As he was writing Latin verse, he describes and explains the event as follows:—

"Medioque mox spatio viæ
Muli pavore sessor excussus procul
Vectore subducto cadit.
In ora lapsus ora non læsit sua,
In saxa fusus et rubos
Nec sente vultum, nec lapide artus contudit,
Felicit exceptus manu;

* St. Paulinus, in this poem, describes a practice yet existing among English sailors, that of whistling for more wind:—

— "Gubernator—
— Fortiores provehendis cursibus
Auras vocabat sibilo."—v. 44.

Qui jam propinquantem ædibus fratrem suis,
 Non passus occursum mali
 Suis periculum in finibus capessere ;
 Hostem removit invidum,
 Et hunc fidelem compotem voti, suis
Confessor induxit locis.
 Nostrisque juxta sedibus gratum intulit
*Felix patronus hospitem.**

St. Felix, therefore, St. Paulinus hesitates not to say, prevented this poor man's being hurt, and brought him safe to his journey's end ; because he was within some few miles of his church, and was journeying towards his client Paulinus. Surely St. Paulinus was a downright Romanist !

And so he was. For he made it a point to go to Rome every year, as he repeatedly tells us, for the festival of the holy apostles St. Peter and Paul ;† and he was much consoled by the kindness which the Roman Pontiff showed him, in inviting him to Rome, to commemorate the anniversary of his election. Now this brings us to the point for which we first referred to St. Paulinus ; his attachment to one particular sanctuary, and his affection to one saint, there honoured. In one of his epistles to his friend Sulpicius Severus (whom he had been disappointed in not meeting that year in Rome), he reproaches him, half playfully, but not without seriousness, for neglecting to come and visit, as he had promised, "his lord (St.) Felix," as he calls him (*Dominum meum Felicem*). He bids him beware how he incurs his displeasure, by promising a pilgrimage and not fulfilling it. "*Scio quidem*," he adds, "*et in Domino meo Felice viscera pietatis affluere ; sed tu quæso, hoc eum magis diligas et timeas, quo melior est et indulgentior...ut tanto magis carissimum Dei metuas offendere quanto promptius dignatur ignoscere.*"‡ This surely is most unprotestant, and therefore, most Catholic language. We could imagine it used by the good archpriest of Mugnano (St. Paulinus was not yet bishop when he thus wrote) to some friend who had promised to visit the tomb of his patroness, St. Philomena, and had disappointed him. Had such a letter come from him, what a rich page it would have made in a modern English traveller's note-book ! For want of it,

* Poema xxii. 405-421, Op. col. 583, ed. Murat.

† "*Romæ, cum solemnî consuetudine, ad beatorum Apostolorum natalem venissemus.*"—Ep. xx. col. 108. "*Cum apostolicam solemnitatem voti nostri, et itineris annui socius celebrasset.*"—Ep. xliii. col. 254.

‡ Ep. xvii. col. 96.

therefore, we beg to offer him that of the curate's neighbour in place and in faith—St. Paulinus.

Before shutting up the volume of his works, there is another topic, allied to the preceding, which we may be glad to hear him on. But we must introduce it by a little domestic history, on which again we will crave the reader's opinion, whether the parties in it were Catholic or Protestant.

There lived in retirement, in a house of religious women dedicated to God, a nun of singular piety and wisdom, the sister of two bishops, both distinguished for the learning of their writings and the holiness of their lives. One, the more celebrated one, was just dead, and his loss was deplored as a public calamity by all good men. The other, having a little leisure after this event, resolved to go and visit his saintly sister, whom he had not seen for many years. The distance was great: and when he was within a day's journey from the place where she lived, he had at night a most remarkable vision, which turned into fear the hopes of the future. "For I seemed to myself," such is his own account, "to bear in my hands the relics of martyrs, from which darted forth a splendour like that of a burnished mirror held against the sun; so that my eyes were dazzled by the brilliancy of the light. Three times that night did this vision come before me."* Unable to divine its meaning, he looked forward to events to expound it. As he approached the monastery, he inquired about his sister, and heard for the first time that she was somewhat indisposed. His coming had, in the meantime, been made known, and a large concourse of persons went out to meet him. But the holy virgins modestly awaited him in the church, and after he had prayed, and had given them his blessing (they bending lowly to receive it), they retired. On entering the convent, he found his sister very ill in her cell; but instead of a bed, she lay upon a plank on the ground, with another for her pillow. We will not detain our readers with the edifying account of her words and prayers in her last hours; how she dismissed her brother when the sound of the vespers' chaunt reached her cell, that he might not omit this duty;† how when she closed her own sublime prayer, she signed herself with the cross on her eyes, her mouth, and her breast; and how her last act was to raise her hand again to do so.‡ These things may serve to help the reader in his judgment, as to the religion of the holy persons

* Ubi inf. p. 188.

† P. 192.

‡ P. 195.

engaged; but are not what we are seeking. The pious virgin thus expires, and a religious matron, the friend of the deceased, undertakes, as she had promised, to prepare her holy remains for interment. We will now give the words of the bishop her brother. "Vestiana arranging with her own hands that sacred head, and having her hand under the neck, exclaimed, looking towards me, 'See what sort of a necklace this saint wore'; and at the same time loosening a string from behind the neck, stretched out her hand and showed us an iron cross and a ring of the same metal, which both hung, by a thin cord, over her heart. Upon this I said: 'Let us share this inheritance. You keep the cross as a memorial; I will be content with this ring as my legacy, for this likewise has the cross carved upon its boss.' Whereupon she, looking more closely at it, said to me: 'You have not made a bad choice; for the ring is hollow under the boss, and in it is inserted a portion of the wood of life (the true cross) and thus the cross engraved above, rightly indicates that which lies underneath.'"^{*}

Will any reader hesitate in deciding of what religion were all the persons here engaged? Were they Anglicans? We should be indeed glad to know, how many crosses—not golden ones worn as vain ornaments outside,—but of inferior metals, concealed, and lying over the heart, and how many reliquaries similarly placed, could be collected in the households of English bishops? But look at the neck of any swarthy peasant who open-breasted digs the fields or plucks the vines of Italy, and you will find the "thin cord" around it, that sustains some similar memorial of Christ's passion. Nay, in either of our islands, we hesitate not to say that the poor Catholic might be distinguished from the Protestant by these very badges—the cross, or the relick, or the medal, or even the ring with a cross for its posey, suspended round the neck, and lying on the breast, in life and after death. We have known the body of a shipwrecked Catholic so recognized at once. How tightly and closely does a "little thin cord" like this bind together the belief and feelings of the old and modern Church, and prove them still the same! How home to the Catholic heart does such a trifling incident casually recorded come! Come, how full of convictions, of encouragements, of consolation! How joyfully even can one bear to be taxed with superstition in company with the holy

* S. Greg. Nyss. in Vita S. Macrinæ Oper. tom. ii. p. 198.

Macrina, the sister of St. Basil, and her biographer St. Gregory of Nyssa! For these are the persons of whom we have been writing.

But if those who had chosen such complete poverty as this holy nun, wore but a reliquary of iron, it must not be fancied that this argued any light estimation of so precious a relick as a portion of the holy Cross: for they that could, or might without violation of a religious engagement, would wear it enshrined in gold. We have a beautiful letter of St. Paulinus upon this subject. Severus had asked him for relicks of martyrs, for the consecration of a church which he was building. He replies that if he had but "a scruple of their sacred ashes to spare he would send it." But as he required all that he had for his own new church, he sends him another present to add to the relicks which he must get elsewhere; this was a particle of the "divine Cross." "Invenimus quod digne, et ad basilicæ sanctificationem vobis, et ad sanctorum cinerum cumulandam benedictionem mitteremus, partem particulæ de ligno divinæ Crucis." The portion which he sends is, he informs him, almost invisible, but he must believe it to possess all the power and virtue of the entire Cross, a present safeguard, and a pledge of eternal life. "Accipite magnum in modico munus; et in segmento pene atomo astulæ brevis sumite munimentum præsentis, et pignus æternæ salutis. Non angustietur fides vestra carnalibus oculis parva cernentibus, sed interna acie totam in hoc minimo vim Crucis videat." The relick was enclosed in a small gold tube, "tubello aureolo rem tantæ benedictionis inclusimus."* When afterwards he sends Severus verses for the inscriptions in his church, he sends two copies for the altar, one in case he puts this particle of the holy Cross with the other relicks, the other should he prefer to keep it to wear himself. The reasons which he gives in favour of the latter alternative are perfectly Catholic. "If, however, you would rather keep this blessed portion of the Cross at hand, for your daily protection and care, lest once shut up in the altar, it may not be ready for you and at hand, when wanted for use, &c."†

Now we should much like to try the experiment of this passage upon a well-informed Protestant (not versed in ancient learning) and an ignorant Catholic: it would indeed be the *experimentum Crucis*. The former would at once smell out popery in it, have some vague figure of superstition

* Ep. xxxi. col. 189.

† Ep. xxxii. col. 201.

floating in sulphureous vapours about his head; but would surely not be able to attach any definite, intelligible meaning to the words. He certainly would not believe them extracted from the letters either of John Wesley, or of Bishop Bull. Only fancy Mr. Bickersteth writing such a letter! Nay, or Dr. Hook, who the other day published in the papers, that if any one said he ever used the sign of the Cross, he told a falsehood! But our poor Catholic, we will be bound to say, would at once feel that the language was perfectly Catholic; he would know what it meant, and understand, if he had the means, how to put it in practice. The Queen of the French lately knew how to do this, how "having such a relic at hand to use it," when she took the reliquary with a portion of the holy Cross from round her neck, and placed it on the forehead of her dying eldest son.

But it is time to pass to something else, and to draw to a conclusion. The writer before us takes great pains to prove, that at Rome, the people have perfectly wrong ideas concerning the Divine Mysteries, or the Mass. All idea of a Communion, he tells us, is excluded, "and it is regarded simply as a sacrifice expiatory for the living and the dead. That it is so in masses for the dead, no person can dispute." He then goes on to say that it is very rare for any one to communicate except the priest, and insinuates that only a few times a year is communion general in Rome. To this assertion we must give an unqualified denial. There are thousands who frequent communion every week, many more frequently, and even every day. And as to monthly communicants, there surely is scarcely a house in the city that has not some. But our traveller, very probably, like most English visitors, did not know when or where to look for them. Possibly before he had left his snug quarters in the Piazza di Spagna, on a winter's morning, many a church had been filled and emptied more than once. But we wish at present, only to attend to the erroneous views which he attributes to the Romans, respecting the adorable Sacrifice of the altar. He is wrong in stating that "it is regarded *simply* as a sacrifice expiatory for the living and the dead." Take out the adverb, and all is right. But to bring the subject before our readers, as we have done other topics, we will turn to another part of the book, in which he speaks about or against matters connected with masses for the dead.

Quoting examples of what are called privileged altars, he gives us the following inscription and translation from "what

is called St. Gregory's cell in his church upon the Cœlian hill." "Hac in cella TT. Gregori I. Pont. Max. celebratæ missæ animam cruciat. purgatori solvunt. During the times of Pope Gregory the First, masses celebrated in this cell, released a soul from purgatorial torments." (p. 34.) There is certainly some mistake here. The verb is in the present, and cannot refer to the times of St. Gregory. We have no means at hand of verifying the inscription, but we suppose TT. is a mistake. But we are not sorry for it, inasmuch as it authorizes us to enquire how far St. Gregory himself would have countenanced our writer or us, in our view of masses offered for the dead *in that very place*.

He tells us, that in his own monastery—the very one on the Cœlian hill,—there had died, three years before he wrote the account, a certain monk, named Justus, who having been infirmarian, had put by a trifling sum of money, made by his medical practice. Coming near his end, he manifested it to his brother, a layman, who in his turn revealed it to the superior. The latter, alarmed at such an unusual violation of religious poverty, carried the matter to St. Gregory. He ordered the most severe treatment: that none of the brethren should go near him to comfort him in his last hour, and that his body should be buried in unconsecrated ground, and his money (after the example of the Egyptian solitaries in a similar case) should be cast disdainfully upon the corpse. He died, however, with great signs of contrition and repentance. After thirty days, the holy Pontiff tells us, that he thought with compassion of the punishment he had incurred in the other world, and how he might be freed. "Then," thus he writes, "calling to myself Pretiosus, the superior of the monastery, I said to him, 'Our brother, lately dead, has now been long tormented in the fire (*igne cruciatur*); we must show him some charity, and see if we can help him, and snatch him thence. Go, therefore, and see that you offer up sacrifice for him for thirty days, counting from to-day, so that not a day be allowed to pass, without the saving Victim's being immolated for his pardon.'" This was carefully complied with. After thirty days, St. Gregory tells us that the deceased appeared to his brother, who knew nothing of what had been done for his benefit, and told him that till now he had been in suffering, but that day was released.* St. Gregory, therefore, believed that the sacrifice of the mass did, in

* Dial. lib. iv. cap. iv. Op. tom. ii. p. 468, ed. Bened.

his times, free souls from the torments of purgatory, and that on the Cœlian hill. And moreover, he believed that there was no harm in offering up that holy sacrifice many times, for the express purpose of expiating the sins of the dead.

And as for the living, St. Gregory believed the same. For in a following chapter, he gives an account of an extraordinary occurrence well attested, it having happened only seven years before. Agatho, archbishop of Palermo, was summoned to Rome by the Pope, and of course obeyed. On his voyage, he encountered a severe tempest; and during it, a sailor, of the name of Baraca (when St. Gregory wrote, a clerk in the church of Palermo), getting into a boat which was in tow of the vessel, went adrift, in consequence of the rope breaking. The ship itself was driven ashore on the island of Ustica, and the good archbishop, having waited three days, and giving up the poor sailor for lost, did what alone he could for him, as he supposed him dead, "ordered the sacrifice of the saving Victim to be offered up for the pardon of his soul, to Almighty God." After this, he sailed to Italy. What was his amazement, on landing at Porto, to see the very man! Upon interrogating him, he was told that the boat in which he was carried out to sea had soon capsized, but he had fortunately got upon the keel. There, after long fasting and fatigue, he began to faint, when suddenly he seemed to be between sleeping and waking, and a person appeared to him, who gave him a morsel of bread, which instantly revived him; and a ship passing near picked him up. Upon further questioning him, the bishop found that this happened at the very moment that the holy sacrifice was offered up for him at Ustica.*

Now, our present enquiry is not whether these narratives are true or not: we have not the slightest difficulty in believing them; but if those with whom we are at issue choose to reject them, it makes no matter as to our argument. All we have to ask is: could such an incident have been believed and related by a Protestant divine or bishop? Could he have consistently given it in illustration or corroboration of *his* doctrine respecting the Church service, and its application to the living and the dead? But could not a modern Catholic do so even now, without altering a syllable? Does it not agree, *ad amussim*, with that doctrine respecting the mass, which our tourist blames?

* Cap. lvii. p. 469.

We will only give another instance of the application of the sacred mysteries to a particular purpose, where not communion, but the procuring of a benefit, was the object of their celebration.—A certain man had a country-house, which he believed to be infected with evil spirits. In the absence of the bishop, he asked the clergy that one of them would go there and pray for the removal of the visitation. "One of them went, and there offered up the sacrifice of the body of Christ, and prayed most earnestly that the annoyance might cease; which, through the Divine mercy, it did."* Here was mass celebrated to obtain a blessing for an individual. In fact, the man and the priest (both whose conduct St. Augustine, the narrator, approves,) did exactly what Catholics, now-a-days, would do, under similar circumstances. No Anglican clergyman, we suspect, would think of performing the Communion service for such a purpose. There is another Popish feature about this African transaction, which may be worth mentioning. This good man had procured from a friend some earth from the Holy Land, from Our Lord's sepulchre, and had hung it up in his room, that it might be a protection to him. But, having now no further use for it, "he did not wish, out of reverence, to keep it any longer in his room." What did he do? Why, hearing that St. Augustine and another bishop were in the neighbourhood, he asked them to come over. They did so, and he told them all that had happened; and begged that the holy earth might be reverently buried in some oratory. They did not laugh at him, nor tell him that he was superstitious; but they complied: and a youth afflicted with palsy, having been carried to the place, at his own request, walked home cured. Whether the Catholicity of the learned and holy father, who seriously and believingly gives this account, agrees with ours, or with that claimed by the Anglican church, let any one decide.

It is time, now, that we close. The sort of enquiry which we have been pursuing, may be considered but of a secondary importance, compared with the discussion of grave authorities and solemn texts. And so we mean to consider it. But often minute coincidences in trifles may do much to corroborate substantial proofs. In tracing the descents of nations or of tribes, the naturalist will attach importance to small resemblances. The prevalence of the same garb, or of

* St. Aug. ubi sup. p. 666.

some food, or of some weapon, similarity of habits in domestic or public life, will do as much often in establishing the identity of some modern people with an ancient race, as a mass of ethnographical and historical data. And so, every incident of the private and more hidden life of the ancient Christians, which unlocks their daily thoughts and exposes their domestic practices, affords an element of comparison between them, and modern aspirers to descent from them, similarly decisive, though equally, in themselves, insignificant. It may, indeed, be said, that a few examples such as we have, without much trouble, brought together, do not justify the frequency of similar practices among modern Catholics. To this we reply, in the words of St. Jerome, when answering a similar objection, "*Quod semel fecisse bonum est, non potest malum esse si frequentius fiat: aut si aliqua culpa vitanda est, non ex eo quod sæpe, sed ex eo quod fit aliquando, culpabile est.*"* But, in addition, we beg to observe, that one such incident that has escaped the ravages of time, given as a matter of course, and as an ordinary occurrence, represents a multitude of others like it that have been lost. It is like the arrow or the helmet found in the tomb of an ancient people; they enable us to reconstruct their armoury: no one, for a moment, assumes that they happen to be specimens of an unique and never-repeated model. And so, who will imagine that no one but St. Macrina wore a cross and relic round her neck, and that none but St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, ever believed in visions of the Blessed Virgin, because these examples may stand nearly alone in the records of their respective times? Both events are recorded without surprise—the stamp of novelty. The same is to be said of every other instance which we have given.

We may, therefore, safely conclude, that, so far as we have gone into the matter, "a Voice from Rome" might be raised, strongly protesting against the religion of those who set up for reformers and critics of the great Apostolic Church, instead of bowing down their necks in docility to its authoritative teaching: a voice which would rise, in murmurs, from the catacombs, shaking the very ground with its mysterious utterings; which would ring, with golden echoes, from the tombs of martyrs, beneath altars, against the mosaic apse that

* "That which is good if done once, cannot become evil by being done frequently; and where a fault is to be avoided, the fault consists not in its being often, but in its being ever, incurred."—*Adv. Vigilant.* p. 396.

overhangs them ; which would travel, on the wings of Catholic faith and Catholic love, to distant lands, over Alps and seas ; beat on the shores of Afric, of Pontus, and of Spain ; and return from all, in the indignant words of their greatest men, to confound, in its thunder, the presumption of modern schism, that pretends alliance with ancient Catholicity.

ART. X.—*A Christmas Carol, in Prose ; being a Ghost-story of Christmas.* By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by John Leech. London, 1843.

IN the good old times of Catholic Christendom, the Christmas festivities, like those of most other solemn festivals of the year, would have included one of the half-religious, half-dramatic exhibitions, which are known to antiquarians under the name of "mysteries," or "moralities ;" and it is more than probable that our own Christmas "mummeries," though sadly disfigured, and entirely diverted from their primitive destination, are a remnant of the ancient Catholic usage. In default of the olden entertainment, we are tempted to lay before our readers a little piece of very pretty supernatural scenery, which Mr. Dickens has prepared for the amusement of the Christmas fire-side ; and which, if it want the religious character of an ancient mystery, has, at least, as charming a moral as could be desired in this cold-hearted utilitarian age. We have read it with unmixed pleasure ; and though it is of too trifling a character to call for, or even to admit, a critical examination at our hands, yet, at a time when all the world is disposed to good-humour and innocent merriment, we have no fear that any of our readers will be stoical enough to censure us for devoting a few pages to a mere "ghost-story of Christmas." Lest, however, there should be any of this unyielding class, we had better save our critical character with them, by declaring, *in limine*, that the "Christmas Carol" may be taken as a fair specimen of Mr. Dickens' powers ; and exhibits in a small scale almost all the beauties and all the defects of his manner. But at the same time, in justice to ourselves, as well as to the spirit of the Christmas time, we are bound to say, that, before we had closed the volume, many unfavourable recollections had vanished, and we retained only the liveliest perceptions of the simple and natural beauty which distinguishes the composition, and still more, the moral of the tale.

Christmas is a favourite subject with Mr. Dickens. We need not remind our readers of his charming Christmas chapters in the *Sketches*, and the hearty festivities of "Dingley Dell" in the *Pickwick Papers*; both pictures overflowing with the cordial benevolence and good feeling by which most of Boz's writings are characterized. But it was not difficult to discover in both, an evident imitation of the same scenes as described by Washington Irving in his *Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*, while the *Christmas Carol* has an additional value, as being an original delineation of this interesting subject, and designed for a far higher purpose than the light and trivial sketches of the author's earlier days. It is an appeal peculiarly suited to the season; designed to open men's hearts to benevolence and charity; and though its moral is told bluntly and graphically enough, yet there is little danger that it can put them out of humour with themselves, with each other, with the season, or with the author. But we are keeping back the tale.

Ebenezer Scrooge, the hero, was the only surviving partner of the firm of Scrooge and Marley; his partner, Marley, having been dead and in his grave for seven years before the date of the Christmas ghost-story. The name may convey some idea of his character, but, to prevent mistakes, we shall add that he is a compound of old Arthur Gride and Ralph Nickleby, uniting the nervous querulousness of the former, with the sturdy, uncompromising, and unblushing misanthropy of the latter. The shortest way to explain all that is necessary to be known about him, will be to transcribe the description.

"Oh! but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

"External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, nor wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail,

and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often 'came down' handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

"Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, 'My dear Scrooge, how are you? when will you come to see me?' No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blindmen's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, 'no eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!'

"But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call 'nuts' to Scrooge."—pp. 3-5.

This amiable gentleman was seated in his country-house on a certain Christmas eve. It was a dismal dreary day, cold, bleak, and foggy; and though it had but just struck three of the afternoon, candles were flaring in the windows of the neighbouring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air. His solitary clerk sat in a dismal little cell, the door of which was open, that Scrooge might keep his eye upon him, as he toiled at his task of copying letters. His fire was of the smallest—so small that it seemed but a single coal—but the coal box was kept in Scrooge's own office, and any attempt on the clerk's part at replenishing it, was sure to draw out a warning from Scrooge that it would soon be necessary for them to part. While the poor fellow, in default of a more substantial resource, is making a shift to warm himself at the candle, a visitor walks in.

"'A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!' cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"'Bah!' said Scrooge, 'humbug!'

"He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

"'Christmas a humbug, uncle!' said Scrooge's nephew; 'you don't mean that, I am sure.'

"'I do,' said Scrooge. 'Merry Christmas! what right have you to be merry? what reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough.'

"'Come, then,' returned the nephew gaily, 'what right have you to be dismal? what reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough.'

"Scrooge having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said, 'Bah!' again; and followed it up with 'humbug.'

"Don't be cross, uncle," said the nephew.

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books, and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge, indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas,' on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!" pleaded the nephew.

"Nephew!" returned the uncle, sternly, "keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it!" repeated Scrooge's nephew; "but you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. "Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say," returned the nephew; "Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

"The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded: becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark for ever.

"Let me hear another sound from *you*," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation. You're quite a powerful speaker, sir," he added, turning to his nephew; "I wonder you don't go into parliament."

"Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow."

"Scrooge said that he would see him——yes, indeed he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity first.

"But why," cried Scrooge's nephew; "why?"

"Why did you get married?" said Scrooge.

"'Because I fell in love.'

"'Because you fell in love!' growled Scrooge, as if that were the only one thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. 'Good afternoon!'

"'Nay, uncle,' but you never came to see me before that happened; why give it as a reason for not coming now?'

"'Good afternoon,' said Scrooge.

"'I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?'

"'Good afternoon,' said Scrooge.

"'I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel, to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humour to the last. So a merry Christmas, uncle!'

"'Good afternoon,' said Scrooge.

"'And a happy new year!'

"'Good afternoon,' said Scrooge.

"His nephew left the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. He stopped at the outer door to bestow the greetings of the season on the clerk, who cold as he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he returned them cordially.

"'There's another fellow,' muttered Scrooge, who overheard him; 'my clerk, with fifteen shillings a-week, and a wife and family, talking about a merry Christmas. I'll retire to Bedlam.'—pp. 6-11.

Scarce has the miser's nephew retired, when two other visitors, "on charitable thoughts intent," appear. The interview is still more characteristic.

"'Scrooge and Marley's, I believe,' said one of the gentlemen, referring to his list. 'Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge, or Mr. Marley?'

"'Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years,' Scrooge replied. 'He died seven years ago this very night.'

"'We have no doubt his liberality is well represented by his surviving partner,' said the gentleman, presenting his credentials,

"'It certainly was; for they had been two kindred spirits. At the ominous word 'liberality,' Scrooge frowned, and shook his head, and handed the credentials back.

"'At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge,' said the gentleman, taking up a pen, 'it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessities; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir.'

"'Are there no prisons?' asked Scrooge.

"'Plenty of prisons,' said the gentleman, laying down the pen again.

"And the union workhouses?" demanded Scrooge, "Are they still in operation?"

"They are. Still," returned the gentleman, "I wish I could say they were not."

"The Treadmill and the Poor Law are in full vigour, then?" said Scrooge.

"Both very busy, sir."

"Oh! I was afraid, from what you said at first, that something had occurred to stop them in their useful course," said Scrooge. "I'm very glad to hear it."

"Under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the multitude," returned the gentleman, "a few of us are endeavouring to raise a fund to buy the poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time, because it is a time, of all others, when want is keenly felt, and abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?"

"Nothing!" Scrooge replied.

"You wish to be anonymous?"

"I wish to be left alone," said Scrooge. "Since you ask me what I wish, gentlemen, that is my answer. I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the establishments I have mentioned: they cost enough: and those who are badly off must go there."

"Many can't go there; and many would rather die."

"If they would rather die," said Scrooge, "they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population. Besides—excuse me—I don't know that."

"But you might know it," observed the gentleman.

"It's not my business," Scrooge returned. "It's enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's. Mine occupies me constantly. Good afternoon, gentlemen!"—pp. 11-14.

Having thus satisfactorily adjusted the claims on his benevolence and liberality, he thinks of retiring for the evening. It has become yet foggier and colder. Link-boys are seen flitting from place to place in the dark streets; the links scarcely casting a ray beyond the dull hazy circle which surrounds them; the lamps hardly emit light enough to show the posts upon which they stand; everything "in external nature dark and dreary." Yet, still, there is an air of cheerfulness and hilarity about the poorest and meanest of the passers-by, and all seem to feel the influence of the coming Christmas, from the Lord Mayor down to "the tailor whom he had fined five shillings for being drunk the Sunday before." But this general feeling finds no place within the precincts of Scrooge's den. A little boy who attempts to regale him through the

keyhole with a stave of a Christmas carol, flies in terror before the uplifted ruler; and the poor clerk only obtains "all day to-morrow" by a promise to return "all the earlier next morning."

After a melancholy dinner, at his usual melancholy tavern, Scrooge retires for the night to his chambers, which had been tenanted some years before by his deceased partner, Marley. We pass over his fright at discovering in the old-fashioned knocker, the likeness of this very Marley's face, and seeing, as plainly as eyes could see, a locomotive hearse drive up the broad and gloomy stairway before him. Scrooge was no coward; and after a careful examination of his rooms—sitting room, bed-room, and lumber-room,—he was satisfied that it was all "humbug," dismissed it from his thoughts, and sat down before the fire to take his gruel.

"It was a very low fire indeed; nothing on such a bitter night. He was obliged to sit close to it, and brood over it, before he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a handful of fuel. The fire-place was an old one, built by some Dutch merchant long ago, and paved all round with quaint Dutch tiles, designed to illustrate the Scriptures. There were Cains and Abels; Pharaoh's daughters, Queens of Sheba, angelic messengers descending through the air on clouds like feather-beds; Abrahams, Belshazzars, apostles putting off to sea in butter-boats, hundreds of figures, to attract his thoughts; and yet that face of Marley, seven years dead, came, like the ancient prophet's rod, and swallowed up the whole. If each smooth tile had been a blank at first, with power to shape some picture on its surface from the disjointed fragments of his thoughts, there would have been a copy of old Marley's head on every one.

"'Humbug!' said Scrooge; and walked across the room.

"After several turns, he sat down again. As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten with a chamber in the highest story of the building. It was with great astonishment, and with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he looked, he saw this bell begin to swing. It swung so softly in the outset that it scarcely made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house.

"This might have lasted half a minute or a minute, but it seemed an hour. The bells ceased, as they had begun, together. They were succeeded by a clanking-noise, deep down below; as if some person were dragging a heavy chain over the casks in the wine-merchant's cellar. Scrooge then remembered to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains.

"The cellar-door flew open with a booming sound, and then he heard the noise much louder, on the floors below; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight towards his door.

"'It's humbug still!' said Scrooge. 'I won't believe it.'

"His colour changed though, when, without a pause, it came on through the heavy door, and passed into the room before his eyes. Upon its coming in, the dying flame leaped up, as though it cried, 'I know him! Marley's ghost!' and fell again.

"The same face: the very same. Marley in his pig-tail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots; the tassels on the latter bristling, like his pig-tail, and his coat-skirts, and the hair upon his head. The chain he drew was clasped about his middle. It was long, and wound about him like a tail; and it was made (for Scrooge observed it closely) of cash boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy purses wrought in steel. His body was transparent: so that Scrooge, observing him, and looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind.

"Scrooge had often heard it said that Marley had no bowels, but he had never believed it until now.

"No, nor did he believe it even now. Though he looked the phantom through and through, and saw it standing before him: though he felt the chilling influence of its death-cold eyes; and marked the very texture of the folded kerchief bound about its head and chin, which wrapper he had not observed before: he was still incredulous, and fought against his senses."—p. 23–26.

An amusing, though, we fear, not very ghost-like conference, ensues between the parties, which, for a time, fails to satisfy Scrooge of the reality of the apparition. In the end, however, he is convinced.

"'Seven years dead,' mused Scrooge; 'and travelling all the time?'

"'The whole time,' said the Ghost. 'No rest, no peace. Incessant torture of remorse.'

"'You travel fast?' said Scrooge.

"'On the wings of the wind,' replied the Ghost.

"'You might have got over a great quantity of ground in seven years,' said Scrooge.

"The Ghost, on hearing this, set up another cry, and clanked its chain so hideously in the dead silence of the night, that the ward would have been justified in indicting it for a nuisance.

"'Oh! captive, bound, and double-ironed,' cried the phantom, 'not to know, that ages of incessant labour by immortal creatures, for this earth must pass into eternity before the good of which it is susceptible is all developed,—not to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness. Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunities misused! Yet such was I! Oh! such was I!'

"'But you were always a good man of business, Jacob,' faltered Scrooge, who now began to apply this to himself.

"'Business!' cried the Ghost, wringing its hands again. 'Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence, were all my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business!'

"It held up its chain at arm's length, as if that were the cause of all its unavailing grief, and flung it heavily upon the ground again.

"'At this time of the rolling year,' the spectre said, 'I suffer most. Why did I walk through crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode? Were there no poor homes to which its light would have conducted *me*?'

"Scrooge was very much dismayed to hear the spectre going on at this rate, and began to quake exceedingly.

"'Hear me!' cried the Ghost; 'my time is nearly gone.'

"'I will,' said Scrooge; 'but don't be hard upon me! Don't be flowery, Jacob! Pray!'

"'How it is that I appear before you in a shape that you can see, I may not tell. I have sat invisible beside you many and many a day.'

"It was not an agreeable idea. Scrooge shivered, and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"'That is no light part of my penance,' pursued the Ghost; 'I am here to-night to warn you, that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer.'

"'You were always a good friend to me,' said Scrooge; 'Thank'ee!'

"'You will be haunted,' resumed the Ghost, 'by Three Spirits.'

"Scrooge's countenance fell almost as low as the Ghost's had done.

"'Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob?' he demanded, in a faltering voice.

"'It is.'

"'I—I think I'd rather not,' said Scrooge.

"'Without their visits,' said the Ghost, 'you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first to-morrow, when the bell tolls one.'

"'Couldn't I take 'em all at once, and have it over, Jacob,' hinted Scrooge.

"'Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third upon the next night when the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us!'"—p. 32-35.

On this prediction of his old partner, the moral of the tale is made to hinge. The promised spirits visit the hardened miser—Christmas Past, Christmas Present, and Christmas Yet

to Come; and the result is a complete change of heart and feeling, effected in a manner, full at once of poetry and of truth.

Marley's ghost, however, does not finally disappear till he has first shown Scrooge that the whole air is filled with companion spectres in misery, whose torment is an unceasing, but unavailing, regret over lost opportunities of doing good to their kind while they were still on earth; and in fruitless, because ever baffled, efforts to repair the evils of omission with which remorseful conscience accuses them.

Full of terror and amazement, Scrooge examines over again every door and every lock of his lonely tenement; but they are firmly fastened, and plainly impervious to mortal visitant. It is in vain he tries to comfort himself with his accustomed "humbug." His voice fails him at the first syllable; and he has no resource but to throw himself on his bed and seek solace in sleep.

Marley was as good as his word. The appointed hour for his first visitor arrived, and behold—

"The curtains of his bed were drawn aside, I tell you, by a hand. Not the curtains at his feet, nor the curtains at his back, but those to which his face was addressed. The curtains of his bed were drawn aside; and Scrooge, starting up into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to face with the unearthly visitor who drew them: as close to it as I am now to you, and I am standing in the spirit at your elbow.

"It was a strange figure—like a child; yet not so like a child as like an old man, viewed through some supernatural medium, which gave him the appearance of having receded from the view, and being diminished to a child's proportions. Its hair, which hung about its neck and down its back, was white as if with age; and yet the face had not a wrinkle in it, and the tenderest bloom was on the skin. The arms were very long and muscular; the hands the same, as if its hold were of uncommon strength. Its legs and feet, most delicately formed, were, like those upper members, bare. It wore a tunic of the purest white, and round its waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen of which was beautiful. It held a branch of fresh green holly in its hand; and, in singular contradiction of that wintry emblem, had its dress trimmed with summer flowers. But the strangest thing about it was, that from the crown of its head there sprung a bright clear jet of light, by which all this was visible; and which was doubtless the occasion of its using, in its duller moments, a great extinguisher for a cap, which it now held under its arm.

"Even this, though, when Scrooge looked at it with increasing steadiness, was *not* its strangest quality. For as its belt sparkled

and glittered now in one part and now in another, and what was light one instant, at another time was dark, so the figure itself fluctuated in its distinctness: being now a thing with one arm, now with one leg, now with twenty legs, now a pair of legs without a head, now a head without a body: of which dissolving parts, no outline would be visible in the dense gloom wherein they melted away. And in the very wonder of this, it would be itself again; distinct and clear as ever.

"Are you the Spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?" asked Scrooge.

"I am!"

"The voice was soft and gentle; singularly low, as if instead of being so close beside him, it were at a distance.

"Who, and what are you?" Scrooge demanded.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past."

"Long past?" inquired Scrooge; observant of its dwarfish stature.

"No. Your Past."—pp. 43-45.

We know nothing, in all that Mr. Dickens has written, more beautiful than what follows. The spirit calls upon him to accompany him, and despite his terror he is unable to resist.

"As the words were spoken, they passed through the wall, and stood upon an open country road, with fields on either hand. The city had entirely vanished; not a vestige of it was to be seen. The darkness and the mist had vanished with it, for it was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon the ground.

"Good heaven!" said Scrooge, clasping his hands together, as he looked about him, 'I was bred in this place; I was a boy here!'

"The Spirit gazed upon him mildly; its gentle touch, though it had been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the old man's sense of feeling. He was conscious of a thousand odours floating in the air, each one connected with a thousand thoughts, and hopes, and joys, and cares long, long, forgotten!

"Your lip is trembling," said the Ghost; 'and what is that upon your cheek?'

"Scrooge muttered, with an unusual catching in his voice, that it was a pimple; and begged the Ghost to lead him where he would.

"You recollect the way?" inquired the Spirit.

"Remember it!" cried Scrooge with fervour—"I could walk it blindfold."

"Strange to have forgotten it for so many years!" observed the Ghost; 'let us go on.'

"They walked along the road; Scrooge recognizing every gate, and post, and tree; until a little market-town appeared in the distance, with its bridge, its church, and winding river. Some shaggy

ponies now were seen trotting towards them, with boys upon their backs, who called to other boys in country gigs and carts, driven by farmers. All these boys were in great spirits, and shouted to each other, until the broad fields were so full of merry music, that the crisp air laughed to hear it.

"‘These are but shadows of the things that have been,’ said the Ghost; ‘they have no consciousness of us.’

"The jocund travellers came on; and as they came, Scrooge knew and named them every one. Why was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to see them! Why did his cold eye glisten, and his heart leap up, as they went past! Why was he filled with gladness when he heard them give each other Merry Christmas, as they parted at cross-roads and bye-ways, for their several homes! What was merry Christmas to Scrooge? Out upon merry Christmas! What good had it ever done to him?

"‘The school is not quite deserted,’ said the Ghost; ‘a solitary child, neglected by his friends, is left there still.’”—pp. 46-49.

This solitary child is, of course, Scrooge himself; and is recognized as such by the miser. By the magic power of his mysterious guide, all the early recollections of this forsaken time are brought back before him—the tales which he read—the thoughts which he thought:—Ali Baba, and Valentine and Orson, and the Sultan’s Groom, and poor “Robin Crusoe,” pass in review once more before him.

"‘I wish,’ Scrooge muttered, putting his hand in his pocket, and looking about him, after drying his eyes with his cuff, ‘but it’s too late now.’

"‘What is the matter?’ asked the spirit,

"‘Nothing,’ said Scrooge. ‘Nothing. There was a boy singing a Christmas Carol at my door last night. I should like to have given him something: that’s all.’

"The Ghost smiled thoughtfully, and waved its hand; saying as it did so, ‘Let us see another Christmas!’”—pp. 52-3.

The vision of that “other Christmas” shows his little sister Fan coming to bring him home from school—and her childish affection and delight—and the leave-taking of the master—and all the little particularities of the parting, and the journey homewards. And, while the old man’s heart is softened, and his eye is still more moist as he looks thereupon, the kind spirit suggests one other recollection.

"‘Always a delicate creature, whom a breath might have withered,’ said the Ghost. ‘But she had a large heart!’

"‘So she had,’ cried Scrooge. ‘You’re right: I’ll not gainsay it, Spirit. God forbid!’

"‘She died a woman,’ said the Ghost, ‘and had, as I think, children.’

"'One child,' Scrooge returned.

"'True,' said the Ghost, 'Your nephew.'

"Scrooge seemed uneasy in his mind; and answered briefly, 'Yes.'—p. 56.

Next comes the vision of his apprenticeship, and of the Christmas-eve doings of his hearty old master, Fezziwig. It would be unpardonable to pass it by.

"'Yo ho, my boys!' said Fezziwig. 'No more work to-night. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up,' cried old Fezziwig, with a sharp clap of his hands, 'before a man can say, Jack Robinson!'

"You wouldn't believe how those two fellows went at it! They charged into the street with the shutters—one, two, three—had 'em up in their places—four, five, six—barred 'em and pinned 'em—seven, eight, nine—and came back before you could have got to twelve, panting like race-horses.

"'Hilli-ho!' cried old Fezziwig, skipping down from the high desk, with wonderful agility, 'Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here! Hilli-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer!'

"Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life for evermore; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire: and the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and dry, and bright a ball-room, as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

"In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and loveable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In came the boy from over the way, who was suspected of not having board enough from his master, trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door but one, who was proved to have had her ears pulled by her mistress. In they all came, one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couple at once, hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them. When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, 'Well done!' and the fiddler

plunged his hot face into a pot of porter, especially provided for that purpose. But scorning rest upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were no dancers yet, as if the other fiddler had been carried home, exhausted, on a shutter; and he were a bran-new man, resolved to beat him out of sight, or perish."—pp. 58-61.

There is a great deal more of this hearty jollity, into the spirit of which old Scrooge cannot choose but enter, and to which we would gladly introduce our friends; but we have only room for the end of all.

"What is the matter?" asked the Ghost.

"Nothing particular," said Scrooge.

"Something, I think?" the Ghost insisted.

"No," said Scrooge; "no. *I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk, just now! That's all.*"

Then follow the incipient and progressive stages of his avarice. He sees himself, in the first scene, obtaining his release from the faith he had plighted in early youth to a lovely but undowered girl. His former feelings all return; and, overpowered by their intensity, he prays to be released from the infliction of further recollections; but the spirit forces yet one more Christmas upon him—a scene from the happy fire-side of the maiden whom he had spurned—a picture of the domestic happiness which he had blindly thrust from him. This is a beautiful sketch. But we must pass it by to come to the second apparition. How we wish we could transfer to our own page, Leech's admirable illustration of this jolly spirit—the "Christmas Present" of the story. We must only give the author's description.

"It was his own room. There was no doubt about that. But it had undergone a surprising transformation. The walls and ceiling were so hung with living green, that it looked a perfect grove, from every part of which, bright gleaming berries glistened. The crisp leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy, reflected back the light, as if so many little mirrors had been scattered there; and such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney, as that dull petrification of a hearth had never known in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many a winter season gone. Heaped up upon the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, great joints of meat, sucking-pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince-pies, plum-pudding, barrels of oysters, red-hot chesnuts, cherry-cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, immense twelfth-cakes, and seething bowls of punch, that made the chamber dim with their delicious steam. In easy state upon this couch, there sat a jolly giant, glorious to see; who bore a glowing torch,

in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge, as he came peeping round the door.

"'Come in,' exclaimed the Ghost; 'come in! and know me better, man!'

"Scrooge entered timidly, and hung his head before this spirit. He was not the dogged Scrooge he had been; and though its eyes were clear and kind, he did not like to meet them.

"'I am the Ghost of Christmas Present,' said the Spirit; 'look upon me!'

"Scrooge reverently did so. It was clothed in one simple deep green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. This garment hung so loosely on the figure, that its capacious breast was bare, as if disdaining to be warded or concealed by any artifice. Its feet, observable beneath the ample folds of the garment, were also bare; and on its head it wore no other covering than a holly wreath, set here and there with shining icicles. Its dark brown curls were long and free: free as its genial face, its sparkling eye, its open hand, its cheery voice, its unconstrained demeanour, and its joyful air. Girded round its middle was an antique scabbard; but no sword was in it, and the ancient sheath was eaten up with rust.

"'You have never seen the like of me before!' exclaimed the Spirit.

"'Never,' Scrooge made answer to it."—pp. 76-79.

The visions of groceries and fruit, and poultry, and butchers' meat, are absolutely appetizing. But he witnesses one scene from humble life—from the house of Scrooge's miserable fag of a clerk—which is among the most admirable we have ever read: by it the hard heart is softened.

From this humble but, for the day at least, happy fireside, the spirit conducts him abroad over the wide world. He finds Christmas everywhere;—among the miners on the barren moor; in the solitary lighthouse upon the surf-beaten rock; in the lonely ship upon the distant ocean;—everywhere except in his own frozen heart! At length he is brought back once more, and finds himself in the merry home of that nephew whose cordial invitation to share his Christmas fare he had so rudely rejected. Most heartily do we pray for all our readers many a Christmas as happy as that which is here described.

We shall not dismiss "Christmas Present" without transcribing the moral of his visit—

"'Forgive me, if I am not justified in what I ask,' said Scrooge, looking intently at the Spirit's robe, 'but I see something strange, and not belonging to yourself, protruding from your skirts; is it a foot or a claw?'

"'It might be a claw, for the flesh there is upon it, was the Spirit's sorrowful reply. 'Look here.'

"From the foldings of its robe, it brought two children; wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, miserable. They knelt down at its feet, and clung upon the outside of its garment.

"'Oh, man! look here. Look, look, down here!' exclaimed the Ghost.

They were a boy and girl. Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in their humility. Where graceful youth should have filled their features out, and touched them with its freshest tints, a stale and shrivelled hand, like that of age, had pinched, and twisted them, and pulled them into shreds. Where angels might have sat enthroned, devils lurked, and glared out menacing. No change, no degradation, no perversion of humanity, in any grade, through all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so horrible and dread.

"Scrooge started back, appalled. Having them shown to him in this way, he tried to say they were fine children, but the words choked themselves, rather than be parties to a lie of such enormous magnitude.

"'Spirit! are they yours?' Scrooge could say no more.

"'They are man's,' said the Spirit, looking down upon them; and they cling to me, appealing from their fathers. This boy is Ignorance. This girl is Want. Beware them both, and all of their degree, but most of all beware this boy, for on his brow I see that written which is Doom, unless the writing be erased. Deny it!' cried the Spirit, stretching out its hand towards the city. 'Slander those who tell it ye! Admit it for your factious purposes, and make it worse! And bide the end!'

"'Have they no refuge or resource?' said Scrooge.

"'Are there no prisons?' said the Spirit, turning on him for the last time with his own words; 'are there no workhouses?'—pp. 117-120.

The third spirit, "Christmas Yet to Come," is very different from either of its fellows. Tall, gloomy, mysterious, shrouded in a dark mantle,—she is deaf to Scrooge's enquiries, and answers him not, except by a solemn movement of the finger, or a melancholy inclining of the head. The miser is led through the crowded streets, and hears the groups of passengers discussing the death and funeral of some nameless individual. Two of his most particular business friends, with whom he had always sought to stand well, dismiss the subject with one pithy sentence that "Old Scratch had got his own at last." Then he is brought to a filthy receiving-house in the vilest region of the city, where he sees the laundress, and the char-woman, and the undertaker's man, selling

the rags stolen from the death-bed of this unhappy victim of avarice. At last he is brought to the hateful scene of death itself:—

“He recoiled in terror, for the scene had changed, and now he almost touched a bed; a bare, uncurtained bed; on which, beneath a ragged sheet, there lay a something covered up, which, though it was dumb, announced itself in awful language.

“The room was very dark, too dark to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge glanced round it in obedience to a secret impulse, anxious to know what kind of room it was. A pale light, rising in the outer air, fell straight upon the bed; and on it, plundered and bereft, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the body of this man.

“Scrooge glanced towards the phantom. Its steady hand was pointed to the head. The cover was so carelessly adjusted that the slightest raising of it, the motion of a finger upon Scrooge's part, would have disclosed the face. He thought of it, felt how easy it would be to do, and longed to do it; but had no more power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the spectre at his side.

“Oh cold, cold, rigid, dreadful Death, set up thine altar here, and dress it with such terrors as thou hast at thy command; for this is thy dominion! But of the loved, revered, and honoured head, thou canst not turn one hair to thy dread purposes, or make one feature odious. It is not that the hand is heavy, and will fall down when released; it is not that the heart and pulse are still; but that the hand was open, generous, and true; the heart brave, warm and tender; and the pulse a man's. Strike, Shadow, strike! And see his good deeds springing from the wound, to sow the world with life immortal!

“No voice pronounced these words in Scrooge's ears, and yet he heard them when he looked upon the bed. He thought, if this man could be raised up now, what would be his foremost thoughts? Avarice, hard dealing, griping, cares? They have brought him to a rich end, truly!

“He lay, in the dark empty house, with not a man, a woman, or a child, to say he was kind to me in this or that, and for the memory of one kind word I will be kind to him. A cat was tearing at the door, and there was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the hearth-stone. What *they* wanted in the room of death, and why they were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did not dare to think.

“‘Spirit,’ he said, ‘this is a fearful place. In leaving it, I shall not leave its lesson, trust me. Let us go!’

“Still the Ghost pointed with an unmoved finger to the head.

“‘I understand you,’ Scrooge returned, ‘and I would do it if I could. But I have not the power, Spirit. I have not the power.’

“Again it seemed to look upon him.”—pp. 136-138.

He is hurried onward—all his questions meet but one reply

—a silent pointing with the finger; and, at length, he is permitted to pause before an iron gate:—

“A churchyard. Here, then, the wretched man whose name he had now to learn, lay underneath the ground. It was a worthy place. Walled in by houses; overrun by grass and weeds, the growth of vegetation's death, not life; choked up with too much burying; fat with repleted appetite. A worthy place!

“The Spirit stood among the graves, and pointed down to One. He advanced towards it trembling. The phantom was exactly as it had been, but he dreaded that he saw new meaning in its solemn shape.

“‘Before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point,’ said Scrooge, ‘answer me one question. Are these the shadows of the things that Will be, or are they the shadows of the things that May be, only?’

“Still the Ghost pointed downward to the grave by which it stood.

“‘Men's courses will foreshadow certain ends, to which, if persevered in, they must lead,’ said Scrooge. ‘But if the courses be departed from, the ends will change. Say it is thus with what you show me!’

“The Spirit was immovable as ever.

“Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he went; and following the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE.

“‘Am I that man who lay upon the bed?’ he cried, upon his knees.

“The finger pointed from the grave to him, and back again.

“‘No, Spirit! Oh no, no!’

“The finger still was there.

“‘Spirit!’ he cried, tight clutching at its robe, ‘hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this, if I am past all hope?’

“For the first time the hand appeared to shake.

“‘Good Spirit,’ he pursued, as down upon the ground he fell before it: ‘Your nature intercedes for me, and pities me. Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me, by an altered life!’

“The kind hand trembled.

“‘I will honour Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!’

“In his agony, he caught the spectral hand. It sought to free itself, but he was strong in his entreaty, and detained it. The Spirit, stronger yet, repulsed him.

"Holding up his hands in one last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the Phantom's hood and dress. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bed-post."—pp. 149-151.

And so, reader, it was all a dream; but we know few waking lessons which convey more solid instruction. It was a happy dream for Scrooge, and so it will be for all who read it as he read!

We need not tell how the story (for it turns out not to be a ghost story after all) is brought to an end; how Scrooge buys the prize turkey from the nearest poulterer's shop, and sends it home in a cab—actually in a cab—to his poor clerk, Bob Cratchit;—how he astonishes his nephew and his nephew's wife by walking in upon their Christmas party; and how he enjoyed himself at their merry board. The proceedings of the morning after are worth it all:—

"But he was early at the office next morning. Oh he was early there. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

"And he did it; yes he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into the Tank.

"His hat was off, before he opened the door; his comforter too. He was on his stool in a jiffy; driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"'Hallo!' growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice as near as he could feign it, 'What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?'

"'I'm very sorry, sir,' said Bob, 'I am behind my time.'

"'You are?' repeated Scrooge. 'Yes. I think you are. Step this way, if you please.'

"'It's only once a year, sir,' pleaded Bob, appearing from the Tank. 'It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir.'

"'Now, I'll tell you what, my friend,' said Scrooge, 'I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore,' he continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the Tank again; 'and therefore I am about to raise your salary!'

"Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it; holding him; and calling to the people in the court for help and a strait-waistcoat.

"'A merry Christmas, Bob!' said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. 'A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavour to assist your

struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob ! Make up the fires, and buy another coal-scuttle, before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit !

"Scrooge was better than his word, He did it all, and infinitely more ; and to Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them ; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe, for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset ; and knowing that such as these would be blind anyway, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. His own heart laughed ; and that was quite enough for him.

"He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards ; and it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us ! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One !" —pp. 162-166.

Thus ends the "Christmas Carol in Prose;" and we may say, once for all, that it is long since we read prose or poetry which pleased us more. There is one want, however, which we must be excused for observing. We fear Mr. Dickens's spirits are too earthly to be real visitors from another world. They seem to think too much of the creature comforts of Christmas, and to have forgotten altogether the higher and holier influences of the season—to place the enjoyment of the Christmas time in the mirth and jollity which accompany it—in the beef, and poultry, and pudding—the games and puzzles and forfeits of the evening fireside,—without once advertising to the Christian character of the festival, or the joy of spirit and peace of conscience which constitute its true and genuine happiness. This, however, is a negative, rather than a positive defect ; and perhaps it is unreasonable to place any drawback on the expression of our gratitude for the beautiful moral which *is* conveyed, by any suggestions as to the mode in which it might be made still better.

ART. XI.—1. *Harry Mowbray*. By Capt. Knox. 1843.

2. *Ned Myers*. By J. Fennimore Cooper. 1843.

3. *The Laurringtons*. By Mrs. Trollope. 1844.

4. *The Banker's Wife*. By Mrs. Gore. 1843.

WE are half ashamed to confess the partiality which, in spite of the gravity of our pursuits, we still entertain for these pleasant temptations,—the solicitude with which we still enquire after the last new novel by some favourite author. To ourselves we excuse this weakness, in the first place, by the conviction that we have plenty of grave students to lend us the countenance of their example; in the second, by the undeniable amount of talent which redeems this class of works from the charge of utter frivolity. To our readers we shall not think of apologizing; there are but few of them who will not agree with us. Who has not felt the pleasure—when the day's work is done, and the pleasant hour of relaxation has arrived—of transporting themselves into this imaginary society of the most amiable or the most eccentric individuals: listening to spirited dialogues, seldom heard even by those who can indulge themselves in good society; forgetting their own carking cares, in the narrative of stirring exploits, or of those scenes in which all the remaining poetry of our artificial life is brought together, to interest, without depressing the feelings? In novels, too, we find a harmless indulgence for the satirical taste which is natural to us all; in them we recognize the characters, the foibles, the broad contrasts, which we have met with in life, and laugh over them in blameless good humour, forgetting, for an hour, our own identity, in the little world around us. Novels supply to us a want that has been felt in all ages. The never-ending tales of genii, enchanted palaces, and all the magical and fearful splendours in which the eastern imaginations rioted; the grand and gloomy legends of the north; the heroic chaunts of ancient bards; the wild traditions, which still amuse the lowly fireside in unsophisticated lands; all these have shrunk and vulgarised for us into the modern novel. It is a pity, certainly; yet we must confess that the novel has kept its “fair proportion” with our anti-heroic age,—and, moreover, that, such as it is, we would not willingly dispense with it. We need not be reminded that there are studies of a lighter cast to refresh and invigorate the intellect; but it is not every intellect which *can* thus find rest in passing from one toil to another;

nor is it always the *intellect* which needs rest. In the nerves, the spirits, the wearied thought, going over and over the same ground, for want of elasticity to throw off a useless weight, there are a thousand sensations to "ravel the sleeve of life." Do we, then, recommend novel reading as a consolation in the troubles of life? We shall not be so far mistaken: but as an alleviation of some of its minor evils,—a pleasure, harmless (after the age of sixteen), easily attainable, and easily laid aside,—we think it may claim the indulgence of the wise;—that they are not likely to accord it more, we think we have betrayed a sufficient and somewhat uneasy consciousness, in this long apology for commenting upon a few of our favourites. Foremost amongst these is *Harry Mowbray*, now complete, and condensing into one volume as much richness of thought and incident as would make a very satisfactory and stirring novel, of the usual length,—nay, it would be improved by being so lengthened; for Captain Knox, like Dickens, squanders his mental wealth: a little milk and water would be of service. His incidents are very original and striking, and described with a concise energy of style, which greatly heightens their effect; they would gain in verisimilitude, and the story in repose, if they were less crowded together. We would not extend the diluting system to the style; there is in it a soldier-like brevity, which is most agreeable, and which is in character with the writer's knowledge of all the details of warfare, whether by land or sea.

The hero, a determined and fiery young soldier (and whose every word and action convey that idea) is rejected by the lady of his love on account of his infidelity. To dissipate his sorrow, and, if possible, amid the recollections of the scene, to lose his doubts, he travels with Lord de Creci in the East. Both purposes are happily accomplished, and they return together. Harry claims his bride (the daughter of a Mrs. Hastings, supposed to be a widow), who had, during his absence, gone to live as a governess in the house of Lord Ellesmere, the father of her lover's friend. Here she has become entangled in appearances of indiscretion, by which she loses her situation and character, through the malignity of Sir Thomas Horton, a sea-captain, powerful and cruel, and constantly upon the verge of madness;—a fearful character, whose wild and hateful eccentricities complicate the story, and yet cannot be read without amusement. He is an illegitimate son, receiving an annuity through the medium of a little silly gentleman, who forms a most amusing contrast to him and

to most of the other personages. This little Mr. Marsden, at the winding up of the story, is seated waiting for Lord de Creci, to whom he had various explanations to give; the rest of the scene we will give in the author's words, premising that Sir Thomas is now a confirmed lunatic:—

“And to solace the weary moments that must intervene before the arrival of the feast, such as it was, and seeing upon the table a small portfolio which contained Harry's sketches in the Holy Land, he commenced turning it over.

“‘The harbour of Acre,’ muttered he; ‘that's the place Sir Sydney Smith took so much trouble about; the ruins of Petra,—what could they have wanted in all those holes in the rock? the tomb of Aaron; what a hill to climb up,’ here he began nibbling at a bit of bread,—‘what's this? Algiers?’ here he heard a slight rustling, or rather creaking behind him; but looking about saw nothing, except indeed that there was a bottle of sherry on the table, which suggested to him that a weak stomach requires an occasional stimulant, and he filled himself a glass; ‘what's this? the mountain in the land of Moria, where Abraham was to have offered up Isaac.”

“‘This is the place the Lord pointed out, my beloved son Isaac,’ said a voice in his ear, that curdled the very blood in his veins; and looking round he found at his elbow stood Sir Thomas Horton, who had already possessed himself of the carving knife.

“Mr. Marsden was well acquainted both with the homicidal character of Sir Thomas's madness, and also with the fact of his having escaped from his asylum; for he had already received a report on the case from the director of the institution, where the wretched man had been placed,—he saw at once the imminent danger in which he himself stood; but lacked the physical courage that would have prompted a stouter heart to take the best chance of safety by anticipating the madman's attack; and he sat there utterly voiceless and paralysed with fear, whilst the maniac contemplated the scene with a smile of ghastly approval.

“‘The Lord's commands must be obeyed, it is a blessed sacrifice,’ said Sir Thomas, with a hideous solemnity of manner; ‘Isaac, my beloved, we shall meet again,’—and raised the knife in the act to strike; at this instant a slight rustle was heard outside; the handle of the door moved: ‘It is time,’ said he, and the knife descended; but whether it was that the frenzy of the moment unsteadied the hand of the maniac, or, what was not improbable from the malignant nature of his temper when sane, he took a cat-like pleasure in tormenting his victim,—the wound inflicted was but a slight one, a mere scratch.

“‘There's the ram struggling in the thicket,’ howled Mr. Marsden, for as the knife once again gleamed in the air, the handle

of the lock turned,—the door opened, and Hastings, who had returned after delivering his sad message, entered.

“‘It was very nearly late,’ said the lunatic, catching at once at the idea, and turning towards the door ; but scarcely had he caught a sight of Hastings,—whom it was evident he instantly recognized in spite of his rough and sailor-like appearance,—before all the delusions that he laboured under seemed to disappear and be absorbed in an access of ungovernable fury.

“‘What ! *you* come here again?’ said he ; ‘come to triumph over me, to reproach me, that I failed where you succeeded, you—rival—scoundrel—cumber the earth no more with your hateful presence.’ He rushed frantically at him ; but this time his hand was nerved by the frenzy of vengeance, and the life-blood spouted from Hastings’ heart, as he rolled at the foot of the terrible maniac—a corpse.

“Mr. Marsden looked on at this awful scene, with blank bewilderment ; his own sense of personal danger was exceedingly acute, but unhappily deprived him of the instinct of self-preservation ; he looked from the body to the murderer, from the murderer to the body, but utterly without the power of averting the next blow from himself, had it been so designed. Fortunately for him it was not so. The sight of the dead man, seemed to drive the demon of slaughter out of the breast of the lunatic ; he glared at him for a moment, then eyed Mr. Montague Marsden with an expression of terror, to which that gentleman most cordially responded, and finally rushed gibbering and muttering out of the room, and, relieved from his presence, Mr. Marsden found utterance—

“‘Mad dog,—stop thief,’ shouted he in a quavering treble,—‘stop thief,—murder, fire,—he’s killed the smuggler,—help,—murder,’—and his outcries soon brought O’Driscoll to his assistance. It was seen immediately that he was dead ; the knife had penetrated his heart, and the death of the unhappy man must have been instantaneous ; his troubles were over ; his crimes before a tribunal, where the temptation is weighed against the act, where infinite mercy springs from omnipotent power. Mr. Marsden easily satisfied himself that he could be of no more use to the dead man, and proceeded with great care and attention to attend to the wants of the living, as personified in himself ; the wound he had received was a mere skin-deep cut, and even his own nervous apprehensions about himself, did not lead him to attribute any serious consequences to it ; it was soon brought together with some plaster, and then he had time to consider what had become of Sir Thomas Horton. Just as this alarming idea forced itself upon his mind, the door opened, and Mr. Marsden at once, with a singular alacrity, dived under the table, and there relying on the good offices of one of his best and oldest friends, the table cloth, lay sheltered until he should see whether the madman was come again.

"Lord de Creci entered the room, and for a moment looked angrily at the body, supposing that Hastings had fallen asleep upon the sofa, and rather inclined to resent the liberty,—his eye however fell upon some spots of blood upon the uncarpeted floor, and the next instant he became aware of a round bald head, somewhat from its peculiar position resembling that of an otter, which peered out at him from beneath the table cloth, and the almost incredible idea entered his head, that Mr. Marsden was the murderer.

"Is he gone?" asked the head.

"Who?" demanded the Earl.

"The madman."

"Ha," said Lord de Creci, "what is it?—come out."

"Horton," whined Mr. Marsden, evolving himself from the table-cloth; "he has escaped, he tried to kill me, but I beat him off, and then he killed that unfortunate smuggler."

"I do not know that he is a smuggler," said Lord de Creci; "but he is clearly dead, it must have been the murderer we saw; where has he escaped from?"

"Bedlam," succinctly and collectively returned Mr. Marsden, now once more on his feet; "I'll tell you a story about him as long as your arm, but see and secure him first, for heaven's sake; he'll be prowling about the country like a wild cat."

"True," returned Lord de Creci, and left the room.

"In a few minutes, all steps were taken to capture the murderer; the boat's crew were called, the neighbouring cottagers were alarmed, the gates secured, and the search commenced. Lord de Creci, however, certain that the cause of the disturbance among the owls was now explained, proceeded at once to the ruin, and there saw again the same figure perched upon the top, and evidently aware that he was the object of pursuit, for he shook his hand fiercely at the crowd that soon swarmed round the foot of the tower, muttering defiance to them, and now and then breaking out into a hideous howl, that was almost immediately taken up and repeated by the chorus of owls that still wheeled, and flitted, and whooped about him, as if calling on him to come forth and trust the air, like one of them. But how to secure him was the difficulty. The interior of the building was completely empty; it had been a mere shell for centuries; he must have clambered up the inside by the help of the gnarled trunks of ivy, a difficult and dangerous ladder; and even if the way up was easy, who was to commit himself in a personal combat, at the top of a tower two hundred feet and more above the rocks beneath, with a murderous madman? He still had the knife with him, dripping yet with the blood of his last victim, or even failing that, what was to prevent his seizing his pursuer, and springing off to be dashed to pieces on the rocks beneath?—Nothing.

"The question was soon solved; Lord de Creci felt that if rank

has honour, place, and precedence, it has also leadership, and is bound to assume its duties where occasion requires it. A ladder was brought, and, closely followed by O'Driscoll, who, acting on the well known proverb, 'that a ready hand never lacks weapons, had armed himself with a most ferocious looking spade,—the earl began to mount. The side on which they ascended, was that where the castle wall joined the tower, so that a certain degree of stability was thus attained for the ladder. On the other was the madman, crouching and watching their progress, like a wild beast tracked to his lair; two hundred feet below him broke the waves among the rocks. When the two were half way up, two of the boat's crew reached the castle, and attempted also to mount to support them, but the ladder seemed hardly strong enough to bear their weight, and the earl ordered them down again. With the most intense anxiety, the bystanders watched their dangerous progress; every step they made seemed to increase the general regret that they had attempted it at all. The owls still kept fluttering and whooping, like birds of ill omen exulting in the catastrophe at hand; but onwards still they went,—at last they reached the summit of the wall; Lord de Creci stood upon the top. O'Driscoll joined him, and they moved towards their object: the madman now sprung to his feet, raised his arms wildly above his head, and advanced in a fearful silence towards Lord de Creci. Suddenly he paused, looked for a moment at the knife that all this time he held in his hand, and flung it up into the air. As he watched it in its course, rise, decline, and fall, glittering and gleaming in the moonlight, the earl, hoping he could have secured him, pressed rapidly forwards,—his hand almost reached him, but the doom was gone forth,—he might not be saved; the knife that had so recently shed blood, seemed a magnet to draw the murderer after it with a hideous attraction, for it had not touched the ground before springing with a wild cry from the summit of the tower, Sir Thomas Horton followed.

"There was a pause of stifled breath and creeping flesh—strong men felt themselves shrinking into skeletons,—felt new pains coursing along unknown nerves;—there was a fearful rustling as the body struck against the rocks in its descent—a sudden splash mingling with a dull deadened sound as the unhappy maniac fell heavily upon the beach below,—a faint moaning as if clay and spirit were bidding one another farewell—and the silence that broods over death."—p. 349.

Two of the characters in this scene are seated together, in an earlier part of the story, engaged in a rather more agreeable manner; we make no attempt to connect the story, which is somewhat complicated:—

"'Conclusive,' returned Sir Thomas, angrily; 'yes, it is conclusive enough, and something of the sort will always be conclusive

of all my wishes. Those reasons will occur to everybody; parents, and guardians, confound them, they are so infernally cunning. What is the nature of this income that is paid me through you, Mr. Marsden?

"My dear Sir Thomas," returned the other, 'you must be aware that that is a matter upon which I must preserve a strict silence: why surely—eh,—eh,—what—' he fidgetted in his chair, and became as nearly pale as was possible, that is to say, a sort of tallow colour mottled with red; for Sir Thomas' expression of countenance was now perfectly demoniac, his forehead was violently flushed, the veins swelling frightfully, and he ground his teeth more like a wild beast than a man:—'why, my dear Sir Thomas, do be quiet—compose yourself,' here a wolfish look chilled his very heart—'surely you would not murder me?'

"Murder my pay-master!' said Sir Thomas, with a laugh, 'no indeed, that would be killing the goose that lays the golden eggs.'

"Precisely so,' said Mr. Marsden, eagerly, somewhat reassured by the laugh, though that had certainly a strong spice of the hyæna in it, 'that's just it; you have exactly described the state of the case:' and Sir Thomas, with another grim laugh, filled his glass and Mr. Marsden's. 'Come, Mr. Marsden,' said he, 'we'll drink my unknown father's health.'

"With all my heart,' said Mr. Marsden.

"WHO IS HE?' asked Sir Thomas in a voice of thunder, as if he were hailing the fore-top gallant mast head of his own frigate through his speaking trumpet from the taffrail.

"How on earth should I know,' replied Mr. Marsden, as if the fore-top gallant-mast-head was answering the hail through the boatswain's whistle.

"Upon my soul,' said Sir Thomas, after a moment of portentous thought, 'I have a great mind to adopt you as a father.'

"The Lord forbid!' answered Mr. Marsden, again relapsing into nervousness, putting down his glass untasted, and looking at his guest with an expression of countenance in which, 'What will he do next?' seemed to predominate.

"You have no family,' said Sir Thomas, as if he were about to proceed logically, and saddle Mr. Marsden with paternity by a regular syllogism.

"It is not my fault,' answered his host, shrugging his shoulders and looking lack-a-daisical, 'Mrs. Hastings would not have me.'

"Would not she have you,' said Sir Thomas, 'did you propose to her?'

"Y-e-s.'

"Are you prepared to marry her now?'

"Well, I do not know but what I am.'

"Hurrah,' said Sir Thomas. 'Come, we have had enough wine, your sister is waiting for us, like Niobe, at the tea table,'—and he passed into the drawing-room.

"‘I daresay he would not mind proposing for me; that would be much pleasanter and save me so much trouble,’ muttered Mr. Marsden, as he locked up the decanters.

"That evening passed without any very marked events at Waterproof Lodge. Miss Marsden overwhelmed Sir Thomas with a shower of blandishments, which he shook off like a Newfoundland dog. She sang a great variety of songs, which she thought might find an echo in his heart, such as ‘Water parted from the Sea,’ ‘Black-eyed Susan,’ ‘Rule Britannia,’ and so forth. Her brother, who had evidently been perpending some mighty project in his mind, waited until she had retired, and then proceeded to open his heart to Sir Thomas Horton.

"‘Sir Thomas,’ said he, ‘I lead a very unsettled life.’

"‘Do you, really?’ returned the knight, ‘how long is it since you have been five miles from Waterproof Lodge?’

"‘I was at Ellesmere four years ago,’ returned the other, after a moment’s consideration, ‘except that, I do not think—but that was not what I meant, I meant that it is time for me to be settled in life.’

"‘Ah, yes, I see,’ said Sir Thomas with a slight smile, *you* indulge in those sort of speculations, too, do you?’

"‘Most men do, do they not?’ inquired Mr. Marsden, ‘there is a time for all things, and for all speculations.’

"‘I suppose so, time governs most things too; I find all my reveries and speculations follow the clock exactly.’

"‘Do they really? well what a singular coincidence?’ said Mr. Marsden, rather pleased at finding that he had something in common with his guest, ‘do you know so do mine, my appetite, I mean.’

"‘When I wake in the morning,’ continued the other, utterly regardless of Mr. Marsden’s physiology, ‘I immediately become sensibly alive to the comforts and happiness of married life. I long for a wife, the tea-kettle you know, buttered toast, and that sort of thing; then my thoughts turn, as you phrase it, towards settling myself in life.’

"‘Do you wear a night-cap?’ asked Mr. Marsden.

"‘No, it heats my head; I have not had such a thing ever since I got that wound in Ava.’

"‘It does not matter much, I should think,’ muttered Mr. Marsden.”—p.105.

But we must conclude our extracts; Clara considering herself disgraced, refuses to marry her lover,—she is on the point of leaving England, broken-hearted, and her indignant lover of returning to the East with his friend, when, all parties meeting under the walls of the ruined castle, which forms Harry Mowbray’s only patrimony, the story is cleared up. The reappearance of Clara’s long lost father, in the person

of Lord de Creci, ensures the full vindication and happiness of his daughter. The adventures of lord and lady de Creci are wild and interesting; generally speaking, the plot of the story is, perhaps, too much involved, but it is never commonplace,—a merit beyond all price in the eyes of novel readers.

We turn now to another old favourite of ours.

Fenimore Cooper has given us a work, which, though in all probability we owe it to him, is nevertheless not his composition, being the simple record of a seaman's life. An old shipmate of his when both were boys, discovering that "the youngster of the name of Cooper, who had been in the *Stirling*," was alive, and had "written a great many sea-stories," wrote to him, and received an answer with the hearty beginning of "Ned, I am your old shipmate." This ended in Cooper's undertaking to write from his shipmate's lips the story of his life—a congenial task, we should think, to Cooper, and one which he has conscientiously performed, giving the exact transcript of the "*Old Salt's*" character, and in his own style, too, although so unlike Cooper's as to make the contrast almost laughable: that Cooper—the refined, the finical, the slow—so fond of lingering over descriptions until he has produced the most delicate accuracy—that such an author could have urged his somewhat dreamy pen, into the plain-sailing story of the tar, is really curious. Nothing, indeed, can be more unlike this sailor's narrative, unless it be the long discursive yarns, log-books, &c, which are palmed upon landmen as the offspring of the sea. Ned Myers ran from school at Halifax, when but eleven years old; and after serving for thirty-four years under the American flag—it is computed that he was twenty-five years out of sight of land, and had sailed in all ways in nearly a hundred different craft—was laid up for life by an accident at forty-nine. The events of such a life, condensed into two volumes, do not admit of much striving for effect: yet the man tells facts most suggestive of ideas to those who read of them— toil, hardihood, and daring; the vicissitudes and perils of the mighty deep, seem more awful when related with the simplicity of one in whom "familiarity has bred contempt" for them, or something like it; certainly in this plainness there is an element of the sublime; this "nursling of the storm" acquires in our eyes part of its own grandeur. A corresponding effect is produced upon us by his moral character. Strong in animal life and passion; uncontrolled, save by the rude discipline of the navy; uninstructed, save in what

a vigorous mind could collect from the world he lived in; unattached by any human tie, and floating as wild and wide as the spar that drifts upon the ocean; we have the "natural man," not of savage life, but of civilization. No minute traits of character, no self-studying; broad and few are the lines in which he stands self-portrayed, with all the gleams of "savageness" that come across the kindly man; the wild caprice that dashes his best-formed plans. How few and instinctive are his principles of right; how few his purposes in life; he must to sea to avoid the seaman's scourge—"the horrors" brought on by the deep drinking on shore; he must return to land, to spend "like an ass, the money he has earned like a horse"—such is the constant alternation. Once only he forms an attachment, and is about to marry a respectable young woman; but she is faithless, and then a sort of unacknowledged self-contempt steals over him to deepen the shades of the picture; he cares not, scarcely enquires if he shall go to sea as a mate or a foremast Jack—although he knows himself "able to do the whole duty of a seaman."—What matters it? "When he dies there is none to cry." Fortunately, ere long, Jack is "brought up all standing;" suffering and reflection awaken the better feelings of a well-intentioned mind, and he turns to religion. For him there was no "city set upon a hill;" no Mother Church, authorized to receive and reclaim him. Unaided but by his solitary reading of the Bible, he pieced out for himself a patchwork of faith from the opinions (we cannot call them creeds) of the various Methodists, Socinians, sectarians of all kinds, by whom he was surrounded; but being adopted, it became the strong principle of a strong mind, and, at least so far as this world is concerned, has saved him. We have, perhaps, given too much time to this man's life, chiefly interesting as being probably a specimen of a large class; but there is one circumstance we must still advert to—this valuable seaman was born on British ground. *We* had a right to his services; but his disgust for the English navy was so extreme, that rather than serve under our flag, though strongly urged to it, he endured difficulty, danger, and suffering without end. Yet this old sea-dog never rebelled against the restrictions practised in an American ship of war; served long and with character under her flag; and bids God bless the Stars and Stripes with hearty cordiality. Vain will be our odious pressgangs, and great the danger to our naval renown, if in

time of war this feeling should prove to exist generally and to be well-founded.

Mrs. Trollope's new novel, *The Laurringtons*, is so much after the style of her former works, that only her own lively writing could give it originality enough to be amusing. There is a heavy country family, a broad caricature of all the self-conceit or absurdity that could be imagined in any circle; and their pride is played upon by the equal pride (although in a different style) of a maiden aunt, a sort of duplicate of Aunt Betsey in the *Widow Barnaby*. This lady's house in London is thus described:—

“Mrs. Watts received the party in a very elegant back drawing-room, decorated with a multitude of particularly well-chosen Italian reminiscences, in bronze, alabaster, and marble, with rich satin hangings of a crimson and white pattern, and such a ‘plenishing’ of chairs, tables, ottomans, sofas, tabourets, musical instruments, consoles, chiffonnières, candelabras, &c. &c. &c., as caused even the self-possessed and sublime Mary to utter an audible exclamation of ‘dear me!’—how very elegant!’ while even the *blasée* Charlotte almost winked her eyes, that she might see more clearly whether it were possible any combination so preposterous could really exist, as Mrs. Watts standing on the exquisite carpet of such a drawing-room in the character of its mistress.... The post-horses, which had been found in readiness at the Paddington station to bring the two carriages to Berkeley Square, still waited, by the young Mrs. Laurrington's orders, at the door. Her purpose in thus keeping them was, that having paid her compliments to her hostess, and obtained the address to her own lodgings, she might drive thither, and take possession of them with as little delay as possible, having fully made up her mind to enjoy all the advantages which the being in London for a few weeks could give her with as little annoyance from coming in contact with ‘odious Mrs. Watts’ as possible. The massive-looking porter, with his perfectly correct appointments, together with the two six-feet-one-inch footmen in the hall, and the chamberlain-like looking butler, who had preceded them up the stairs, had already produced a very considerable effect on the mind of Mrs. Laurrington junior, and the sight of this splendid *second* drawing-room, a still greater; so that with her usual promptitude of wit and will, she immediately decided upon condescending to make Mrs. Watts's mansion her principal home, using the lodgings obtained for her, only when a greater degree of retirement would suit her convenience.”—p. 296, vol. ii.

And, further on, Mrs. Watts says of the niece, whom she has brought up and adopted:—

“‘Ay, ay, Mrs. William Laurrington, I see you are looking at

some of Cecilia's toys. Those little bronzes and marbles, now, will prove to you, if you will please to look at them attentively, that I *am* very economical about her....Perhaps, now, you may think that that little black figure, which looks so very much as if it were going to spring up into the air on its way to Heaven, is the very identical Mercury that the man named John-of-Bologna made? Not a bit of it....That clever fellow's work is safe and sound in the Grand Duke's collection in the *offices*, as they so queerly call them, at Florence....I give you my honour that I never even asked the price of it. My child there, silly thing, seemed to think it the prettiest doll she had ever seen; and so I made her a present of a cheap sort of copy that they had made in imitation of it...and it is just the same with all the rest of the things....My notion, sister Mary, is, that one ought not to be too severe with young people, and yet by no means too indulgent. Look here, for instance, at this pretty little mosaic of Ste. Petronella. When we were in St. Peter's, Miss Cecilia took it into her wise head to declare, that of all the mosaics she had ever seen she liked the copy of that saint's picture best. Now I have no doubt in the world that a great many old maids, situated as I am, that is, you know, never quite spending their income, would have set to work without losing a moment, to get the Pope to sell it, in order to please her....But I should have considered the doing such a thing as quite contrary to my principles. I never do indulge her in anything approaching extravagance; and every one of these gim-cracks is a proof of it, for there is not one of them all that is anything better than a copy. Trust me for that, sister Mary...I have not the slightest doubt that the young lady would have liked vastly to run away with Canova's monument of the Pope. . . . This one, I mean, with the lions. . . . But I served her just the same about that, as about all the rest. . . . I let her bring home a lot of little copies, poor child; and I do believe she is just as well pleased as if she had got the things themselves. It is very easy to please young people by a little good nature.'—vol. II. p. 304.

Thus strongly fortified in pretension, in the affectation of a sort of *vertu*,—which is (though it sits but vulgarly upon them after all) the test of gentility in Mrs. Trollope's characters,—the old lady sets herself to *quiz* pretension founded on the same feelings as her own. She draws forth boldly all the worst feelings—the most glaring absurdities of her family;—enslaves them by the hope of inheriting her property;—plays with them like puppets, and after bringing three of them to the very brink of disgrace, winds up the affair to her satisfaction.

The book, upon the whole, is a fair specimen of Mrs. Trollope's morality. We are not trying her by any very strict system

—it would not be fair to do so—but we think we have never chanced to meet with works that exhibited so intense a spirit of worldliness as hers. It is not merely the general plan of the story, the motives and objects of the characters, which are imbued with it;—but there is a *gusto*—a lingering enjoyment of all the good things of this life, which is quite enthusiastic. A good dinner, or the *blanquette*, the asparagus, and the lobster salad, which constitute her hero's luncheon;—the set of diamonds, the Diaphane bonnet wreathed with myrtle, the opera-box, the “well-appointed” houses, carriages, &c., the luxurious or fantastic apartments, chamberlain-butlers, and so on—all, in short, of the little accessories of wealth and luxury, she fairly gloats upon; and the substantial income in the background, although pleasantly trifled with, who can tell how highly it is appreciated by all her personages! To this propensity indeed, if we are not wrong, Mrs. Trollope owes much of her popularity. The gentlemen of the silver-fork school, as it was called, did indeed tickle the curiosity of those who wished for a peep into the circle which the altitudes of fashion concealed from them; the peep was obtained—or was discovered to be unattainable—and the fancy was forgotten. This lady is wiser in her generation;—not that she despises fashion, far from it, and a sort of free and easy intelligence is indispensable—but she calculates upon advantages more easily understood, and boldly conjures up around her characters all the images of self-indulgent luxury. Boldness is indeed a great characteristic of Mrs. Trollope's writing—we mean it in no offensive sense; for it is but fair to say that it often gives a great charm—a great readableness—to her stories;—they never linger, but progress firmly and with rapidity. There is not much of discrimination or nature in her characters, but they are boldly worked up to the intended pitch, and speak, and move, and act with freedom and decision;—qualities which attract the mind as well in fiction as reality.

When we say that Mrs. Trollope is not skilful in the delineation of character, we advance an opinion from which we fancy some of our readers will differ; we are convinced, however, that it is correct, and will bear examination;—but we do not say, by any means, that she does not know the world. “Thoroughly—oh thoroughly!” to use her own words, does Mrs. Trollope know the world, with all its littleness and secret sins, and with little charity or hesitation she withdraws the veil from them. Fancy a party of country girls around the old aunt's dinner-table meditating thus:—

"As the still blooming beauty had looked, during the dinner of that very day, at the preternaturally elongated face of her sister Araminta, and at a certain incipient redness at the tip of her nose, the recollection that she was but two short years and three quarters older than herself produced a tremor which shook her from head to foot. And then she had looked at Charlotte, and remembered with the nicest accuracy how they had all sat in judgment on her, at her first appearance among them, and how (notwithstanding her bright eyes, her pretty features, and the exquisite finish of all the little accessories by which well-taught ladies, with the aid of a little experience, so well know how to make the best of themselves), they had, one and all, discovered and asserted, without doubt or delay, that she was not so young as she had been. . . . The contrast in this instance between a full-grown young lady, married and single, was great indeed. The careful study, which, notwithstanding all its pretty results, had a little the air of precision in the single lady, was the very perfection of elegance in the married one; and Cornelia, as she sat opposite to this model-sister in the opera-box, felt her heart swell with emulation as she marked the fascinating negligence with which she listened to two or three speeches at once. . . . Could Mrs. Watts have penetrated to all these secret meditations, she might, and with very good reason too, have felt considerable alarm, especially as the burthen of every separate thought ran thus. . . . "There is not one of these charming men that I don't like ten thousand times better than the Baron; but I don't care for that. . . . If I don't get any other, it is a great comfort to be engaged to him. . . . At any rate I shan't grow to look like Araminta. Nothing now can prevent my being married to some one."—Vol. iii. p. 6.

These are trivial passages; a hundred such might be brought as examples, and it may be considered that they add to the sprightliness at least of the story;—but in the present case, Mrs. Trollope has carried this privilege of novel writers too far. She has married to her hero a fashionable young woman, a fortune-hunter, who, having married the man she hates, and has schemed to entrap, casts off her only relative, her brother—who had been less successful in their mutual speculations—treats with the utmost insolence her husband and his family, plunges the former into debt, and then deliberately, and within six months of her marriage, elopes from him; and all this with a thorough knowledge of what she is about—a cold, hard, scheming wickedness, which makes the character unbearable, and quite unfit, as we think, to be the subject of the light and glibbing tone in which her schemes and adventures are narrated.

We lay aside Mrs. Trollope's works with feelings very dif-

ferent from those with which we take up Mrs. Gore's last novel, written in her old good style, and worthy to be compared to *Mrs. Armytage*: her subject is certainly a painful one,—painful, because, amongst all the varieties of human suffering, those endured in such a situation as she describes, must be preeminent in their wearing and destructive effect upon the human mind,—painful too from the conviction we entertain that it is *common*; the misery of a false position, of appearances to be kept up without adequate means for doing so, of credit to be maintained—the loss of which is loss of all—by constant deception; this misery we know to be, in some degree or other, surrounding us—filling with secret disquiet and dismay, the homes which seem to us most happy,—gnawing at hearts, which, but for this canker, might be at peace with God and man,—haunting, like an unladen ghost, the halls of palaces, and worse than this, steeping in tears the humble fare of the lowly shopkeeper, the poor professional man, who, laborious, frugal, and well-intentioned, might, one would have hoped, have eaten his crust in the peace that should compensate to those who have little to lose. Mrs. Gore has selected one of the most remarkable instances of this, we will call it, “national calamity.” A banker, a man trusted on all hands,—receiving into his charge the fortunes of the wealthy, the hard-earned savings of the poor;—under every conceivable circumstance in which money can be valuable, nay sacred, he receives and appropriates it: yet this man is a gentleman ambitious of maintaining the credit of his father's name and station, ambitious of transmitting it with increased lustre to a promising family, ambitious of the respect of the world—of the esteem of his children. The horrors of such a situation may be imagined, and in a nice and masterly manner they are made evident in the effect produced upon the banker and his wife. We have always considered Mrs. Gore as an admirable delineator of character, and in these two we consider that she has surpassed herself: both are so quiet, so self-subdued, so sobered down to the exactest level of the world's propensities, that it required much careful touching to keep continually before the reader not only the different causes which have been at work, but the very different dispositions upon which they have operated: yet this is admirably done. The impending bankruptcy which the miserable man foresees, which he is striving by such desperate means, such desperate energy to postpone, exercises its influence not only over the broken-spirited wife, but over the fortunes of a group

of high-spirited young people, until all is wound up in a catastrophe only too fearfully affecting and true to nature. There are excellencies of a different order in this work. Of all our writers, Mrs. Gore is perhaps the one who has the most perfect acquaintance with English life, in all its grades of rank and feelings ; no one describes it so well, from the "high and flat lands of perfect gentility," to the jovial squire of a few paternal acres, who would be good-humoured, but that even he has some one to keep down "in his proper place," some one to emulate and to envy,—all are touched off by her lively and graceful pen with exquisite truth. Throwing over all the group the warmth of his own heart, is the good old general, lately returned from India, ignorant of all the etiquettes of society, or judging them only by his own plain good sense and kindliness. This character is, next to the banker himself, the most important and the best. But we must close our article; and we take our leave of Mrs. Gore, by the quotation of one of the general's attacks upon the cold-hearted pride, which in one shape or other, surrounds him. But before we do so we must express a hope that Mrs. Gore will often favour us with works so unexceptionable and so entertaining as the *Banker's Wife*.

"'Nonsense, nonsense! Do you pretend to arrange men and women in classes, on the Linnean system, like plants and insects?—Do you want to make society a kitchen-garden, all the spinach in one bed, and all the endive in t'other?—Lydia *does* belong to his order of society. They are both young folks of cultivated minds and refined manners; though in both respects, betwixt ourselves, our little girl has a plaguy deal the advantage!"

"'Yours is a very philosophical view of the case,' replied Walter, wishing it had proceeded from the lips of Lord Vernon rather than the Colonel; 'but I fear it will not stand against the battle-array of public opinion. The Rotherwoods, for instance, are worthy, unassuming people, and on friendly terms with my family; but rely upon it Lady Rotherwood would be indignant at the idea of a marriage between her nephew and my sister.'

"'More shame for *her* then to have sat by simpering as she did, while the Marquis was recommending himself to dear Lydia with all his might and main. Why, what the deuce is there *against* the match?—That the girl's a banker's daughter? What then! If she was a banker's *heiress*, with fifty thousand a-year to her fortune, we should have all the Dukes in the land running after her, and folks would praise their prudence. My dear Watty! the day's past when noblemen thought it a fine thing to sacrifice their own and their children's happiness to the glory of having a titled name inscribed on a sham apple, in the family-tree hung up in their hall, (to *my* thinking, as bitter an apple as the one that

tempted Mother Eve to sin!) Life isn't long enough for such empty potter. The march of intellect has left such rubbish behind it, among other useless baggage. You might as well pretend to believe in witchcraft or the philosopher's stone, as in the right divine of lords and ladies.'

" 'You need not reprove *my* credulity,' said Walter, with a smile. 'On the contrary, it is my interest to hope you may gain proselytes to your doctrines wherever you see fit to play the apostle; but, depend on it, pride of birth was never more influential in England than at this moment. All our institutions have an aristocratic tendency. The increasing fusion or confusion of classes necessitates a sort of fanaticism in the order whose privileges are invaded, just as religious persecutions beget religious enthusiasm.'

" 'Mighty plausible and famously well-worded,' said the Colonel. 'Twouldn't read amiss in a quarterly review, from which, may be, you cribbed it, eh, Master Watty? But 'tisn't sound, 'tisn't sound, my boy!—'Tis as hollow as a bubble. You know as well as I do, that the most stiff-necked of these aristocrats would marry his son or daughter, at any time, to mine or your father's, on a sufficient *amount* of temptation; and then, what becomes of their principles? Never was there a great heiress in England, be she whom she might, that all the lords in the kingdom didn't run after, to say nothing now and then of Princes of the Blood!'

" 'I believe you are right. But, though facts may justify your assertion, you will never persuade the world, sir, that the daughter of Mr. Hamlyn, of Lombard Street, with five thousand pounds, is a suitable wife for the Marquis of Dartford.'

" 'If *he's* persuaded of it, let the world go and be—hanged. As to the five thousand pounds fortune, my dear boy,—but of that hereafter. I tell you what, Walter, I'm sick of seeing so much of the happiness of God's creatures sacrificed to big words. 'THE WORLD!' What on earth does the wedlock of two young folks, of independent 'circumstances and irreproachable conduct, matter to 'the world,' which, after all, is like the wind, more talked of than seen, except by the pigs. In the first place, what *is* the world?—A few court cards, with finer faces than the rest o' the pack, eh?—A few fine gentlemen, who 've jockeyed each other out of the right of deciding who's fit company to eat his dinner, or play his rubber, in certain houses in St. James's Street?—and a few fine ladies, whom the said fine gentlemen consider worth touching their hats to?—That's the long and short o' the world, Watty? according to *your* vocab'lory. And, what's more, there's many a first-rate professional man, ay, and many a first-rate parliament man, whose opinion or company you wouldn't give a whiff o' your cigar for, only 'cause they don't exactly belong to what such titmice as you and young Vernon,—and your elders and betters, too,—think proper to call THE WORLD!'"—vol. ii. pp. 14-18.

ART. XII.—*Sermons bearing on Subjects of the Day.* By John H. Newman. 1843.

WE have hitherto abstained from bringing before the notice of our readers, the sermons of this or any other divine, however celebrated, of the Anglican Church. In fact, except as engaged in controversy with them, we have not felt that we could consistently draw attention to their religious writings. The sermons of any one separated from the Church can never be safely recommended for perusal, to her children, who find in her, and in her alone, rich and abundant pastures of grace and truth, refreshing streams of devotional exercises, and security moreover from all that can be hurtful. Only to God's holy mount is promise made of exemption from all such danger. If we depart from our custom in the present instance, it may require a reason by way of explanation. It is not that we are going to examine these sermons critically, and to discuss any of their views, or, in other words, to treat them controversially. Neither is it that they could be useful to Catholics as spiritual instruction. For, notwithstanding their great scriptural learning, their striking and original views on many points, their simple but powerful diction, their peculiar and often fascinating eloquence, they are not calculated to add to the knowledge or to the devotion of a well-instructed Catholic. But this is, in fact, not their object. "The day," to which the subjects refer, is not *our* day—the day of the Church Catholic—but "the day" of Anglicanism,—its day of crisis, its day of judgment,—God grant it may be its final day!

The reason, therefore, for which we lay before our readers these sermons rather than others, is, that they save us the trouble of doing in our own words, what we have repeatedly done already—exposing the confusion, the inconsistency, the crumbling, sinking, failing condition of the English Church. Till now we have endeavoured to show this by argument; we may henceforth be content to do it by confessions. We have endeavoured to keep pace with the phases of modern religious opinions, so that this *Review* may be considered a true record of the steps whereby the extraordinary movement in religion in these our strange days has proceeded; and we should cease to be faithful chroniclers of its march, were we to pass by this interesting volume, itself at once a self-registering move upon the scale of its advancement. For whatever Mr. Newman writes is not only an evidence but a cause, not merely a record but an event. His words may serve to in-

form *us* and posterity of the present state of opinion in his Church, or at least that portion of it whose standard he bears ; but they will carry a conviction to the minds of many, and bring them to think as they have not before on the subject. How many, for instance, will feel far more keenly than we can possibly,—feel with increasing convictions,—such a lamentable picture of the state of Anglicanism, as is presented to us in the following passages :—

“But, further, if we are not altogether in a position to use the words of the Psalter, if we are too happy and secure, in too great abundance and too much honour, to be able to use them naturally, is it not possible that so far we really do lack a note of the Church ? is there not a fear lest the world be friends with us, because we are friends with the world ? This is no new or strange occurrence in the history of the Gospel. It is not peculiar to our age or country ; it is the great disease of the Church in all ages. Whatever corruptions of doctrine there have been at particular times and places, no corruption has been so great as this practical corruption, which has existed in its measure in all times and places ; the serving God for the sake of mammon ; the loving religion from the love of the world. And as to ourselves, I fear, it is no declamatory statement to say, that there never was an age in which it existed more largely, never an age in which the Church contained so many untrue members ; that is, so many persons who profess themselves her members, when they know little or nothing about the real meaning of membership, and remain within her pale for some reasons short of religious and right ones. For instance,—to put one question on the subject,—How many supporters of Christ's Holy Catholic Church do you think would be left among us, if her cause were found to be, not the cause of order, as it happens to be now, but the cause of disorder, as it was when Christ came and His Apostles preached ? It was the cry of the Jews of Thessalonica against St. Paul and St. Silas, “These that have turned the world upside down, are come hither also.”* Is it not as plain as the day, that the mass of persons who support the Church in her legal privileges, do so, not so much because they care for the Kingdom of the Saints, as because they think that the downfall of our civil institutions is involved in her downfall. I do not say that they have *no* love for the Church, but they have a greater love for worldly prosperity. They have just so much more love for the world than the Church, as would lead them, were the peace of the world and the welfare of the Church at variance with each other, to side with the world against the Church. As it is, they see that the influence of the Gospel is on the side of good order ; that it tends to make men

* Acts xviii. 6.

contented and obedient subjects ; that it keeps the lower orders from outbreaks ; that it makes a firm stand against rebellion, sedition, conspiracy, riot, and fanaticism ; that it is the best guarantee for the security of private property. It *does* all these benefits ; they *are* benefits ; and we may rightly be thankful for them. But numbers of professing Churchmen consider them *the* special benefits of Christ's Kingdom, caring little for the unseen and spiritual blessings which are its true and proper gifts. Look round upon our political parties, our literature, our science, our periodical publications ; is it not too plain to need a word of proof, that religion is in the main honoured because it tends to make this life happier, and is expedient for the preservation of our persons, property, advantages, and position in the world ? Can a greater stigma be placed upon any doctrine in the judgment of the community, than that it is anti-social, or that it is irksome, gloomy, or inconvenient ?"—pp. 306-308.

Again :—

"And now I add, and a solemn thought it is, that numbers among ourselves, though we profess the gospel, are in that restless state, ever seeking, never finding ! Look around you, my brethren, on every side ; what, on the whole, is the religion of England ? it is restlessness. Look round, I say, and answer, why it is that there is so much change, so much strife, so many parties and sects, so many creeds ? because men are unsatisfied and restless ; and why restless, with every one his psalm, his doctrine, his tongue, his revelation, his interpretation ? they are restless because they have not found. Alas ! so it is, in this country called Christian, vast numbers have gained little from religion, beyond a thirst after what they have not, a thirst for their true peace, and the fever and restlessness of thirst. It has not yet brought them into the presence of Christ, in which 'is fulness of joy' and 'pleasure for evermore.' Had they been fed with the bread of life, and tasted of the honeycomb, their eyes, like Jonathan's, had been enlightened to acknowledge the Saviour of men ; but having no such real apprehension of things unseen, they have still to seek, and are at the mercy of every rumour from without, which purports to bring tidings of Him, and of the place of His abode. 'By night on my bed I sought Him whom my soul loveth. I sought Him, but I found Him not. I will rise now, and go about the city in the streets, and in the broad ways I will seek Him whom my soul loveth ; I sought Him, but I found Him not.' 'I sought Him, but I could not find him ; I called Him, but he gave me no answer. The watchmen that went about the city found me ; they smote me, they wounded me ; the keepers of the walls took away my veil from me*.' Mary wept because they had taken away her Lord, and she

* Cant. iii. 1, 2 ; v. 6, 7.

knew not where they had laid Him. She was in trouble because she sought Him yet in vain. Poor wanderers, hapless and ill-fated generation, who understand that Christ is on earth, yet do but seek Him in the desert, or in the secret chambers,—Lo here! and Lo there! O sad and pitiable spectacle, when the people of Christ wander on the hills as ‘sheep which have no shepherd;’ and instead of seeking Him in His ancient haunts and His appointed home, busy themselves in human schemes, follow strange guides, are taken captive by new opinions, become the sport of chance, or of the humour of the hour, or the victims of self-will, are full of anxiety, and perplexity, and jealousy, and alarm, ‘tossed to and fro, and carried about by every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness whereby they lie in wait to deceive;’—and all because they do not seek the ‘one body’ and the ‘one spirit’ and the ‘one hope of their calling,’ the ‘one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all,’ and find rest for their souls! O how different from that Apostolic state, when ‘all that believed were together and had all things common: and . . . continuing daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favour with all the people!’ and whence this outward order, which we have lost? because of that inward Gift, which, being One, made them all one, according to our Saviour’s prayer, ‘The glory which Thou gavest Me, I have given them; that they may be one, even as We are one; I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one.*’—pp. 357-359.

In still stronger terms does Mr. Newman eloquently describe the lamentable state of the Anglican system, its divisions, and other symptoms of decay:—

“Now it is plain how this doctrine applies to these times, and to us. Alas! I cannot deny that the outward notes of the Church are partly gone from us, and partly going; and a most fearful judgment it is. “Behold.....the stars of heaven and the constellations thereof shall not give their light; the sun shall be darkened in his going forth, and the moon shall not cause her light to shine.’ ‘I will cause the sun to go down at noon, and I will darken the earth in the clear day. And I will turn your feasts into mourning, and all your songs into lamentation.’ ‘All the bright lights of heaven will I make dark over them, and set darkness upon thy land, saith the Lord God.† This in good measure has fallen upon us. The Church of God is under eclipse among us. Where is our unity, for which Christ prayed? Where our charity, which he enjoined? where the faith once delivered, when

* Eph. iv. 5, 6; Acts ii. 44-47; John xvii. 22, 23.

† Is. xlii. 10; Amos viii. 9, 10; Ezek xxxii. 8.

each has his own doctrine ? where our visibility, which was to be a light to the world ? where that awful worship, which struck fear into every soul ? And what is the consequence ? 'We grope for the wall like the blind, and we grope as if we had no eyes ; we stumble at noonday as in the night ; we are in desolate places as dead men.*' And as the Jews, shortly before their own rejection, had two dark tokens,—the one, a bitter contempt of the whole world ; and the other, multiplied divisions and furious quarrels at home,—so we English, as if some abomination of desolation were coming on us also, scorn almost all Christianity but our own ; and yet have, not one, but a hundred gospels among ourselves, and each of them with its own hot defenders, till our very note and symbol is discord, and we wrangle and denounce, and call it life ; but peace we know not, nor faith, nor love. And this being so, what a temptation is it to those who read and understand the word of God, who perceive what it enjoins and promises, and also feel keenly what we are,—what a temptation is it to many such to be impatient under this visitation ! Who indeed is there at all, who lets himself dwell upon the thought of it, but must at times be deeply troubled at it ? and who can be startled, not I, if a person here or there, painfully sensitive of this fearful eclipse of the Sun of Truth, and hoping, if that be possible, to find something better elsewhere ; and either not having cherished, or neglected to look for those truer tokens of Christ's Presence in the Church, which are personal to himself, leaves us for some other communion ? Alas ! and we, instead of being led to reflect on our own share in his act, instead of dwelling on our own sin, are eloquent about his ; instead of confessing our own most unchristian divisions, can but cry out against his dividing from us ; instead of repenting of our own profaneness which has shocked him, protest against his superstition ; instead of calling to mind the lying and slandering, the false witness, the rejoicing in evil, the ungenerousness and unfairness which abound among us, our low standard of duty and scanty measures of holiness, our love of the world, and our dislike of the cross ; instead of acknowledging that our brother has left us because we have left God, that we have lost him because we have lost our claim to keep him ; we, forsooth, think we 'do well to be angry,' and can but enlarge on his impatience, or obstinacy, or wilfulness, or infatuation. Or if we are alarmed, as well as indignant, we dream of foes and traitors among us, when the foe and the traitor is within us ; and we look any where but there ; and we wonder, to be sure, that we cannot find what it implies so much address to conceal ; and we are restless till we have traced the guilt some whither, to any one but ourselves,—like the prophet beating his ass because she saw, what from him was hidden, the angel with a drawn sword. 'Thou

* Is. lix. 10.

hypocrite ; first cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then thou shalt see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.' 'Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel !' 'Thou satest and spakest against thy brother, yea, and hast slandered thine own mother's son.' 'Thou which teachest another, teachest thou not thyself ?.....thou that makest thy boast of the law, through breaking the law dishonourest thou God? for the Name of God is blasphemed among the Gentiles through you, as it is written.*

"For me, with these convictions, never will I shrink, through God's help, at fitting times, and in my place, from warning my brethren of that so great sin of the day, their disregard of the grievous judgment under which we lie. If it was promised to the Church that she should be 'the pillar and ground of the truth,' that her 'teachers should not be removed into a corner any more,' but that her 'ears should hear a voice behind her, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it ;' and if, to us in this country, she is not such as this, surely we have forfeited something, surely are under a judgment ; and if we are under a judgment, how inexpressibly it must offend Almighty God, that we do not 'humble ourselves under His mighty hand !' This being so, it is a very light thing indeed for one whose eyes are in his measure opened to see it, to find himself opposed for speaking plainly about it ; and, even though opposed, it must be more difficult for him to keep silence *than* to speak."—pp. 378-382.

The following is perhaps still more interesting:—

"And, again, what can be more incongruous than for the run of Christians of this age to call themselves Catholics? yet their calling themselves so may be the first step to their becoming so. And how little fitted are we to discharge ecclesiastical censures, or to enforce ecclesiastical discipline, or to live by rule! yet, by attempting to do so, we may learn our wants, and seek the supply of them. And how unlike are the best among us to the Saints and Martyrs of old time ; to St. Cyprian, or St. Basil, or St. Ambrose, or St. Leo! and what an utter mockery it is to couple their names with modern names, and to compare their words with our words, as is sometimes done! yet, if true love be the tie that binds us to them, since they most certainly cannot move towards us, we through God's mercy perchance may be drawn to them. And in like manner, poor and mean and unworthy as may be our attempts at a ceremonial on days such as this, yet we trust He will accept it, as He did her offering, who 'did what she could,' and will vouchsafe to bless it, and to make it a means of teaching us a deeper reverence and a more constraining love, and will draw us on into the very bosom of

* Matt. vii. 5 ; xxiii. 24 ; Ps. l. 20 ; Rom. ii. 21, 23, 24.

Catholic sanctity, and the very heart of Catholic affection, by observances and usages which in themselves are little worth, and excite the jeer or the criticism of the worldly or the profane. In a word, if we claim to *be* the Church, let us act *like* the Church, and we shall *become* the Church. Here, as in other matters, to doubt is to fail, to go forward is to succeed."—pp. 441-442.

These views will not appear surprising after reading the strong manner in which Mr. Newman speaks elsewhere of the importance, or rather the necessity, of unity, and communion with the Universal Church. Take, for instance, the following passage:—

"This is a point much to be kept in view in this day, as it will moderate our expectations, and sober us: we cannot hope for peace at home, while we are at war abroad. We cannot hope for the recovery of dissenting bodies, while we are ourselves alienated from the great body of Christendom. We cannot hope for unity of faith, if we at our own private will make a faith for ourselves in this our small corner of the earth. We cannot hope for the success among the heathen of St. Augustine or St. Boniface, unless like them we go forth with the apostolical benediction. That we are thus at disadvantage may not be our fault; it may be our misfortune; but at any rate it is not, what we too often consider it, our boast. Break unity in one point, and the fault runs through the whole body. There is a jar and a dissonance throughout; from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness. The flood of God's grace keeps it level, and if it is low in one place it is low in another. Surely we have abundant evidence on all sides of us, that the division of Churches is the corruption of hearts."—pp. 149-50.

It is with reference to this point, that in a passage quoted already he speaks of the notes of the Church as being "going" further than they were already "gone" from the Anglican Establishment, inasmuch as the Jerusalem bishoprick, just set up when the sermon quoted was preached, tended further to remove the appearances of unity. On that senseless measure, he thus energetically pronounces his anathema:—

"May that measure utterly fail, and come to nought, and be as though it had never been!"—p. 379, note.

Alas! this is cursing, not merely the barren, but the withered fig-tree.

The superiority of St. Peter to the other Apostles is thus intimated:—

"So much is spoken in general; but next *who* are spoken of as the rulers in the kingdom, Christ's viceroys? the twelve Apostles, and first of all Peter. To him our Lord addressed these wonderful

words; 'I say unto thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.*' By the 'Church' must be meant a community or polity of men, and you see that St. Peter had the keys of this Church or kingdom, or the power of admitting into it, and excluding from it; and besides that, an awful power of binding and loosing, about which it does not fall within our present subject to inquire."—pp. 249-50.

He rejects the idea, so often repeated by writers of his school, Dr. Pusey not excluded, that the Eastern Churches form "branches" or integral parts of the one Catholic Church:

"Nor can we doubt that the merciful hand of God has before now dealt with man in those far-spreading communions, though heretical, which have so long existed in the East; yet it is a duty to leave them for the One True Church."—pp. 407-408.

Having thus laid before our readers the passages that have struck us most, as representing the writer's views on the subject of the Church, it will not be, we trust, uninteresting to select a few extracts containing concessions or approximations on other subjects, for those who may not have opportunity or wish to peruse the entire volume. 1. That God, after remitting sin, reserves and exercises the power of punishing the sinner, is taught in the following passage:—

"Further, it must not be supposed, because sinners have sincerely repented, that therefore they have no punishment for their past sins; and this puts a vast difference between the state of the innocent and the penitent. In this sense they never can be on a level: the one, if God so wills, is open to punishment, and the other is not; for God does not so pardon, that He does not also punish. When his children go wrong, they are, in St. Paul's words, 'judged.' He does not abandon them, but He makes their sin 'find them out.' And, as we well know, it is His merciful pleasure that this punishment should at the same time act as a chastisement and correction, so that, 'when they are judged they are chastened of the Lord, that they should not be condemned with the world†.' But still their visitation is of the nature of a judgment; and no sinner knows what kind, what number of judgments, he has incurred at the hands of the righteous judge. I say that repentant sinners are in this respect different from innocent persons; that, it may be, God will bring punishment upon them for their past sins, as He

* Matt. xvi. 18, 19.

† 1 Cor. xi. 32.

very often does; and it may be God's will to make that punishment the means of their sanctification, as He did in St. Paul's case."—pp. 23.

2. In a course of comparison between the marriage feast at Cana and the Last Supper, after many things to which we can give no assent, we have this conclusion with reference to the blessed Virgin. After quoting the promises to the Apostles that their prayers should always be heard—"Whatsoever you shall ask the Father in my name, He will give it you"—Mr. Newman adds, "In the gifts promised to the Apostles after the Resurrection, we may learn the present influence and power of the Mother of God" (p. 43).

3. Immediately after this, we have the following observations respecting the blessed Eucharist:—

"Such seems to be the connexion between the feast with which our Lord began, and that with which He ended His ministry. Nay, may we not add without violence, that in the former feast He had in mind and intended to foreshadow the latter? for what was that first miracle by which He manifested His glory in the former, but the strange and awful change of the element of water into wine? and what did He in the latter, but change the Paschal supper and the typical lamb into the sacrament of His atoning sacrifice, and the creatures of bread and wine into the verities of His most precious body and blood? He began His ministry with a miracle; He ended it with a greater."—p. 43.

And again, on the same solemn subject:—

"And the case is the same as regards the sacraments of the gospel. God does not make for us new and miraculous instruments wherewith to convey His benefits, but He takes, He adopts means already existing. He takes water, which already is the means of natural health and purity, and consecrates it to convey spiritual life. He changes the use of it. Again he selects bread and wine, the chief means and symbols of bodily nourishment,—He takes them, He blesses them; He does not dispense with them, but He uses them. He leaves them to appearance what they were; but He gifts them with a Divine presence, which before they had not. As He filled the Jewish temple of wood and stone with glory, on its consecration; as He breathed the breath of life into the dust of the earth, and made it man; so He comes down in power on His chosen symbols, weak though they be in themselves, and makes them what they were not."—pp. 116-17.

4. The following beautiful passage expresses the preacher's ideas respecting the practice of corporal austerities:—

"This is to feed ourselves *with* fear. Thus let us proceed in the use of all our privileges, and all will be benefits. Let us not keep

festivals without keeping vigils ; let us not keep Eastertide without observing Lent ; let us not approach the Sunday feast without keeping the Friday abstinence ; let us not adorn churches without studying personal simplicity and austereness ; let us not cultivate the accomplishments of taste and literature without the corrective of personal discomfort ; let us not attempt to advance the power of the Church, to enthrone her rulers, to rear her palaces, and to ennoble her name, without recollecting that she must be mortified within while she is in honour in the world, and wear the Baptist's hair shirt and leathern girdle under the purple ephod and the jewelled breastplate."—pp. 138-39.

5. Closely allied to this subject is the one treated in the following passage. The sermon from which it is extracted is entitled "the Apostolical Christian."

"And next ask yourself this question, and be honest in your answer. This model of a Christian, though not commanding your literal imitation, still is it not the very model which has been fulfilled in others in every age since the New Testament was written ? You will ask me in whom ? I am loth to say ; I have reason to ask you to be honest and candid ; for so it is, as if from consciousness of the fact, and dislike to have it urged upon us, we and our forefathers have been accustomed to scorn and ridicule these faithful obedient persons, and, in our Saviour's very words, to 'cast out their name as evil, for the Son of man's sake.' But, if the truth must be spoken, what are the humble monk, and the holy nun, and other regulars, as they are called, but Christians after the very pattern given us in Scripture ? What have they done but this,—continue in the world the Christianity of the Bible ? Did our Saviour come on earth suddenly, as He will one day visit, in whom would He see the features of the Christians He and His apostles left behind them, but in them ? Who but these give up home and friends, wealth and ease, good name and liberty of will, for the kingdom of heaven ? Where shall we find the image of St. Paul, or St. Peter, or St. John, or of Mary the mother of Mark, or of Philip's daughters, but in those who, whether they remain in seclusion, or are sent over the earth, have calm faces, and sweet plaintive voices, and spare frames, and gentle manners, and hearts weaned from the world, and wills subdued ; and for their meekness meet with insult, and for their purity with slander, and for their gravity with suspicion, and for their courage with cruelty ; yet meet with Christ every where,—Christ, their all-sufficient, everlasting portion, to make up to them, both here and hereafter, all they suffer, all they dare, for His Name's sake ?"—pp. 327-329.

These extracts will suffice to show, how little we now need argue in favour of many important points, once subjects of serious controversy. They may serve as landmarks, at the

opening of 1844, to show us how we stand controversially with the movement party in the English Church. Where we shall be at its close, God only knows. May He, before it, we earnestly pray, give grace to the writer of the volume, to wish that four of its sermons were expunged from its pages. We allude to those four in which Mr. Newman takes on himself the fearful responsibility of keeping men back from Catholic unity, in the communion of the Apostolic See. We have foregone controversy in this article; and therefore enter not upon his arguments, if they can bear that name. For they are in clear contradiction with his own principles,—putting individual “experience” above the teaching of “faith,” and making a certain inward sense (the seat of private judgment and of every religious delusion), a surer test of truth than the great evidences and notes of the Church. In his own words, “may they utterly fail and come to nought, and be as though they had never been!”

Or rather, though we have no portion in the appeal, we will willingly, heartily, and affectionately join in the request, that closes the volume, by a farewell address, on resigning the living of St. Mary's:—

“And oh, my brethren, O kind and affectionate hearts, O loving friends, should you know any one whose lot it has been, by writing or by word of mouth, in some degree to help you thus to act; if he has ever told you what you knew about yourselves, or what you did not know; has read to you your wants or feelings, and comforted you by the very reading: has made you feel that there was a higher life than this daily one, and a brighter world than that you see; or encouraged you, or sobered you, or opened a way to the inquiring, or soothed the perplexed; if what he has said or done has ever made you take interest in him, and feel well inclined towards him; remember such a one in time to come, though you hear him not, and pray for him, that in all things he may know God's will, and at all times he may be ready to fulfil it.”—pp. 463-464.

What God's will is, we Catholics cannot doubt. Let us therefore pray that the writer may have light to see it, and strength to accomplish it!

Justorum Semita; or the Path of the Just. A History of the Saints and Holidays of the present English Kalendar. Edinburgh: 1843. 18mo.

THIS is, of all the publications set forth by the movement party, the most truly Catholic, and delightful. It is the heart-breathing performance, we believe, of a young gentleman at the Scottish bar; distinguished among his more busy and worldly-moiling brethren for amiability of disposition and Christian-like conduct and affections. He is not—alas! for his own sake—of us, but as certainly he is not against us; and we believe that the line of separation is one of too fine distinction to remain long a barrier to his most perfect unity. At any rate, he merits our high commendation for the elegance and spirit displayed in this little work, which we have no hesitation in proffering to the notice of the faithful.

Note on the article on "The Kirk of Scotland."—Vol. 14, p. 66.

WE have received a communication from Mr. Robert Smith, Manse of Old Machar, Aberdeen, and nephew to Lord Gillies, complaining of our note in page 67 of our number for February, (No. xxvii.), as being contrary to fact, and injurious to the memory of his uncle. We certainly had no intention of reflecting upon his lordship's memory; and, with respect to the facts of the case, we believe that, had Mr. Smith lived less remote from the circles of the northern metropolis, he would have been equally informed with ourselves on what was a matter of notoriety, both in ordinary conversation and in the newspapers of the day. Our accuracy or inaccuracy rests on these.

ERRATA IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

Page	line	for	could	read would.
205	26	...	insecure	... insane.
206	10	...	calmness	... ignorance.
207	5	...	Burke	... Bushe.
212	43	...	Buckingham	... Rockingham.
221	19	and <i>passim</i> ,	April 24	... April 4.
222	30	...		
231	2	<i>dele</i> 7.		
231	24	...	a Seganus	... of Seganus.
231	42	...	glowing	... following.
233	34	...	country	... coterie.
239	5	...	Porter	... Foster.
239	22	...	Abinger	... Abingdon.
240	28	...	extracts	... rubbish.
243	12	...	Sir William	... Sir Laurence.
243	12	...	unto	... over to.

INDEX

TO THE

FIFTEENTH VOLUME OF THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

- Absenteeism, 323.
- Agitation, Irish, its characteristics, 478.
- Agricultural Society, 56—prize essay offered by it, 66.
- Agriculture, its theory always preceded by practice, 54—use of bone as manure, 55—of lime, 56—errors on the subject, by Pusey, 58—by Trimmer, 59—Solly, *ibid.*—Dr. Daubeny's lecture, applying science to agriculture, 70—low state of the science, 74—advantages in the use of rye, 75—drain tile, 76.
- Agriculturists distinguished for science, 74.
- Alaric, his entrance into Rome, 142—spares the Christian churches, *ibid.*—reads the letters of Eginhard to the pilgrims at Canterbury, 148—its evils, 154.
- Alcuin, 87.
- Altars, inscriptions upon them, 506.
- Anglo-Saxon literature, impossible to be appreciated except by Catholics, 81—the minstrel their chief recorder of events, 83—specimens of poetry, 84—their mental powers, 85—what education they possessed, 86—their literature destroyed by the Danes, 88—Papal influence supposed to have been introduced amongst them in the days of St. Wilfred, 92—what were the real facts, 93—their clergy not allowed to marry, 101—their belief in the blessed Eucharist, 103.
- Archæological Society, Irish, its praiseworthy labours, 452.
- Arms bill for Ireland, 345.
- Article thirtieth of the Church of England disputed, 289.
- Augustine, St., miracle recorded by him, 406.
- Banim, his kindness to Gerald Griffin, 398.
- Bedell, Bishop, is supposed to have scattered the first seeds of Protestantism in the Irish tongue, 416—the only model in the Irish Church, 419—his life, 430—is made Bishop, 434—his reforms in the Church, 436—learns and patronizes the Irish language, 439—attempts a translation of the bible, 440—excommunicates Bailly, 441—is summoned before the Prerogative Court, and treated with cruel insolence, *ibid.*—King, the translator Bedell employed, is imprisoned, 442—is safe during the Irish rebellion, and afterwards intercedes for them, 446—continues unmolested amongst the people, 448—his funeral, *ibid.*
- Belisarius, his ride to view the ruins of Rome, 137—his retrospect on the fortunes of Rome, *ibid.* and 162.
- Benediction, office of the Catholic Church, 265.
- Betham, Sir William, compares the Celtic and Etrurian languages, 1—his theory respecting Sanconiathon, 3—his explanation of the Eugubian tables, 4—objections to his theory, 8—applies the same theory to the Perugian stone, 12—and to the inscriptions on Etruscan tombs, 13—finds a Celtic explanation of Etruscan mythology, 14—traces the freemasons from the Cubiri, 16—compares the Irish and Etruscan modes of sepulchre, 18—defect in his reasoning, 24—supposes a people in Ireland previous to the present or Celtic race, 27.
- Biography, Anglo-Saxon, by Mr. Wright, 83—mistakes in it, 89—mistakes in the life of St. Odo, 98—of St. Dunstan, *ibid.*
- Bone, its use as manure, 55.
- O'Brien, William Smith, his speech, 317—extract from, charges England with mis-government of Ireland, 318—traces the history of the connection between the countries, 321—remarks upon the deficiencies of her Reform Bill, 328—reception of his speech by the House of Commons, 335—review of the measures passed since the reform, 337—remarks on the Irish municipal Reform Bill, 339—summary of causes of discontent, 348—his address to the members of the House of Commons, 362.
- British Critic, extract from, 287—increasing in interest, 114—first article of No. lxvii., 115—candour of author of ditto, *ibid.*—theory broached in it controverted, 118.
- Broad Stone of Honour, extract from, 105.
- Brougham, Henry Lord, characteristics of his writings, 470—his sentiments upon the French revolution, 472—takes occasion, from that subject, to insult the Irish, *ibid.*—no friend to Ireland, which he does not know, 474—his professions of impartiality not to be credited, 476—his parallel between the French revolution and the Irish agitation,

- 476—still more audacious comparison of O'Connell with the French revolutionists, 479—false assertions respecting the great Irish meetings, 480.
- Buckinghamshire, Lord, his bad character as viceroy, 213—his opposition to the "Declaration of Right," 218—his despatches, recommending fifty persons for rewards, 219—succeeded as viceroy, by Lord Carlisle.
- Burke, his conversation preferred by Grattan to that of Curran, 212—his words in parliament, 216—his wish to prevent Grattan from moving the "Declaration of Right," 217.
- Candlish, Dr., his opinion of the Kirk, 309.
- Carlyle, Thomas, his "Past and Present" reviewed, 182—his acquaintance with German literature, *ibid.*—his political opinions, 186—his opinion of Catholicity, 196.
- Catholics, demand some share in the constitution, 248—their petition thrown out, *ibid.* state their grievances to the prince of Wales, *ibid.*—love felt by them for holy crosses and relics, 503—supposed to entertain wrong notions of the mass, 505.
- Catholicity, hopes for its progress in England in the present religious writings, 103—hopes of a corresponding nature in the time of James II., 104—how frustrated, *ibid.*—its present position, 108.
- Celtic language, claimed by Sir William Betham as the most ancient, 8—poems of Amergin, oldest specimens of, 5—not at present intelligible, 6—comparison of its characters with the Celtic, 14.
- Charities, of Naples, 30—may be divided into three classes, 31—Confraternities, *ibid.*—lay-confraternities, 34—Hospitals, 37—conservatori, 47—monti, 50—commissione della Real Beneficenza, 52.
- Charlemont, Earl of, succeeds the Duke of Leinster as commander of the volunteers, 220—his seduction by the government, 234.
- Chemistry, 64—applied, by Davy, to agriculture, 67—analysis of the black earth of Russia, 68—classification of soils, by Davy, 70—by Schubler, *ibid.*—by Dr. Daubeny, 71—hydraulic mortars, 79.
- Christianity, summary of the benefits of, 136— injury it would have sustained by the overturn of the empire immediately after the conversion of Constantine, 139.
- Christmas Carol, Dickens, review of, 510.
- Church, Catholic, practices of, joins the Church triumphant in perpetual devotion to Our Lord, 261—forty hours' prayer, *ibid.*—benediction recommended, 265—rosary, 266—reasonings used by modern travellers against her, 487—difficulties in the way of the reconciliation with these grumblers, even if their demands were agreed to, 488—charge of idolatry might equally be brought against her in antiquity, 489—what chiefly occasions the charge now, 490—miracles worked through the medal, 494—parallel in antiquity, *ibid.*—partiality for particular sanctuaries, 499—masses for the dead, 506.
- Church of England, her disordered condition, 277—change of feeling respecting Church government, 279—petition respecting it, 280—her "monster evil," 283—her Erastian character, 285—want of self-government admitted, 286—proved by history, *ibid.*—her thirtieth article disputed, 289—bishop of Ossory's opinions concerning it, *ibid.*—her inability to settle disputed points, 295—the nature of them compared with open points among Catholics, 297—wish felt by many of her divines for a re-union to Catholicity, 104—Dr. Pusey has only revived Catholic ideas, 106—what eminent writers has she since the Reformation, 117—not justified in remaining in known schism, 122—her changes, in the 16th century, condemned by the only competent authority, 123—her bishops, why not at the council of Trent, *ibid.*—condemned by the Greek Church, *ibid.*—of England, in Ireland a grievance, 159.
- Church, Scotch, episcopal schism in it, 310—its 28th canon, 311—secession of Mr. Drummond, *ibid.*—of Sir William Dunbar, 314.
- Church, of England, in Ireland, state of it in Bedell's time, 435—Mr. Monck Mason's character of it, 442—a grievance, 159—illustrated by a case, 160—its ministers contrasted with the Catholic priests, 162—its being a burthen on the landlords alone a fallacy, 163—will ever be odious to the Irish, 165.
- Church of St. Columba, how far identical with the Anglo-Irish Church, 115.
- Churches, Catholic, left always open, 258.
- Clare, Lord, his opinion of the Irish landlords, 362.
- Clergy, Catholic, their refusal to receive an income from the state, 338.
- Code of canons of the Scotch Episcopal Church, 311.
- Commons, House of, too large for business, 331—treatment by its members of Irish questions, 335-345—address to its members by Mr. O'Brien, 362.
- Commons, scene in the Irish House of, 202.
- Commission for enquiring into the conduct of Irish landlords, 353.
- Confraternities, charitable, of Naples, 31—that of Sancta Maria Succurre miseria, *ibid.*—Confraternita delle Capelle Serotine, 33—Pia Opera degli studenti, 34—Confraternita di S. Ivone, 35—of S. Maria della misericordia, *ibid.*—of S. Giuseppe de Nudi, *ibid.*—dei Poveri vergognosi, 36—della Scorziata, *ibid.*—conservatorio dello Spirito Santo, 47—Convitto del carminello, 48—S. Maria del gran Trionfo, *ibid.*—S. Maria del presidio, 50—di S. Raffaele, *ibid.*—Commissione della Real Beneficenza, 52.

- Constantine, his removal to Byzantium, the effect of the horror entertained at Rome for Christianity, 141.
- Convention, the National, to procure reform, 241.
- "Conventionists," separated from the Kirk, their present condition, 307—refused sites for building, 308.
- Corn-laws, Carlyle's opinion of them, 187.
- Corruption, employed in Ireland, 219.
- Curran, his mimicry of Grattan gained him his dislike, 212—he is sneered at by Mr. Henry Grattan, 247.
- Dark ages, Carlyle's opinion of, 195.
- Declaration of Right, Grattan's connexion with it obscure, 206.
- Diocletian, his inscription commemorating the supposed extirpation of the Christian name, 138 note.
- Drummond, Mr. David, 311—resigns his cure, 313—charges the Church with Popery, *ibid.*—his disciples, *ibid.*—turns Mr. Bagot out of his church, 314—is joined by Sir William Dunbar, *ibid.*
- Duigenan, Dr., anecdote of him, 252.
- Dunbar, Sir William, 314—refuses to receive the Sacrament, 315—is excommunicated, *ibid.*
- Dunstan, St. 198.
- Edifices, Protestant religious, their monotonous character, 253—different character of Catholic churches, *ibid.*
- Emancipation, Catholic, has been impeded in its working, 324.
- England, its present condition, 185—how caused, and how to be remedied, *ibid.*—dishonesty of its cabinet, 229.
- Etruria, its literature styled geological, 2.
- Etruscans, of what kindred with the Phœnicians, 24.
- Etruscan tombs, inscriptions on them, and the explanations of them, by Sir William Betham, 13.
- Eugubian tables, explanation of, 4—supposed to contain a record of a voyage from Cape Ortegal to Carnsore, 6—objections to this idea, 8.
- Evangelists, self-called, a sect in the Church, 311.
- Extermination, account of the system of, pursued in Ireland, 165—song so called, 157—how to be prevented, 168.
- Flood, Henry, dismissed from the privy council, 220—his speech on the repeal, 236—refuses the chancellorship of the exchequer, 240.
- Forty hours' prayer, devotion of the Church, 261.
- Forum (Roman), description of present state of, 125.
- Fox, C. J., his supposed insincerity to Ireland, 222—his letter to Lord Charlemont, *ibid.*—and to Grattan, 226—moves the repeal of the act of the 6th of Geo. I., 227—the falsehood of his letter to Lord Northampton, 230—his project for a union, 231.
- Freeman's Journal, a notice of a meeting in it voted seditious, 219.
- Germany, its literature and philosophy little known in England, 183.
- Gibbon, his first idea of writing his "Decline and Fall," &c., 125—his faults, 126—numerous refutations of his religious errors, 127—his extenuation of the cruelties of the persecution of the Christians, 138—his attempt to account for the conversion of Constantine, 139.
- Grace, of Heaven, in what manner supplied to the soul, 256.
- Grattan, memoirs of his life and times reviewed, 200—description of his person, 204—his merits, 205—his deficiency in statesmanship, *ibid.*—his eloquence, where best displayed, 206—his birth and family, 207—his melancholy imaginary, 208—his application to the study of eloquence, 210—adventure at Windsor, 211—disclaims the authorship of Junius, 213—his want of knowledge of law, *ibid.*—his first speech in parliament, *ibid.*—his speech on proposing the "Declaration of Right," 217—motion resisted by government, and dropped, 218—speech against the corruption of parliament, 219—intended motions transmitted to the English cabinet, 224—is offered office with Lord Charlemont, and refuses, 225—he moves the amendment, *ibid.*—is presented with £50,000, and refuses a bribe, 228—he flies from Ireland, 238—his marriage, 240—his abuse of the volunteers, 243—arguments against tithes, 244—motion on the sale of peerages, &c., 246—desertion of Curran and T. W. Tone, 247—proposals made to him by Lord Loughborough, 249—secedes from parliament, 251—letter to Dr. Duigenan, *ibid.*
- Gregory, St., his opinion of masses for the dead, 506—and for the living, 509.
- Griffin, Gerald, birth, 389—education, 390—verses, 391—embraces literature as a profession, 393—life in London, *ibid.*—kindness of Banim, 398—his suffering, 400—his brother's letter, 402—his mother's letter, 404—visits the editor of Blackwood, 405—his mode of reading books for criticism, 407—publication of Holland-tide, 408—conceives a wish to enter the Church, 409—his opinion of his own literary pursuits, 412—enters the order of Christian brothers, 418.
- Hamilton, Sir William, extract from his pamphlet addressed to the convocation ministers, 305.
- "Harry Mowbray," notice of, 273.
- Hospitals at Naples, 39—*degli Incurabili*, *ibid.*—della Pace, 40—di S. Maria della Piacenza, 41—di S. Elizio, *ibid.*—S. Maria di Loreto, *ibid.*—Albergo Reale dei Poveri, 42—Ospizio di S. Gennaro dei Poveri, 45—della SS. Nunziata, 46.
- Howley, Mr., his character and appointment, 327.

- Ireland, Native and Saxon, a Memoir of, reviewed, 148—parallel between it and Israel, *ibid.*—attention refused to its grievances, 150—its natural advantages, 151—the condition of its people, 152—policy of government there, 167—warm attachment of to the holy See, 169—her liberation, 201—wretched condition in 1778, 214—partially relieved by a "Popery" bill, 215—pledged to use only home manufactures, *ibid.*—allowed free trade with the colonies, 216—is now the difficulty of the empire, 317—her grievances stated by Mr. O'Brien, 318—effect upon her of the penal laws, 320—her fiscal grievances, 321—absenteeism, 323—working out of the Catholic relief bill impeded, 324—defects of her reform bill, 328—relative taxation, 330—smallness of her constituency, 332—injustice of her municipal reform bill, 339—injustice of the working of the poor laws, 341—arms bill, 345—inequality of grants of public money, *ibid.*—appointment of Englishmen, 346—causes of discontent, 348—her comparative condition before and since the union, 350—her intolerable and crowning grievance, her landlords, 352—some mitigated facts in their conduct, 357.
- Irish, treatment of them by the English, 420—421—in capable of having patiently given up their primitive faith, as supposed by Monk Mason, 423—supposed that by a special miracle the devil could not speak Irish, 439—Mason's character of them, 445—their language, 452—insulted by Lord Brougham, 472—their religious poverty, 478.
- James, the Second, King, his mistake in granting universal toleration, 108.
- Jocelin of Brakelonda, the chronicle of, reviewed by Carlyle, 194.
- Julian the Apostate, his partial restoration of paganism, 161.
- Keats, after Gifford's review of his works, 406.
- Kirk of Scotland, review of the progress of her dissenters, 300—whether the free and the secession Kirks can exist together in amity, 309.
- Landlords, Irish, uniting in their conduct all that is conceivable of mean and cruel, 352—the law framed entirely for their benefit, 354 dreadful facts in their conduct contained in the newspaper of the anti corn-law league, 357.
- Langrishe, Sir Hercules, his bill for the relief of the Catholics, its object, 248—it is rejected, *ibid.*
- Laws, framed entirely for the assistance of the Irish landlords in the most iniquitous cruelty, 354.
- Leinster, Duke of, commands the volunteers, 215—deposed, 220.
- Lime, its use in agriculture, 56—as a building material, 78.
- Liturgy, English, impossible to be read in the Irish churches in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 426.
- Lupercalia abolished by Pope Gelasius, 141.
- Luther, his opinions concerning marriage, chastity, &c. 305.
- Lyons, Rev. C. J., his history of St. Andrew's, 454—his mistakes, 456—puzzled by the word *Sella*, 459—commences his attack on Romanism, *ibid.*—his mistakes as a lexicographer, 461—his errors in Catholic matters, 463—careless in quotations, 466—absurd translations, 467—description of a pittance, *ibid.*
- Madden, Dr., his "United Irishmen," 241.
- Maronites, according to Assemani and Le Quien, out of intercourse with the Church without sin, 121, *note*.
- Mason, Mr. Monk, his "Life of Bishop Bedell," 415—his opinion of Popery, 417—his project for Protestantizing Ireland, 419—proposes hints for the conversion of priests, 420—his account of the way in which the Irish were treated, *ibid.*—his inconsistent logic, 422—his account of Trinity College, 428—confession wrung from him respecting the Church of England in Ireland, 442—his character of the Irish, 445—account of the Irish rebellion, 446—mischief caused to the establishment by his censures, 449.
- Mass, wrong ideas of it supposed to be entertained, 505—efficacy for the dead, 506—for the living, 507—in particular instances, 508.
- Maynooth, the paltry grant to it, 163—the course of studies pursued there, 165.
- Medal, miraculous, miracle worked by, 497.
- Minstrelsy, the influence of national, 155.
- Missionaries, confusion amongst those of the Scotch Churches, 316.
- Moncreiff, Mr. Henry, unseemly vacillation between the establishment and the seceders, 309.
- Monti, or charitable banks, 50—*di Pieta*, *ibid.*
- de' Poveri, 51—*di Misericordia*, *ibid.*
- Mythology of the Etruscans explained by the religion of the Celts, 14.
- Nagle, Miss Nano, 363—her birth, education, and life, 364—opens a school, 366—her letter containing an account of her school, 367—her zeal, 369—proposes to found a community for her schools, 370—makes a commencement, 371—an Ursuline nun consents to go to Ireland to head the community, 372—Miss Nagle retires from the convent, dissatisfied that, by the rule of their order, the Ursulines chiefly educated the rich, 375—founds a new community, 376—Pope Pius VI recognizes and approves of them, *ibid.*—constituted a religious order, and their duties limited, 378—charity of Miss Nagle, 379—her interior trials, *ibid.*—her death, 380.
- Naples, its beauties and attractions to visitors, 29—its charitable institutions, 30—may be divided into three classes, 31—confraternities, *ibid.*—hospitals, 37—asylums for young females, 47—charitable banks, 60.
- Newman, Mr., his opinions, 112.

- Newspaper of the anti-corn-law league, throws some light on the conduct of the Irish landlords, 367.
- North, Lord, his administration overturned by that of the Duke of Buckingham, 221.
- Novels, modern, review of, 533.
- O'Connell, attack upon him by Lord Brougham, 473—his splendid career, under all scrutiny, and in all situations, *ibid.*—his duel, his domestic character, 482—his golden maxims in politics, 483.
- Odo, St., 98.
- Ogilvie, Mr., managed the negotiations between Grattan and the Duke of Portland, 233.
- Ossory, Bishop of, his opinions of Church government, 289-294.
- Oxford movement, 110—its tendency, *ibid.*—course pursued by its professors, 112—by Mr. Newman, *ibid.*
- Paeca, Cardinal, notes on the ministry of, reviewed, 168—account of the cardinal, 170—his works, 171—disadvantages under which he composed, *ibid.*—account of his works, *ibid.*—of his administration, *ibid.*—his prison and sufferings, 178—his release, 180.
- Paganism, its downfall not immediately after the conversion of Constantine, 140.
- Pantheism, little likely to make converts in England, 184.
- Papacy, the duration of its power, 199.
- Paulinus, St., his love for a particular sanctuary, 501—sends relics to a friend, 504.
- Pennefather, Chief Justice, his opinion of the law for landlord and tenant in Ireland, 354.
- Pepin lawfully entitled to the states which he wrested from the Lombards, 146.
- Persecution of the Christians, description of, 138.
- Petitions, two, concerning government of Church of England compared, 282-285.
- Perugian stone engraved with Etruscan characters, 12.
- Philology, obscurity of the science, 2.
- Philosophy, moral, how taught in England, 189.
- Pilgrims at Canterbury, account of, 143.
- Pitt, Earl of Chatham, Grattan's opinion of him and his son, 212.
- Pius VII, his spirited remonstrance, 174—his arrest, 175—his journey, 177—he is removed to Fontainebleau, and signs articles, 180—his joy on receiving the petition of the ladies of the Presentation, 377.
- Ponsonby, his speech on the sale of peerages, 246.
- Popes, their authority in England, 92—their temporal power, 144—victorious over their enemies, 147.
- Poor Laws, the working of them a source of serious uneasiness to the Catholics in Ireland, 324-341.
- Portland, Duke of, his letter to Fox, 227—another, giving an account of a conversation with Grattan, 232—his letter to Mr. Ogilvie, 233—his letter to Lord Shelburne, 235.
- Presentation schools, how instituted, 376—their number and usefulness, 383.
- Priesthood, Irish, sacrifices made by the, 164.
- Prince of Wales, his treatment of Catholics, 248— anecdote concerning him, 249.
- Pudens, a senator, his grief for the loss of his only son, 131—philosophical conversation in his house, 132—his son restored to life by St. Peter, 133.
- Pusey, Mr., eminent agriculturist, error in his paper, 58-63.
- Pusey, Dr., his sermon, 113.
- Ratisbonne, Mr., account of his conversion, 493—counterpart to it in antiquity, 494.
- Reformation, how enacted in Ireland, 425—could not at first be enforced, 426.
- Reform, Irish municipal bill, 339.
- Repeal movement, persons who have joined it, 319—Irish Protestants threatened to join it, *ibid.*—meetings called to oppose it were abandoned, 320.
- Revolution, the French, its causes and character, 477.
- Rham, Mr., errors in his lectures on chemistry, 72.
- Rings of gold and silver found in Ireland, supposed to be coins, 17.
- Ritual, masterly defence of, 116.
- Roche, Sir Boyle, his lie to the national convention, 242.
- Rockingham, Lord, his letter to Lord Charlemont, assigning a reason for an adjournment, 223.
- Rome, how changed since ancient times, 125—as it was under paganism, and as it became under the popes, reviewed, 125—contains imaginary scenes, 128—the object and character of the work, *ibid.*—its hero, St. Peter, 129—its author, a young Irish clergyman, *ibid.*—its historical character not apparent, 130—pagan for some time after the conversion of Constantine, 140—attempts made there, ten years after, to compel Christians to join in sacrifice, 141.
- Rosary, devotion of the Catholic Church, 266.
- Rutland, Duchess of, her arts lead Grattan astray, 244—verses addressed to her, *ibid.*
- Rye, cheaper for general use than wheat, 75.
- Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, should be frequently received, 257—a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, a term used by foreign Catholics, 259.
- Saints, miracles supposed to have been worked by their intercession lately, 500—in ancient times, *ibid.*
- "Sanconiaton," Sir William Betham's theory concerning, 3.
- Schism in the Scotch episcopal communion, 310.
- Schlegel, Friedrich von, his conversion to Catholicity, 197.
- Senate, the Roman, long retained a pagan character, 141.
- Sepulchres, ancient Irish, 8.

- Simplification, in all things the taste of the present age, 265.
- Soils, great difficulty of analyzing them, 65—Davy's fourth lecture on the subject, 67—Rham's errors upon the subject,
- St. Meletius, whether or not in schism, 121—supposed to be an Arian, *ibid.* note.
- St. Angelo, the French standard hoisted on the castle of, 174.
- St. Benedict, his discourse, 143.
- St. Gregory the Great, his pontificate, 145—saves Rome, *ibid.*
- St. Peter, description of his entrance into Rome with St. Mark, 131—restores to life the son of Pudens, 133.
- Swift, Dean, his opinion of the Irish landlords, 361.
- Tarpeian, tower, view from, 133.
- Terrot, Dr., Scotch bishop, his dispute with Mr. Drummond,
- Travellers, English, the object of their notice in Catholic churches changed, 486.
- Trimmer, Mr. Joshua, his errors in chemistry, 59-61.
- Trinity College, its character, by Mr. Monck Mason, 427—Bedell's opinion of it, 432.
- Union, condition of Ireland before and since, 350.
- Ursuline nuns, their establishment in Ireland, 373—outray against them, 374—bound by their rule to teach the rich, 375-384—their community at Black-rock, 385.
- Venerable J. B. de la Salle, notice of his life, 295.
- Vestiana, St., anecdote of her, 503.
- Visit, to the Blessed Sacrament, a term amongst foreign Catholics, 259.
- Voice from Rome, published in the "English Churchman," 485.
- Volunteers, organization of in Ireland in 1779, 215—thanked by the House of Commons, 216—meeting of at Dunganon, 221.
- Warden of Berkenholt, 273.
- Whately, Archbishop, his notice to parliament for legislation for the Church, 278—change of opinion he has brought about, 279—his charge, 283—not reconcilable with his notions of Church authority, 284—admits the laity to a share in its government, 285—solution of Bishop of Ossory's difficulties respecting convocation, 291—his notions of the character of an assembly for settling Church differences, 293—compared with those of the Fathers, *ibid.*—his low Church views, 249.
- Werner, Carlyle's opinion of him and his writings, 197.
- Wesley (John), his opinion of Catholic spiritual writers, 117.
- Wilkes, Lord Brougham's character of him, 348.

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